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# LIFE OF

## WILLIAM COWPER.\*

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### *From his birth to his engagement in an attorney's office*

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, November 15, 1731. His father, Dr. John Cowper, chaplain to king George the second, was the second son of Spencer Cowper, who was chief justice of Chester, and afterwards a judge in the court of Common Pleas, and whose brother William, first earl Cowper, was, at the same time, lord high chancellor of England. His mother was Anne, daughter of Roger Donne, esq. of Ludham Hall, Norfolk, who had a common ancestry with the celebrated Dr. Donne, dean of St. Paul's.

This lady, after giving birth to several children, died in child-bed, in her thirty-seventh year; leaving only two sons, John the younger, and William the elder, who is the subject of this memoir. Cowper was only six years old when he lost his mother; and how deeply he was affected by her early death, may be inferred from his exquisitely tender and well known lines, composed more than fifty years afterwards, on the receipt of her portrait.

Deprived thus early of his excellent and most affectionate parent, he was sent, at this tender age, to a large school at Market-street, under the care of Dr. Pitman. Here he had hardships of different kinds to endure, which he felt the more sensibly in consequence of the tender manner in which he had been treated at home. His chief sorrow, however, arose from the cruel treatment he met with from a boy in

\* Chiefly taken from the interesting Life of Cowper, by Thomas Taylor.

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the same school, about fifteen years of age, who on all occasions persecuted him with the most unrelenting barbarity. This savage treatment impressed upon Cowper's tender mind such a dread of the tyrant, (whose cruelty being subsequently discovered, occasioned his expulsion from the school,) that he was afraid to lift his eyes higher than the boy's knees; and he knew him better by his shoe-buckles than by any other part of his dress.

It was at this school that the mind of Cowper received its first serious impressions, a circumstance which cannot fail to be interesting to every christian reader, and the more so as detailed in his own words:—

“One day, as I was sitting alone on a bench in the school, melancholy, and almost ready to weep at the recollection of what I had already suffered, and expecting at the same time my tormentor every moment, these words of the psalmist came into my mind, ‘I will not be afraid of what man can do unto me.’ I applied this to my own case, with a degree of trust and confidence in God, that would have been no disgrace to a much more experienced christian. Instantly I perceived in myself a briskness and a cheerfulness of spirit which I had never before experienced, and took several paces up and down the room with joyful alacrity. Happy had it been for me, if this early effort towards a dependence on the blessed God, had been frequently repeated. But, alas! it was the first and the last, between infancy and manhood.”

From this school he was removed in his eighth year. He had at that time specks on both his eyes, which threatened to cover them, originating probably in a scorbutic habit, which seems indeed to have been the cause of much of his suffering in after life. His father, alarmed for the consequences, placed him under the care of an eminent oculist in London, in whose house he abode nearly two years. In this family, religion was neither known nor practised; the slightest appearance of it, in any shape, was carefully guarded against;

and even its outward forms were entirely unobserved. In a situation like this, it was not to be expected that young Cowper would long retain any serious impressions he might have experienced.

In his ninth year he was sent to Westminster school, then under the care of Dr. Nicholls; who, though an ingenious and learned man, was a negligent tutor. Here he remained seven years, and had frequent reason to complain of unkind treatment from some of his school-fellows. His timid, meek, and inoffensive spirit totally unfitted him for the hardships of a public school. As Hayley remarks, "the acuteness of his feelings in childhood rendered these important years, which might have produced, under tender cultivation, a series of lively enjoyments, miserable years of increasing timidity and depression. This period, in the most cheerful hours of his advanced life, he could hardly describe to an intimate friend without shuddering at the recollection of his early wretchedness." We know but little of the actual progress he made while under the care of Dr. Nicholls; his subsequent eminence, however, as a scholar, proves that he must have made, at this period, highly creditable proficiency in his studies.

At this early age, he again became the subject of religious impressions. Dr. Nicholls used to take great pains to prepare his pupils for confirmation. Young Cowper was struck by his manner, and much affected by his exhortations. He now, for the first time in his life, attempted prayer in secret, but being little accustomed to that exercise, and having very childish notions of religion, he found it a difficult and painful task, and was even then alarmed at his own insensibility. These impressions, however, like those made upon his mind before, soon wore off, and he relapsed into a total forgetfulness of God, with the usual disadvantage of increased insensibility. He gives the following account of this period:—"At twelve or thirteen, I was seized with the small-pox: I only mention this to show that

at that early age my heart was become proof against the ordinary means which a gracious God employs for our chastisement. Neither in the course of the disease, nor during my recovery, had I any sentiment of contrition, any thought of God or eternity. On the contrary, I was scarcely raised from the bed of pain and sickness, before the emotions of sin became more violent in me than ever; and the devil seemed rather to have gained than lost an advantage over me, so readily did I admit his suggestions, and so passive was I under them. By this time I became such an adept in the infernal art of lying, that I was seldom guilty of a fault for which I could not, at a very short notice, invent an apology capable of deceiving the wisest. These, I know, are called schoolboys' tricks; but a total depravity of principle, and the work of the father of lies are universally at the bottom of them."

Between Dr. Cowper and his son there is reason to believe that great tenderness of parental and filial regard existed; yet the poet does not often mention his father in his letters, and in his poems only once. It is somewhat singular, that, in the whole course of his correspondence, the poet never mentions his step-mother by name, and once only casually refers to the fact of his having one, in noticing her death as taking place soon after his father's demise. In short, all the recollections of home seem to have centred in the first six years of life.

Young Cowper left Westminster school in his eighteenth year. He had made a respectable proficiency in all his studies; but notwithstanding his previous serious impressions, he seems to have had scarcely any knowledge of the nature of religion, or concern about it. After spending some months at home, he was articled to a solicitor, for three years. "I was bred to the law," he remarks, "a profession to which I was never much inclined, and in which I engaged, rather because I was desirous to gratify a most indulgent

father, than because I had any hope of success in it myself." At so critical an age, Cowper appears to have been left, as to the employment of his time and the choice of his pursuits, almost entirely to the guidance of his own discretion. "In the attorney's house," the poet remarks, when writing on this subject long afterwards, "I might have lived and died without hearing or seeing any thing that could remind me of a single christian duty, had it not been that I was at liberty to spend my leisure time, which was well nigh all my time, at my uncle's in Southampton Row. By this means I had indeed an opportunity of seeing the inside of a church, whither I went with the family on Sundays, which probably I should otherwise never have seen."

As the family interest lay chiefly in the legal profession, Cowper's friends were thus led to introduce him to it; probably without considering his natural taste and constitution; while his trifling with his advantages, and his neglect of his appropriate duties, are highly censurable, and should prove a warning to the young against thus frittering away some of the best hours of life.

*From his entrance at the Temple, 1752, to his serious attack of depression, in 1763.*

At the age of twenty-one, in 1752, Cowper quitted the attorney's house, and took possession of a set of chambers in the Inner Temple. Here he remained nearly twelve years; but such was his dislike to his professional studies, and so entirely did he confine himself to literary pursuits, that it may be doubted whether, at the expiration of this lengthened period, he knew any more of the law than he did at its commencement. No sooner was he left in a manner complete master of himself, and removed from that nominal dependence upon another from which he had experienced so little benefit, than he fell into the longest and severest despondency with which he had yet been afflicted. Every alteration alarmed him; and of all men of genius and

sensibility, of whom we have ever read, he appears to have been the least inclined to act or live for himself. But many thoughts must at this juncture have arisen to disturb and depress him. Three years of professional life had been suffered to pass without benefit; he had made another, a more serious, and an expensive movement in advance. Thus, without having secured the advantages of the past, he beheld his resources for the future melting away. Such a situation might well cause considerable anxiety in Cowper's mind; but while pity is due to his over acute sensibilities, it would be wronging the moral importance of our subject, as an example to others, not to express our conviction, that he owed to his former negligence no small portion of his disquiet at this juncture. His own description of his case ought to bring home powerfully its influence to the trifler with life, in whatever situation. "I was struck," says he, "not long after my settlement in the Temple, with such a dejection of spirits, as none but they who have felt the same can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the rack; lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I presently lost all relish for those studies to which I had before been closely attached. The classics had no longer any charms for me; I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it."

In all these causes and symptoms of Cowper's first prolonged melancholy, is there any one originating in religion? So far from this, long prior to its commencement, religious thoughts had been excluded from his mind, or were allowed but a momentary sojourn there.

While Cowper remained in the Temple he cultivated the friendship of Lloyd and other distinguished writers of the day; and took a lively interest in their various publications. Instead, however, of applying his richly-furnished mind to the composition of some original work, for which the pieces he incidentally pro-

duced proved him fully competent, his timid spirit contented itself with occasional displays of its rich and varied capabilities. Translation from ancient and modern poets was one of his most favourite amusements. So far, however, from his deriving any pecuniary benefit from these compositions, most of which were masterly productions, he invariably distributed them gratuitously among his friends, as they might happen to request them. In this way he assisted his friend Mr. Duncombe; for we find in the version of Horace, published by him in 1759, that two of the satires were translated by Cowper. In the same manner, too, he is said to have efficiently aided Bonnel Thornton in his literary engagements.

When Cowper entered the Temple, he paid little or no attention to religion; the chilling atmosphere of the world had blighted all those serious impressions which he had once experienced, and he was left, at that dangerous and critical season of life, surrounded by innumerable and most powerful temptations, without any other principles for his guide, than the corrupt affections of our common nature. It pleased God, however, at the very outset, to prevent him from pursuing that rash and ruinous career of wickedness, into which many plunge with heedless and awful insensibility.

After mentioning the despair which oppressed his spirits, as already noticed, he says, "At length I met with Herbert's Poems; and, gothic and uncouth as they are, I yet found in them a strain of piety which I could not but admire. This was the only author I had any delight in reading. I pored over him all day long; and though I found not in his work what I might have found, a cure for my malady, yet my mind never seemed so much alleviated as while I was reading it. At length I was advised, by a very near and dear relative, to lay it aside; for he thought such an author more likely to nourish my disorder than to remove it.

"In this state of mind I continued near a twelve-

month; when, having experienced the inefficacy of all human means, I at length betook myself to God in prayer. Such is the rank our Redeemer holds in our esteem, that we never resort to him but in the last instance, when all creatures have failed to succour us! My hard heart was at length softened, and my stubborn knees brought to bow. I composed a set of prayers, and made frequent use of them. Weak as my faith was, the Almighty, who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, was graciously pleased to listen to my cry, instead of frowning me away in anger.

“A change of scene was recommended to me; and I embraced an opportunity of going with some friends to Southampton, where I spent several months. Soon after our arrival, we walked to a place called Freemantle, about a mile from the town; the morning was clear and calm; the sun shone brightly upon the sea, and the country on the border of it was the most beautiful I had ever seen. We sat down upon an eminence, at the end of that arm of the sea which runs between Southampton and the New Forest. Here it was, that, on a sudden, as if another sun had been created that instant in the heavens on purpose to dispel sorrow and vexation of spirit, I felt the weight of all my misery taken off; my heart became light and joyful in a moment; I could have wept with transport had I been alone. I must needs believe that nothing less than the Almighty fiat could have filled me with such inexpressible delight; not by a gradual dawning of peace, but, as it were, with a flash of his life-giving countenance. I felt a glow of gratitude to the Father of mercies for this unexpected blessing, and ascribed it, at first, to his gracious acceptance of my prayers; but Satan, and my own wicked heart, quickly persuaded me that I was indebted for my deliverance to nothing but a change of scene, and the amusing varieties of the place. By this means, he turned the blessing into a

poison; teaching me to conclude, that nothing but a continued circle of diversion, and indulgence of appetite, could secure me from a relapse. Acting upon this false and pernicious principle, as soon as I returned to London, I burnt my prayers, and away went all my thoughts of devotion, and of dependence upon God my Saviour. Surely, it was of his mercy that I was not consumed. Glory be to his grace!

"I obtained, at length, so complete a victory over my conscience, that all remonstrances from that quarter were in vain, and in a manner silenced; though sometimes, indeed, a question would arise in my mind, whether it were safe to proceed any farther in a course so plainly and utterly condemned in the scriptures. I saw clearly, that if the gospel were true, such a conduct must inevitably end in my destruction; but I saw not by what means I could change my Ethiopian complexion, or overcome such an inveterate habit of rebelling against God.

"The next thing that occurred to me, at such a time, was, a doubt whether the gospel were true or false. To this succeeded many an anxious wish for the decision of this important question; for I foolishly thought that obedience would follow, were I but convinced that it was worth while to attend to it. Having no reason to expect a miracle, and not hoping to be satisfied with any thing less, I acquiesced, at length, in favour of that impious conclusion, that the only course I could take to secure my present peace, was to wink hard against the prospects of future misery, and to resolve to banish all thoughts of a subject upon which I thought to so little purpose. Nevertheless, when I was in the company of deists, and heard the gospel blasphemed, I never failed to assert the truth of it with much vehemence of disputation, for which I was the better qualified, having been always an industrious and diligent inquirer into the evidences by which it is externally supported. I think I once went so far into a controversy of this



kind as to assert, that I would gladly submit to have my right hand cut off, so that I might but be enabled to live according to the gospel. Thus have I been employed in vindicating the truth of scripture, while in the very act of rebelling against its dictates. Lamentable inconsistency of a convinced judgment with an unsanctified heart! an inconsistency, indeed, evident to others as well as to myself; inasmuch as a deistical companion of mine, with whom I was disputing upon the subject, cut short the matter by alleging, that if what I said were true, I was certainly condemned, by my own showing."

In 1756, when Cowper was in his 25th year, he sustained a heavy family loss, in the death of his father. Such, however, was the depressed state of his mind at this season, that he was much less affected by the solemn event, than he would probably have been had it occurred at any earlier or later period of his life.

As he found that he should inherit but little fortune from his father, he now thought it necessary to adopt some plan to augment his income. It became every day more apparent to his friends, as well as to himself, that his extreme diffidence precluded the possibility of his being successful in his profession. After much anxiety of mind on this subject, he at length mentioned it to a friend, who had two situations at his disposal, those of the reading clerk, and clerk of the journals in the House of Lords; situations, either of which Cowper then thought would suit him, and one of which he expressed a desire to obtain, should a vacancy occur. Quite unexpectedly to him, as well as to his friend, both these places, in a short time afterwards, became vacant; and as the reading clerk's was much the more valuable of the two, his friend generously offered it to him, which offer he gladly and gratefully accepted, and he was accordingly appointed to it in his thirty-first year.

All his friends were delighted with this opening: he

himself, at first, looked forward to it with pleasure, intending, as soon as he was settled, to unite himself with an amiable and accomplished young lady, one of his first cousins, the daughter of his uncle Ashley Cowper, and the youngest sister of the benefactress of the poet's darkest years, lady Hesketh. These fond hopes, however, were never realized. The situation required him to appear at the bar of the House of Peers; and the apprehension of this public exhibition quite overwhelmed his spirit. So acute were his distressing apprehensions, that, notwithstanding the previous efforts he made to qualify himself for the office, long before the day arrived that he was to enter upon it, he was compelled to relinquish it entirely.

One of his biographers observes, "Had not Cowper trifled with a profession for fifteen years, passing in idleness, or misdirected application, the hours not devoted to worse employments, he would have been highly qualified to have enjoyed with honour the ample blessings which, through Providence, were now offered for his acceptance. It is vain to tell us, as he has done, and as his admirers and biographers repeat, that his exquisitely sensitive feelings recoiled from a public exhibition 'as from mortal poison.' The clerkship was that of private committees, before whom he would necessarily have to read papers, and occasionally a report in the house. Yet what was there in reading from a paper, in a quiet business-like manner, before a few lords, or even the whole house, in the unpretending way these things are done, to deter any man from the office, who felt what was due to integrity, or respected the dignity of his own character? But the fact is, Cowper had for so many years been accustomed to dally with the purposes of life, that his resolves had ceased to have value or power in his own estimation, and melted away before the least difficulty. So unsettled a state of mind, with thoughts embittered by the consciousness of an incapacity which ought not to have existed, was

indeed sufficient to disturb a moral constitution of greater firmness than Cowper's naturally appears to have been. But we can admit neither the plea of sensibility, nor an alleged tendency to constitutional melancholy, as extenuations in the present instance. The exciting causes of his distress now arose from a consciousness, and a dread of the consequences, of a youth and manhood mispent. To conceal this would be to forego the benefit of a striking example to the young, that a manly, self-denying application, while it invigorates the whole character, will render a profession, at first most repugnant to the feelings, both agreeable and the means of honourable success."

These remarks may be thought severe, and it is indeed difficult to say what allowances should be made for Cowper's natural constitution, but they are justly admonitory to the reader. We shall now add his own affecting account of his harrassed and dejected feelings on this occasion:—

"All the considerations by which I endeavoured to compose my mind to its former tranquillity, did but torment me the more, proving miserable comforters, and counsellors of no value. I returned to my chambers, thoughtful and unhappy; my countenance fell; and my friend was astonished, instead of that additional cheerfulness which he might have so reasonably expected, to find an air of deep melancholy in all I said or did. Having been harassed in this manner, by day and night, for the space of a week, perplexed between the apparent folly of casting away the only visible chance I had of being well provided for, and the impossibility of retaining it, I determined at length to write a letter to my friend, though he lodged, in a manner, at the next door, and we generally spent the day together. I did so, and begged him to accept my resignation of the reading clerk's place, and to appoint me to the other situation. I was well aware of the disproportion between the value of the appointments,

but my peace was gone: pecuniary advantages were not equivalent to what I had lost; and I flattered myself that the clerkship of the journals would fall, fairly and easily, within the scope of my abilities. Like a man in a fever, I thought a change of posture would relieve my pain, and, as the event will show, was equally disappointed. My friend, at length, after considerable reluctance, accepted of my resignation, and appointed me to the least profitable office. The matter being thus settled, something like a calm took place in my mind: I was, indeed, not a little concerned about my character, being aware that it must needs suffer by the strange appearance of my proceeding. This, however, being but a small part of the anxiety I had laboured under, was hardly felt when the rest was taken off. I thought my path towards an easy maintenance was now plain and open, and, for a day or two, was tolerably cheerful: but, behold, the storm was gathering all the while, and the fury of it was not the less violent from this gleam of sunshine.

“A strong opposition to my friend’s right of nomination began to show itself. A powerful party was formed among the lords to thwart it, and it appeared plain, that if we succeeded at last, it could only be by fighting our ground by inches. Every advantage, I was told, would be sought for, and eagerly seized, to disconcert us. I was led to expect an examination at the bar of the house, touching my sufficiency for the post I had taken. Being necessarily ignorant of the nature of that business, it became expedient that I should visit the office daily, in order to qualify myself for the strictest scrutiny. All the horror of my fears and perplexities now returned; a thunderbolt would have been as welcome to me as this intelligence. I knew that, upon such terms, the clerkship of the journals was no place for me. To require my attendance at the bar of the house, that I might there publicly entitle myself to the office, was, in effect, to exclude me

from it. In the mean time, the interest of my friend, the causes of his choice, and my own reputation and circumstances, all urged me forward, and pressed me to undertake that which I saw to be impracticable. They whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves, on any occasion, is mortal poison, may have some idea of the horror of my situation; others can have none. My continual misery at length brought on a nervous fever; quiet forsook me by day, and peace by night; even a finger raised against me seemed more than I could bear.

“In this posture of mind, I attended regularly at the office, where, instead of a soul upon the rack, the most active spirits were essential to my purpose. I expected no assistance from any one there, all the inferior clerks being under the influence of my opponents; accordingly, I received none. The journal books were, indeed, thrown open to me, a thing which could not be refused, and from which, perhaps, a man in health, with a head turned to business, might have gained all the information wanted. But it was not so with me. I read without perception, and was so distressed, that had every clerk in the office been my friend, it would have availed me little, for I was not in a condition to receive instruction, much less to elicit it from manuscripts, without direction.”

Many months was Cowper employed, constant in the use of means to qualify himself for the office, yet despairing as to the issue. At length he says:—

“The vacation being pretty far advanced, I repaired to Margate. There, by the help of cheerful company, a new scene, and the intermission of my painful employment, I presently began to recover my spirits; though even here, for some time after my arrival, (notwithstanding, perhaps, the preceding day had been spent agreeably, and without any disturbing recollection of my circumstances,) my first reflections, when I awoke in the morning, were horrible and full of wretch-

edness. I looked forward to the approaching winter, and regretted the flight of every moment which brought it nearer, like a man borne away, by a rapid torrent, into a stormy sea, whence he sees no possibility of returning, and where he knows he cannot subsist. By degrees, I acquired such a facility in turning away my thoughts from the ensuing crisis, that, for weeks together, I hardly adverted to it at all: but the stress of the tempest was yet to come, and was not to be avoided by any resolution of mine to look another way.

“How wonderful are the works of the Lord, and his ways past finding out! Thus was he preparing me for an event which I least of all expected, even the reception of his blessed gospel, working by means which, in all human contemplation, must needs seem directly opposite to that purpose, but which, in his wise and gracious disposal, have, I trust, effectually accomplished it.”

In October, 1763, Cowper was again required to attend the office, and prepare for the final trial. This recalled all his fears, and produced a renewal of all his former misery. On revisiting the scene of his previous ineffectual labours, he felt himself pressed by difficulties on either side, with nothing before him but prospects of gloom and despair. He saw that he must keep possession of the situation to the last extremity, and thus expose himself to the risk of public rejection for his insufficiency, or relinquish it at once, and thus run the hazard of ruining his benefactor's right of appointment, and losing the only chance he seemed to have of procuring for himself a comfortable competency for life, and of being united to the individual to whom he was most tenderly and affectionately attached.

A thought would sometimes cross his mind, that his sins perhaps had brought upon him this distress, and that the hand of Divine vengeance was in it. Against this, however, the inherent pride of the human heart soon led him to revolt, and to acquit himself, tempting

him implicitly to charge God with injustice, saying "What have I done to deserve this?" He perceived clearly that deliverance could only come from God, but being firmly persuaded that he would refuse his help, he omitted to ask it at his hands, seeking it only in the use of those means that were the least likely to heal his lacerated and wounded spirit. One effort, indeed, of a devotional kind he made, for having found a prayer or two, he said them for a few nights, but with so little expectation of prevailing this way, that he soon laid aside the book, and with it all thoughts of God and hopes of a remedy.

His terrors on this occasion had become so overwhelming, as to induce that lamented aberration of mind under which he is generally known to have suffered, and which, in the issue, led him more than twice, in different ways, to attempt his own destruction, that he might escape the examination before the House of Lords, the thought of which filled him with indescribable horror.

The disordered state of his mind, at this period, will be seen by the following anecdote. Taking up a newspaper for the day, his eye caught a satirical letter which it happened to contain, and though it had no relation whatever to his case, he doubted not but the writer was fully acquainted with his purpose, and, in fact, intended to hasten its execution.

When at length the long-dreaded day arrived, the approach of which he had feared more than he feared death itself, such were the melancholy results of his distress, that all his friends immediately acquiesced in the propriety of his relinquishing the situation for ever. Thus ended his connexion with the House of Lords; unhappily, however, his sufferings did not end here. Grief poured its full tide of anguish into his heart, and he could perceive nothing before him but one interminable prospect of misery and despair.

At this period of the poet's history, it appears desir-

able to remark, in confutation of those who attribute, or at least endeavour to attribute, his malady to his religious views, that, viewed either as an originating cause, or in any other light, they can never be proved to have had any connexion with it, excepting to alleviate his sufferings. It will not be denied, that at times those sacred truths, which, in all cases where they are properly received, prove an unfailing source of the most salutary contemplation to the underanged mind, were, in his case, viewed through the distorting medium of his malady. It is, however, as Dr. John Johnson well observes, "a most erroneous and unhappy idea to suppose, that those views of christianity which Cowper adopted, and of which, when enjoying the intervals of reason, after he was brought to the knowledge of them, he was so bright an ornament, had in any degree contributed to excite the malady with which he was afflicted. It is capable of the clearest demonstration that nothing was further from the truth. On the contrary, all those alleviations of sorrow, those delightful anticipations of heavenly rest, those healing consolations to a wounded spirit, of which he was permitted to taste, at the period when uninterrupted reason resumed its sway, were unequivocally to be ascribed to the operation of those very principles and views of religion, which, in the instance before us, have been charged with producing so opposite an effect. The primary aberration of his mental faculties were wholly to be attributed to other causes;" as indeed will satisfactorily appear, by the following affecting description he has given of himself at this period.

"To this moment I had felt no concern of a spiritual kind: ignorant of original sin; insensible of the guilt of actual transgression, I understood neither the law nor the gospel; the condemning nature of the one, nor the restoring mercies of the other. I was as much unacquainted with Christ in all his saving offices as if his name had never reached me. Now, therefore, a new scene opened upon me.



"My sins were set in array against me, and I began to see and feel that I had lived without God in the world. One moment I thought myself shut out from mercy by one chapter, and the next by another. The sword of the Spirit seemed to guard the tree of life against my touch, and to flame against me in every avenue by which I attempted to approach it. I particularly remember, that the parable of the barren fig-tree was to me an inconceivable source of anguish. I applied it to my case, with a strong persuasion that it was a curse pronounced on me by the Saviour.

"In every volume I opened I found something that struck me to the heart. I remember taking up one; and the first sentence I saw condemned me. Every thing seemed to preach to me, not the gospel of mercy, but the curse of the law. In a word, I saw myself a sinner altogether; but I saw not yet a glimpse of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus."

It has been well remarked, that these "convictions of sin were not in themselves delusions; for they were such as in their principle every christian feels, and such as, in some cases where there has been no tincture of insanity, have been carried to such intensity of mental distress, that the penitent has really experienced what he expressed, that 'the burden of his sins was intolerable.' The insanity, however, in Cowper's case, was shown in the sufferer's dwelling upon one truth, or rather one portion of a truth, if we may so speak, never losing sight of it, but deriving from it the most inconsequential and unreasonable inferences, which he believed as firmly as the truth itself; while he was incapable, owing to his mental aberration, of taking in other truths, essentially connected with the one admitted, which, indeed, were component parts of it, and which would have wholly subverted his mistaken inferences. Some years after, when his reason was fully in exercise, he was mercifully permitted to enjoy those alleviations of sorrow, that sunshine of a

conscience at peace with God, sin being pardoned through the atonement of the Redeemer, and those delightful anticipations of future rest, which are the never-failing results of a cordial reception of the truths of the gospel. If religion is to be blamed because a lunatic happened to mix it up with his malady, we might blame every relationship of life, because brothers and sisters, and parents and children, and husbands and wives, have believed, under the influence of delirium, that their most affectionate relatives were compassing their death.

Cowper now wrote to his brother to inform him of the afflicting circumstances in which he was placed. His brother immediately paid him a visit, and employed every means in his power to alleviate his distress. All his efforts, however, proved unavailing; he found him almost overwhelmed by despair, pertinaciously maintaining, in spite of all remonstrances to the contrary, that he had been guilty of the unpardonable sin, in not properly improving the mercy of God towards him at Southampton. No favourable construction put upon his conduct in that instance by his brother, nor any argument he employed, afforded him a moment's alleviation of his distress. He rashly concluded that he had no longer any interest in the atonement, or in the gifts of the Spirit, and that nothing was left for him but the dismal prospect of eternally enduring the wrath of God. His brother, pierced to the heart at the sight of his misery, used every means to comfort him, but without the least effect; in fact, so deeply seated was his depression, that it rendered utterly useless all the soothing reflections that were suggested.

At this trying period Cowper remembered his friend and relative, the Rev. Martin Madan; and, though he had always considered him as an enthusiast, he was now convinced that, if there was any balm in Gilead for him, Mr. Madan was the only person who could

administer it. His friend lost no time in paying him a visit ; and perceiving the state of his mind, he began immediately to declare unto him the gospel of Christ. He spoke of original sin, of the corruption of every man born into the world ; of the efficacy of the atonement made by Jesus Christ ; of the Redeemer's compassion for lost sinners, and of the full salvation provided for them in the gospel. He then adverted to the Saviour's intercession ; described him as a compassionate Redeemer, who felt deeply interested in the welfare of every true penitent, who could sympathize with those who were in distress, and who was able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him. To these important statements Cowper listened with the greatest attention ; hope seemed to dawn upon his disconsolate mind ; his heart burned within him while he hearkened to the word of life ; his soul was pierced with a sense of his great ingratitude to so merciful a Saviour ; tears of contrition burst from his eyes ; he saw clearly that this was the remedy his case required ; and felt fully persuaded that this was indeed the gospel of salvation. He, however, still wanted that faith, without which he could not receive its blessings. He saw the suitableness of this gospel to his circumstances, but saw not yet how one, so vile as he conceived himself to be, could hope to partake of its benefits.

Mr. Madan urged the necessity of a lively faith in the Redeemer, not as an assent of the understanding only, but as the cordial belief of the heart unto righteousness ; assured him, that though faith was the gift of God, yet was it a gift that our heavenly Father was most willing to bestow, not on some only, but on all that sought it by earnest and persevering prayer. Cowper deeply deplored the want of this faith, and could only reply to his friend's remarks, in a brief but very sincere petition, "Most earnestly do I wish it would please God to bestow it on me."

The writer quoted before, judiciously remarks, that "these interviews with Mr. Madan still further show that his melancholy, or even that part of it which would be called religious melancholy, did not arise from those views of scripture doctrine which he afterwards embraced. Up to the very period when he was labouring under the severest feelings of religious despondency, we observe that, so far was he from having been led into it by these principles, that his brother, whose opinions on these subjects were, at that time, widely different, admitted that Mr. Madan's counsels, instead of increasing, had diminished the sufferer's malady, and considerably alleviated his distress; and, humanly speaking, had not insanity intervened, his mind would have been set at ease. We say, humanly speaking; for who can affirm for what wise and merciful ends, the only Giver of true spiritual repose may allow it to be withdrawn from some of his servants, or may permit even malady to obstruct the sensible manifestations of his love? This ultimate question, upon any or no system of religion, lies equally beyond human ken; it resolves itself into his all-wise sovereignty. The reasons of his fatherly chastisements, if such permitted afflictions are to be considered as intended for chastisements, are not always explicable by the most observant spectator, though they are sometimes obvious; and it may be, if we knew all, that the case of Cowper was not an exception."

His brother, perceiving he had received some benefit from this interview, in his desire to relieve the poet's depressed mind, wisely overlooked the difference of sentiments on the great subjects of religion, which then existed between himself and Mr. Madan, and discovered the greatest anxiety that he should embrace the earliest opportunity to converse with him again. He now urged Cowper to visit Mr. Madan at his own house, and offered to accompany him thither. After much entreaty Cowper consented; and though the

conversation was not then the means of affording him any permanent relief, it was not without its use. His mental anguish, though in some degree alleviated, was far from being removed; the wounded spirit within him was in less pain, but by no means healed.

He was now suddenly attacked with that nervous affection, of which the peculiar form of his mind seemed to have made him susceptible, which, on several subsequent occasions darkened his brightest prospects, and which, ultimately, overwhelmed his meek and gentle spirit, and caused him to end his days in circumstances the most gloomy and sorrowful. So violent was the attack on this occasion, that his friends instantly perceived the change, and consulted on the best manner to dispose of him. Dr. Cotton then kept an establishment at St. Alban's for the reception of such patients. His skill as a physician, his well-known humanity and sweetness of temper, and the acquaintance which had formerly subsisted between him and the afflicted patient, slight as it was, determined them to place him under the doctor's care. No determination could have been more wisely taken; and subsequent events proved it to have been under His superintendence, who orders all things according to the counsels of his own will, and who, with the tenderest solicitude, watches over his people; managing those events, which to us appear contingent, on principles of unerring wisdom; and overruling them for the accomplishment of his gracious purposes.

'An anxious world may sigh in vain for what  
Kind Heaven decrees in goodness to withhold;  
But the momentous volume of His mind,  
When seen in yonder world, shall be approved,  
And all its plans pronounced unerring love.'

*His residence at St. Alban's.—His conversion.*

On the 7th of December, 1763, Cowper was removed to St. Alban's, and placed under the care of Dr. Cotton.

And, notwithstanding the skilful and judicious treatment pursued to effect his restoration, he remained in the same gloomy and desponding state for five months. Every means that ingenuity could devise, and that benevolence and tenderness could prompt, were resorted to for this protracted period in vain. Respecting this period, Cowper remarks—

“The accuser of the brethren was ever busy with me night and day, bringing to my recollection the commission of long-forgotten sins, and charging upon my conscience things of an indifferent nature as atrocious crimes. Conviction of sin, and despair of mercy, were the two prominent evils with which I was continually tormented from the 7th of December, 1763, until the middle of July following. But, blessed be the God of my salvation for every sigh I drew, and for every tear I shed, since thus it pleased him to judge me here, that I might not be judged hereafter.

“After five months’ continued expectation that the Divine vengeance would plunge me into the bottomless pit, I became so familiar with despair, as to have contracted a sort of hardness and indifference as to the event. I began to persuade myself, that while the execution of the sentence was suspended, it would be for my interest to indulge a less horrible train of ideas, than I had been accustomed to muse upon. I entered into conversation with the doctor, laughed at his stories, and told him some of my own to match them; still, however, carrying a sentence of irrevocable doom in my heart. He observed the seeming alteration with pleasure, and began to think my recovery well nigh completed; but the only thing that could promote and effectuate my cure was yet wanting;—an experimental knowledge of the redemption which is in Christ Jesus.

“About this time my brother came from Cambridge to pay me a visit. Dr. C. having informed him that he thought me better, he was disappointed at finding

me almost as silent and reserved as ever. As soon as we were left alone, he asked me how I found myself; I answered, 'As much better as despair can make me.' We went together into the garden. Here, on my expressing a settled assurance of sudden judgment, he protested to me that it was all a delusion; and protested so strongly, that I could not help giving some attention to him. I burst into tears, and cried out, 'If it be a delusion, then am I the happiest of beings.' Something like a ray of hope was now shot into my heart; but still I was afraid to indulge it. We dined together, and I spent the afternoon in a more cheerful manner. Something seemed to whisper to me, every moment, Still there is mercy. Even after he left me, this change of sentiment gathered ground continually; yet my mind was in such a fluctuating state, that I can only call it a vague presage of better things at hand, without being able to assign any reason for it.

"A few days after my arrival at St. Alban's, I had thrown aside the Bible as a book in which I had no longer any interest or portion. The only instance in which I can recollect reading a single chapter, was about two months before my recovery. Having found a Bible on the bench in the garden, I opened it on the 11th of John, where the miracle of Lazarus being raised from the dead is described; and I saw so much benevolence, goodness, and mercy, in the Saviour's conduct, that I almost shed tears at the relation, little thinking that it was an exact type of the mercy which Jesus was on the point of extending towards myself. I sighed, and said, 'O that I had not rejected so good a Redeemer, that I had not forfeited all his favours!' Thus was my hard heart softened; and though my mind was not yet enlightened, God was gradually preparing me for the light of his countenance, and the joys of his salvation.

"The next morning, having rose with somewhat of a more cheerful feeling, while I sat at breakfast I

found the cloud of horror which had so long hung over my mind begin rapidly to pass away; every moment came fraught with hopes. I felt persuaded that I was not utterly doomed to destruction. The way of salvation was still, however, hid from my eyes; nor did I see it clearer than before my illness. I only thought, that if it pleased God to spare me, I would lead a better life; and that I would yet escape hell, if a religious observance of my duty would secure me from it. Thus may the terror of the Lord make a pharisee; but only the sweet voice of mercy in the gospel can make a christian.

“But the happy period, which was to shake off my fetters, and afford me a clear discovery of the free mercy of God in Christ Jesus was now arrived. I flung myself into a chair near the window, and seeing a Bible there, ventured once more to apply to it for comfort and instruction. The first verse I saw, was the 25th of the 3d of Romans: ‘Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.’ Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, for my pardon and complete justification. In a moment I believed, and received the peace of the gospel. Whatever my friend Madan had said to me, long before, revived in all its clearness, with the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power.

“Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have been overwhelmed with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport. I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder. But the work of the Holy Spirit is best described in his own words: it is ‘joy unspeakable and full of glory.’ Thus was my heavenly Father in Christ Jesus, pleased



to give me the full assurance of faith ; and out of a stony, unbelieving heart, to raise up a child unto Abraham. How glad should I now have been to have spent every moment in prayer and thanksgiving ! I lost no opportunity of repairing to a throne of grace ; but flew to it with an earnestness irresistible, and never to be satisfied. Could I help it ? Could I do otherwise than love and rejoice in my reconciled Father in Christ Jesus ? The Lord had enlarged my heart, and I could now cheerfully run in the way of his commandments.

“ For many succeeding weeks tears would be ready to flow if I did but speak of the gospel, or mention the name of Jesus. To rejoice day and night was all my employment ; too happy to sleep much, I thought it but lost time that was thus spent. O, that the ardour of my first love had continued ! But I have known many a lifeless and unhallowed hour since ; long intervals of darkness, interrupted by short returns of peace and joy in believing.”

His excellent physician, ever watchful and apprehensive for his welfare, now became alarmed, lest the sudden transition, from despair to joy, should wholly overpower his mind ; but the Lord was his strength and his song, and had become his salvation. Christ was now formed in his heart the hope of glory ; his fears were all dispelled ; despair, with its horrid train of evils, was banished from his mind ; a new and delightful scene now opened before him ; he became the subject of new affections, new desires, and new joys ; in a word, old things were passed away, and all things were become new. God had brought him up out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and had put a new song into his mouth, even praise to his God.

The apprehensions of Dr. C. soon subsided ; he saw, with delight, undoubted proofs of his patient's perfect recovery, became satisfied with the soundness of his cure, and subsequently had much pleasing communication with him in conversing about the great things of salva-

tion. He now visited him every morning, as long as he remained under his care, which was nearly twelve months after his recovery, and the gospel was invariably the delightful theme of their conversation. The patient and the physician became thus every day more endeared to each other: and Cowper often afterwards looked back upon this period, as among the happiest days he had ever spent.

His time no longer hung heavily upon his hands; but every moment of it that he could command was employed in seeking to acquire more comprehensive views of the gospel. The Bible became his constant companion; from this pure fountain of truth he drank of that living water, which was in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life. Conversation on spiritual subjects afforded him a high degree of enjoyment. Many delightful hours did he spend in these employments, while he remained with his beloved physician. His first transports of joy having subsided, a calm serenity of spirit succeeded, uninterrupted by any of those distressing sensations which he had before experienced; prayer and praise were his daily employment, his heart overflowed with love to his Redeemer, and his meditation of him was sweet.

In a short time he acquired comprehensive and scriptural views of the great plan of redemption; and, in addition to this, his conceptions of real christian experience, as distinguished from delusion and hypocrisy, were accurate and striking, and such as might only have been expected from an experienced christian. He now composed two hymns, which exhibit an interesting proof of the scriptural character of those religious views he had then embraced. The one begins, "The calm retreat," &c., and the other is on Retirement. These hymns he himself styles specimens of his first christian thoughts. Delightful specimens indeed they are; and the circumstances under which they were composed

will greatly enhance their value in the minds of those to whom they have long been endeared by their own intrinsic excellence.

His letters written about this period, as well as those of a subsequent date, abound with proofs of his deep acquaintance with christian experience. The following remarks are taken from a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Cowper. "The deceitfulness of the natural heart is inconceivable. I know well that I passed among my friends for a person at least religiously inclined, if not actually religious; and what is more wonderful, I thought myself a christian, when I had no faith in Christ, and when I saw no beauty in him that I should desire him; in short, when I had neither faith, nor love, nor any christian grace whatever, but a thousand seeds of rebellion instead, evermore springing up in enmity against him; but, blessed be the God of my salvation, the hail of affliction and rebuke has swept away the refuge of lies. It pleased the Almighty, in great mercy, to set all my misdeeds before me. At length, the storm being past, a quiet and peaceful serenity of soul succeeded, such as ever attends the gift of a lively faith in the all-sufficient atonement, and the sweet sense of mercy, and pardon purchased by the blood of Christ. Thus did he break me and bind me up; thus did he wound me and make me whole. This, however, is but a summary account of my conversion; neither would a volume contain the astonishing particulars of it. If we meet again in this world, I will relate them to you; if not, they will serve for the subject of a conference in the next, where, I doubt not, we shall remember, and record them with a gratitude better suited to this subject."

In a letter to his amiable and accomplished cousin, lady Hesketh, he thus writes:—

"What could you think, my dear cousin, of my conduct the last time I saw you? I remember I neither spoke to you, nor looked at you. The solution of the

mystery, indeed, followed soon after; but at the time it must have been inexplicable. The uproar within was even then begun, and my silence was only the sulkiness of a thunder-storm before it opens. I am glad, however, that the only instance in which I knew not how to value your company, was when I was not in my senses. It was the first in my life, and I trust in God it will be the last. How naturally does affliction make us christians!\* and how impossible is it, when all human help is vain, and the whole earth too poor and trifling to furnish us with one moment's peace, how impossible is it then to avoid looking at the gospel. It gives me some concern, though at the same time it increases my gratitude, to reflect, that a convert made in Bedlam is more likely to be a stumbling-block to others than to advance their faith. But if it have that effect upon any, it is owing to their reasoning amiss, and drawing their conclusion from false premises. He who can ascribe an amendment of life and manners, and a reformation of the heart itself, to madness, is guilty of an absurdity, which in any other case would fasten the imputation of madness upon himself; for, by so doing, he ascribes a reasonable effect to an unreasonable cause, and a positive effect to a negative. But when christianity only is to be sacrificed, he that stabs deepest is always the wisest man. You, my dear cousin, yourself will be apt to think I carry the matter too far; and that in the present warmth of my heart, I make too ample a concession in saying, that I am *only now* a convert. You think I always believed, and I thought so too; but you were deceived, and so was I. I called myself, indeed, a christian, and He who knows my heart knows that I never did a right thing, nor abstained from a wrong one, because I was so; but if I did either, it was under the influence of some other motive. And it is such seeming christians, such pretending believers, that do most mischief in the cause, and furnish the strongest arguments to support the

\* Through the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit.—*Ed.*

infidelity of its enemies : unless profession and conduct go together, the man's life is a lie, and the validity of what he professes itself, is called in question. The difference between a christian and an unbeliever, would be so striking, if the treacherous allies of the church would go over at once to the other side, that I am satisfied religion would be no loser by the bargain. You say, you hope it is not necessary for salvation, to undergo the same affliction that I have undergone. No, my dear cousin, God deals with his children as a merciful Father; he does not, as he himself tells us, afflict willingly. Doubtless there are many who, having been placed by his good providence out of the reach of evil, and the influence of bad example, have, from their very infancy, been partakers of the grace of his Holy Spirit, in such a manner, as never to have allowed themselves in any grievous offence against him. May you love Him more and more, day by day, as every day while you think of him you will find him more worthy of your love, and may you be finally accepted by him for His sake, whose intercession for all his faithful servants cannot but prevail."

Cowper now employed his brother to seek out for him an abode somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, as he had determined to leave London, the scene of his former misery; and that nothing might induce him to return thither, he resigned the office of commissioner of bankrupts, worth about £60. per annum, which he had held. By this sacrifice, which to him was one of no little importance, his father having left him but little property, he reduced himself to an income barely sufficient for his maintenance; but he says, "I would rather have starved in reality, than deliberately offend against my Saviour."

On being informed that his brother had made many unsuccessful attempts to procure him a suitable dwelling, he one day poured out his soul in prayer to God, beseeching him, that wherever he should be pleased in his fatherly mercy to place him, it might be in the

society of those who feared his name, and loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity. This prayer God was pleased graciously to answer. In the beginning of June, 1765, he received a letter from his brother, to say that he had engaged such lodgings for him at Huntingdon as he thought would suit him. Though this was farther from Cambridge, where his brother then resided, than he wished, yet, as he was now in perfect health, and as his circumstances required a less expensive way of life than his present, he resolved to take them, and arranged his affairs accordingly.

On the 17th June, 1765, having spent more than eighteen months at St. Alban's, partly in the bondage of despair, and partly in the liberty of the gospel, he took leave of the place at four in the morning, and set out for Cambridge, taking with him the servant who had attended him while he remained with Dr. Cotton, and who had maintained an affectionate watchfulness over him during the whole of his illness, waiting upon him, on all occasions, with the utmost patience, and invariably treating him with the greatest kindness. The mingled emotions of his mind, on leaving the place, were painful and pleasing: he regarded it as the place of his second nativity: he had here passed from death unto life; had been favoured with much leisure to study the word of God; had enjoyed much happiness in conversing upon its great truths with his esteemed physician; and he left it with considerable reluctance; offering up many prayers to God, that his richest blessings might rest upon its worthy manager, and upon all its inmates; especially those of them whose mental maladies had brought them there, for whom he ever felt the tenderest sympathy, earnestly praying that they might have as much cause to bless God for bringing them there as he had himself.

The pleasing state of his mind on his journey he thus describes:—"I remembered the pollution which is in the world, and the sad share I had in it

myself, and my heart ached at the thought of entering it again. The blessed God had endowed me with some concern for his glory, and I was fearful of hearing his name traduced by oaths and blasphemies, the common language of this highly-favoured but ungrateful country; but the promise of God, "Fear not, I am with thee," was my comfort. I passed the whole of my journey in fervent prayer to God, earnestly but silently intreating him to be my guardian and counsellor in all my future journey through life, and to bring me in safety, when he had accomplished his purposes of grace and mercy towards me, to eternal glory."

*His removal to Huntingdon.—His acquaintance with the Unwin family.*

After spending a few days with his brother at Cambridge, Cowper repaired to Huntingdon, and entered upon his new abode on Saturday, the 22nd of June, 1765. His brother, who had accompanied him hither, had no sooner left him, than, as he says, "finding myself surrounded by strangers and in a strange place, my spirits began to sink, and I felt like a traveller in the midst of an inhospitable desert. I walked forth towards the close of day in this melancholy frame of mind, and having wandered about a mile from the town, I found my heart at length so powerfully drawn towards the Lord, that, having gained a retired and secret nook in the corner of a field, I kneeled down under a bush, and poured forth my complaints before him." It pleased his merciful Father to hear him, and he was enabled to trust in the Divine mercy.

The following day he went to church, for the first time since his recovery. Throughout the whole of the service, his emotions were so powerfully affecting, that it was with much difficulty he could restrain them, so much did he see of the beauty and glory of the Lord while thus worshipping him in his temple. A little incident which occurred upon this occasion, while it

shows how thoroughly his heart was now penetrated with christian benevolence, displays also, in one of the most striking instances, the effects of that expansive and lovely affection. A grave and sober person sat in the same pew: while he was singing the psalm in a manner which showed him to be wholly intent upon his holy employment, Cowper could not help inwardly exclaiming with much emotion, "Bless you for praising Him whom my soul loveth!" The parable of the prodigal son was the portion of scripture read in the gospel appointed for the day. He saw himself in that glass so clearly, and the loving-kindness of his slighted and forgotten Lord, that the whole scene was realized by him, and acted over in his heart. And he thus describes his feelings on hearing it:—"When the gospel for the day was read, it seemed more than I could well support. Oh! what a word is the word of God, when the Spirit quickens us to receive it, and gives the hearing ear, and the understanding heart! The harmony of heaven is in it, and discovers clearly and satisfactorily its Author."

Immediately after church he repaired to the place where he had prayed the day before, and found the relief he had there received was but the earnest of a richer blessing. The Lord was pleased to visit him with his gracious presence; he seemed to speak to him face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend; he made all his goodness pass before him, and constrained him to say, with Jacob, not "How dreadful," but "How lovely is this place! This is the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

He remained four months in the lodging procured for him by his brother, secluded from the bustling and active scenes of life, and receiving only an occasional visit from some of his neighbours. Though he had little intercourse with men, yet he enjoyed much fellowship with God in Christ Jesus. He says, "It was He who made my solitude sweet, and the wilderness to bloom and blossom as the rose; and my meditations



of Him were so delightful, that if I had few other comforts, neither did I want any."

He now regularly corresponded with all his intimate friends, and his letters furnish the clearest proofs of the happy, and, indeed, almost enviable state of his mind, during this period.

Cowper now passed his time in the full enjoyment of religion. Its truths supported his mind, and furnished him with an ample field for meditation; its promises consoled him, freed him from every distressing sensation, and filled him with joy unspeakable and full of glory; its precepts regulated all his conduct, and his chief anxiety was to live entirely to the glory of God.

On all subjects, connected with religion, Cowper now delighted to think and converse, and his best letters were those in which he could freely introduce them to his correspondents.

In a letter to his cousin, dated August 17, 1765, he says, "I shall do little more than thank you for your *Meditations*,\* which I admire exceedingly: the author of them manifestly loved the truth with an undissembled affection, had made great progress in the knowledge of it, and experienced all the happiness which naturally results from that noblest of all attainments. There is one circumstance which he gives us frequent occasion to observe in him, which I believe will ever be found in the philosophy of every true christian. I mean the eminent rank which he assigns to faith among the virtues, as the source and parent of them all. There is nothing more infallibly true than this, and doubtless it is with a view to the purifying and sanctifying nature of a true faith that our Saviour says, 'He that believeth in me hath everlasting life,' with many other expressions to the same purpose. Considered in this light, no wonder it has the power of salvation ascribed to it. Considered in any other, we

\* *Pearsall's Meditations*, which she had lent him.

must suppose it to operate like an oriental talisman, if it obtains for us the least advantage; which is an affront to Him who insists upon our having it, and will on no other terms admit us to his favour. I mention this the rather because it forms the best distinction between the specious professor and the true believer, between him whose faith is in his sunday-suit, and him who never puts it off at all; a distinction I am a little fearful sometimes of making, because it is a heavy stroke upon the practice of more than half the christians in the world."

It was not to be expected that a person like Cowper could remain long unnoticed, how reserved soever was his conduct. Accordingly, he had been at Huntingdon only a short time before he was visited by several persons, and introduced into several families, all eminently distinguished for their respectability and general consistency of conduct. This soon endeared him to the place, and he thus communicated his sentiments respecting it to his correspondents:—"The longer I live here the better I like the place, and the people who belong to it. I am upon very good terms with five families, all of whom receive me with the utmost civility; and two in particular with as much cordiality as if their pedigree and mine had grown on the same sheep-skin. You may recollect that I had but very uncomfortable expectations of the accommodations I should meet with at Huntingdon. How much better is it to take our lot where it shall please Providence to cast it, without anxiety! Had I chosen for myself, it is impossible I could have fixed upon a place so agreeable to me in all respects. I so much dreaded the thought of having a new acquaintance to make, with no other recommendation than that of being a perfect stranger, that I heartily wished no creature here might take the least notice of me. Instead of which, in about two months after my arrival, I became known to all the visitable people here, and do verily think it the

most agreeable neighbourhood I ever saw. My brother and I meet every week, by an alternate reciprocation of intercourse, as Sam. Johnson would express it. As to my own personal condition, I am much happier than the day is long; and sunshine and candle-light alike see me perfectly contented. I get books in abundance, as much company as I choose, a deal of comfortable leisure, and enjoy better health, I think, than for many years past. What is there wanting to make me happy? Nothing, if I can but be as thankful as I ought; and I trust that He who has bestowed so many blessings on me will give me gratitude to crown them all. I thank God for all the pleasing circumstances here, for my health of body, and perfect serenity of mind. To recollect the past, and compare it with the present, is all that I need to fill me with gratitude; and to be grateful is to be happy. I am far from thinking myself sufficiently grateful, or from indulging the hope that I shall ever be so in the present life. The warmest heart, perhaps, only feels by fits, and is often as insensible as the coldest. This, at least, is frequently the case with mine, and much oftener than it should be. But the mercy that can forgive iniquity will never be severe to mark our frailties. To that mercy, my dear cousin, I commend you."

Among the families with whom Cowper was on terms of intimacy, there were none so entirely congenial to his taste as that of the Rev. Mr. Unwin. This worthy divine, who was now far advanced in years, had formerly been master of a free school in Huntingdon. On obtaining, however, from his college at Cambridge, the living of Grimston, he married Miss Cawthorne, the daughter of a very respectable draper in Ely, by whom he had two children, a son and a daughter. Disliking their residence at Grimston, they removed to Huntingdon, where they had now resided many years.

Cowper became acquainted with this interesting

family, which afterwards, almost to the close of his life, afforded him a source of comfort, in the following rather singular manner. The Unwins frequently noticed Cowper, and remarked the degree of piety and intelligence he seemed to possess; this induced them to wish for a further acquaintance with the interesting stranger: his manners, however, were so reserved, that an introduction to him seemed wholly out of their reach. After waiting some time, with no apparent prospect of success, their eldest son, Mr. W. Unwin, though dissuaded from it by his mother, lest it should be thought too intrusive, ventured to speak to Mr. Cowper one day, when they were coming out of church, after morning prayers. Cowper soon found him to be one whose society was worth cultivating; and accordingly invited him to take tea that afternoon, to which Mr. Unwin gladly consented. This was perfectly agreeable to Cowper, who, in one of his letters, some time afterwards, thus describes his new-made acquaintance:—"To my expressible joy, I found him one whose notions of religion were spiritual and lively; one, whom the Lord had been training up from his infancy for the temple. We opened our hearts to each other at the first interview; and when we parted, I immediately retired to my chamber, and prayed the Lord, who had been the author, to be the guardian of our friendship, and to grant to it fervency and perpetuity, even unto death; and I doubt not that my gracious Father heard this prayer." A friendship thus formed was not likely to be soon interrupted; accordingly it continued with unabated affection through life, and became to both parties a source of much real enjoyment.

The following sunday Cowper dined with the Unwins, and was treated with so much cordiality and real affection, that he ever after felt the warmest attachment to this interesting family. In his letters on the subject, he thus writes:—"The last acquaintance

I have made here is of the race of the Unwins, consisting of father and mother, son and daughter; they are the most agreeable people imaginable; quite sociable, and as free from the ceremonious civility of country gentlefolks as I ever met with. They treat me more like a near relation than a stranger, and their house is always open to me. The old gentleman carries me to Cambridge in his chaise; he is a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as parson Adams. His wife has a very uncommon understanding, has read much to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess; she treats me with an affection so truly christian, that I could almost fancy my own mother restored to life again, to compensate me for all my lost friends and broken connexions. She has a son, in all respects worthy of such a mother, the most amiable young man I ever knew; he is not yet arrived at that time of life when suspicion recommends itself to us in the form of wisdom, and sets every thing but our own dear selves at an immeasurable distance from our esteem and confidence. Consequently he is known almost as soon as seen; and having nothing in his heart that makes it necessary for him to keep it barred and bolted, opens it to the perusal even of a stranger. His natural and acquired endowments are very considerable, and as to his virtues, I need only say that he is a christian. Miss Unwin resembles her mother in her great piety, who is one of the most remarkable instances of it I ever knew. They are altogether the most cheerful and engaging family it is possible to conceive. They see but little company, which suits me exactly; go when I will, I find a house full of peace and cordiality in all its parts, and am sure to hear no scandal, but such discourse, instead of it, as we are all the better for. Now I know them, I wonder that I liked Huntingdon so well before and am apt to think I should find every place disagreeable that had not an Unwin belonging to it."

In a letter to his cousin, dated Oct. 18, 1765, he

says:—"It was my earnest request before I left St. Alban's, that wherever it might please Providence to dispose of me, I might meet with such an acquaintance as I find in Mrs. Unwin. How happy is it to believe with a stedfast assurance that our petitions are heard, even while we are making them; and how delightful to meet with a proof in the effectual and actual grant of them! Surely it is a gracious finishing given to those means which the Almighty has been pleased to make use of for my conversion. After having been deservedly rendered unfit for any society, to be again qualified for it, and admitted at once into the fellowship of those whom God records as the excellent of the earth; and whom, in the emphatic language of scripture, he preserves as the apple of his eye, is a blessing which carries with it the stamp and visible superscription of Divine bounty—a grace unlimited as undeserved; and, like its glorious Author, free in its course, and blessed in its operation!"

*Cowper an inmate with Mr. Unwin's family.—Mr. Unwin's death.—Removal from Huntingdon to Olney.*

Towards the end of October, 1765, Cowper began to fear that his solitary and lonely situation would not be agreeable to him during the winter; and finding his present method of living, though he was strictly economical, rather too expensive for his limited income, he judged it expedient to look out for a family, in which he might become domesticated, where he might enjoy the advantage of social and familiar intercourse, and at the same time lessen the amount of his personal expenses. With this view, it occurred to him that he might probably be admitted, on such terms, into Mr. Unwin's family. He knew that a young gentleman who had lived with them as a pupil, had just left them for Cambridge, and it appeared not improbable, that he might be allowed to succeed him, not as a pupil, but as an inmate. This subject occasioned him a

tumult of anxious solicitude, and for some days it absorbed his entire attention. He at length made it the subject of earnest prayer to his heavenly Father, that he would be pleased to bring this affair to such an issue as would be most calculated to promote his own glory; and he had the satisfaction, in a short time, to receive a gracious answer to his petitions. A few days afterwards he mentioned the subject to Mrs. Unwin, a satisfactory arrangement was very speedily made with the family, and he entered upon his new abode on the 11th of November, 1765.

The manner in which he spent his time while associated with this exemplary family, and the high degree of enjoyment he there experienced, will be seen by the following extract from a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Cowper:—"As to amusements, I mean what the world calls such, we have none; the place, indeed, swarms with them, and cards and dancing are the professed business of almost all the gentle inhabitants of Huntingdon. We refuse to take part in them, or to be accessaries to this way of murdering our time, and by so doing have acquired the name of Methodists. Having told you how we do not spend our time, I will next say how we do. We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven, we read either the scripture or the sermons of some faithful preacher; at eleven, we attend divine service, which is performed here every day; and from twelve to three, we separate, and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval, I read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn into the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors, or sing some hymns of Martin's collection, and by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord, make up a tolerable concert, in which our hearts are

the best and most musical performers. After tea, we sally forth to take a walk in good earnest, and we have generally travelled four miles before we see home again. At night, we read and converse till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns, or with a sermon; and, last of all, the family are called to prayers. I need not tell you that such a life as this is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness; accordingly, we are all happy, and dwell together in unity as brethren. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something very like a filial one for her, and her son and I are brothers. Blessed be the God of our salvation for such companions, and for such a life; above all, for a heart to relish it."

Feeling his heart dilated with love to Christ, it is no wonder he should wish publicly to exert himself in the Redeemer's cause, to which, it is not unlikely, he was at times urged by the Unwins, or by some of his pious relatives. Much as some may wish that such had been the case, it may justly be doubted whether his natural timidity would not have prevented him almost entirely from doing much good in this way. Indeed there is some reason to think, from the following extract, that he attempted something of the kind, but with so little success, that he was perfectly satisfied it was not his duty thus to advocate the Redeemer's cause. "I have had many anxious thoughts about taking orders, and I believe every new convert is apt to think himself called upon for that purpose; but it has pleased God, by means which there is no need to particularize, to give me full satisfaction as to the propriety of declining it; indeed, they who have the least idea of what I have suffered from the dread of public exhibitions, will readily excuse my never attempting them hereafter. In the mean time, if it please the Almighty, I may be an instrument of turning many to the truth, in a private way, and hope that my endeavours, in this way, have not been entirely unsuccessful.



Had I the zeal of a Moses, I should want an Aaron to be my spokesman."

Cowper had now been an inmate with the Unwin family a little more than eighteen months. His confidential letters, describe the happy frame of his mind, and the great progress he made in divine knowledge, during this period. Living in the enjoyment of the Divine presence himself, and associated with those who experienced the same invaluable privilege, he tranquilly pursued the even tenor of his christian course with undiverted attention, and with holy zeal; nor did there appear the slightest reason to suppose that any alteration was likely to take place in his circumstances, or in the circumstances of the family. He might fairly have calculated upon the uninterrupted continuance, for many years, of the same distinguished privileges; but the dispensations of Divine Providence are often mysterious. Events unforeseen, and unexpected, are often occurring, which give a turn to our affairs quite subversive of even our best-arranged plans. Such was the melancholy occurrence which happened in this family, about this time, and led, at no distant period, to Cowper's removal from Huntingdon.

Mr. Unwin, proceeding to his church one Sunday morning in July, 1767, was flung from his horse, and received a dreadful fracture on the back part of his skull, under which he languished till the following Thursday, and then died, in a cottage to which he had been carried, it being impossible to remove him to his own house, though only a mile distant. Cowper, in relating this melancholy event to his cousin, remarks,— "This awful dispensation has left an impression upon our spirits which will not presently be worn off. May it be a lesson to us to watch, since we know not the day, nor the hour, when our Lord cometh. At nine o'clock last Sunday morning Mr. Unwin was in perfect health, and as likely to live twenty years as either of us, and by the following Thursday he was a corpse.

The few short intervals of sense that were indulged him, he spent in earnest prayer, and in expressions of a firm trust and confidence in the only Saviour. To that strong hold we must resort at last, if we would have hope in death; when every other refuge fails, we are glad to fly to the only shelter we can repair to, to any purpose; and happy is it for us, when the false ground we have chosen for ourselves, breaks under us, and we find ourselves obliged to have recourse to that Rock which can never be shaken: when this is our lot, we receive great and undeserved mercy."

Just after this melancholy event had occurred, and while the family were in the midst of their distress, the Rev. John Newton, then curate of Olney, while on his way home from Cambridge, was induced to call upon Mrs. Unwin. Dr. Conyers had learned from Mrs. Unwin's son, the state of her mind, on the subject of religion; and he accordingly requested Mr. Newton to embrace the earliest opportunity of having some conversation with her. His visit could not possibly have been made at a more seasonable juncture. Mrs. Unwin was now almost overwhelmed with sorrow; and, though the strength of her christian principles preserved her from losing that confidence in God, which can alone support the mind under such distressing circumstances, yet both she and Mr. Cowper stood in need of some judicious christian friend, to administer to them the consolations of the gospel. Their heavenly Father could not have sent them one more capable of binding up their wounds, and soothing their sorrow, than Mr. Newton. He knew when to pour the oil of consolation into their wounded spirits; and his visit, providentially ordered, proved as useful as it was seasonable. He invited them to fix their future abode at Olney, whither they repaired in the following October, (1767,) to a house he had provided for them, so near the vicarage in which he lived, that by opening a door in the garden wall, they could exchange mutual visits,

without entering the street. Mrs. Unwin kept the house, and Cowper continued to board with her, as he had done during her husband's life.

*His residence at Olney, 1767.—His severe indisposition, 1773, and after.—The Olney Hymns.*

Great as were the advantages enjoyed by Cowper, when an inmate with the Unwin family at Huntingdon, they were not to be compared with those which he experienced in his new situation at Olney. He spent his time nearly in the same manner as at Huntingdon, having the additional advantage of frequent religious intercourse with his friend, Mr. Newton, with whom he was now upon terms of the closest intimacy. The amiable manners and exemplary piety of Cowper, greatly endeared him to all with whom he was acquainted. He gladly availed himself of the benefits of religious conversation with the pious persons in Mr. Newton's congregation, and was particularly attentive to those who were in circumstances of poverty. He regularly visited the sick, and, to the utmost extent of his power, afforded them relief. He attended meetings for prayer established by Mr. Newton; and at such seasons, when he was occasionally requested to conduct the service, agitated as were his feelings before he commenced, he no sooner began, than he poured forth his heart unto God in earnest intercession, with a devotion equally simple, sublime, and fervent, affording to all who were present on these occasions proofs of the unusual combination of elevated genius, exquisite sensibility, and profound piety, by which he was pre-eminently distinguished. His conduct in private was consistent with the solemnity and fervor of these social devotional engagements. Three times a day he prayed, and gave thanks unto God, in retirement, besides the regular practice of domestic worship. His familiar acquaintance with, and experimental knowledge of the

gospel, relieved him from all terror and anxiety of mind ; his soul was stayed upon God ; the Divine promise and faithfulness were his support ; and he lived in the enjoyment of perfect peace.

His hymns, most of which were composed at this period, prove that he was no stranger to those corrupt dispositions, which the best of men have to bewail, and which have so strong a tendency to draw away the mind from God. Against these dispositions, however, he was constantly upon the watch, and by the gracious aid of the Divine Spirit, he restrained every irregular desire, mortified every corrupt inclination, and ultimately came off victorious in his spiritual warfare.

The first few years of his residence at Olney, may, perhaps, be regarded as the happiest of his life. Associated intimately with his beloved friend, Mr. Newton, and availing himself of his valuable assistance, in his efforts to acquire divine knowledge, his heart became established in the truth, and he experienced that degree of confidence in God, which alone can ensure peace of mind and real tranquillity.

To the poor of the surrounding neighbourhood Cowper proved a valuable friend. His situation in the midst of a manufacturing population, a class too generally abounding in wretchedness, and here, by his own admission, at once immoral and poor, extended a wide field for his benevolent and christian exertions. Of the latter, he could and did dispense amply the best comforts. It was by no means a rare occurrence to find him praying by the sick bed of the poorest cottager ; or guiding the devotions of some miserable being, who, having lived for the world, attempted to seek God only in the departing moments of existence. Of earthly good, he, indeed, had little to bestow ; but as the almoner of another's wealth he used discrimination, and did much good. Mr. Thornton, whose charity he has so nobly eulogized, forwarded annually a considerable

sum for the necessitous of Olney. This benefaction was intrusted to Cowper's management; a circumstance which argues no ordinary reliance on his discretion and good sense. But in becoming the agent of another's beneficence, he only followed out what he had himself begun. We have seen how limited were his means; yet, on leaving St. Alban's, he did not hesitate to burden them with an attendant, out of gratitude for his attachment, and because "he had strong ground and hope that thus the man would be brought to a knowledge of Jesus." Again, while residing in Huntingdon, he educated, afterwards brought to Olney, and finally apprenticed, a poor child, in order to remove him from the contagion of profligate parents, after vainly attempting to reclaim them.

The lively interest which Cowper took in the spiritual welfare of his correspondents, will appear in the following letter to his esteemed friend, Joseph Hill, esq., dated 21st January, 1769: "Dear Joe: I rejoice with you in your recovery, and that you have escaped from the hands of one, from whose hands you will not always escape. Death is either the most formidable or the most comfortable thing we have in prospect on this side of eternity. To be brought near to him, and to discern neither of these features in his face, would argue a degree of insensibility of which I will not suspect my friend, whom I know to be a thinking man. You have been brought down to the sides of the grave, and you have been raised up again by Him who has the keys of the invisible world; who opens, and none can shut, who shuts and none can open. I do not forget to return thanks to Him on your behalf, and to pray that your life, which he has spared, may be devoted to his service. 'Behold! I stand at the door, and knock,' is the word of Him, on whom both our mortal and immortal life depend; and blessed be his name, it is the word of one who wounds only that he may heal, and who waits to be gracious. The lan-

guage of every such dispensation is, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' It speaks with the voice of mercy and goodness, for without such notices, whatever preparation we might make for other events, we should make none for this. My dear friend, I desire and pray that when this last enemy shall come to execute an unlimited commission on us, we may be found ready, being established and rooted in a well-grounded faith in His name who conquered death, and triumphed over him on the cross. If I am ever enabled to look forward to death with comfort, which I thank God is sometimes the case, I do not take my view of it from the top of my own works and deservings, though God is witness, that the labour of my life is to keep a conscience void of offence towards him. Death is always formidable to me but when I see him disarmed of his sting by having it sheathed in the body of Jesus Christ."

No one knew better how to administer consolation to those who were in distress, and certainly no one ever took a greater delight in doing it than Cowper. To his amiable cousin, Mrs. Cowper, who had been called to sustain a severe domestic affliction, he writes as follows: "A letter from your brother brought me yesterday the most afflicting intelligence that has reached me these many years; I pray God to comfort you, and to enable you to sustain this heavy stroke with that resignation to his will, which none but himself can give, and which he gives to none but his own children. How blessed and happy is your lot, my dear friend, beyond the lot of the greater part of mankind; that you know what it is to draw near to God in prayer, and are acquainted with a throne of grace! You have resources in the infinite love of a dear Redeemer, which are withheld from millions: and the promises of God, which are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, are sufficient to answer all your necessities, and to sweeten the bitterest cup which your heavenly Father will ever put into your

hand. May he now give you liberty to drink at these wells of salvation, till you are filled with consolation and peace, in the midst of trouble. He has said, When thou passest through the fire, I will be with thee, and when through the floods, they shall not overflow thee. You have need of such a word as this, and he knows your need of it; and the time of necessity is the time when he will be sure to appear in behalf of those who trust in him. I bear you and yours upon my heart before him, night and day; for I never expect to hear of distress which shall call upon me with a louder voice to pray for the sufferer. I know the Lord hears me for myself, vile and sinful as I am, and I believe and am sure, that he will hear me for you also. He is the Friend of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless, even God in his holy habitation; and in all our afflictions he is afflicted; and when he chastens us, it is in mercy. Surely he will sanctify this dispensation to you, do you great and everlasting good by it, make the world appear like dust and vanity in your sight, as it truly is, and open to your view the glories of a better country, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor pain; but God shall wipe away all tears from your eyes for ever. O that comfortable word! 'I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;' so that our very sorrows are evidences of our calling, and he chastens us because we are his children. My dear cousin, I commit you to the word of his grace, and to the comforts of his Holy Spirit. Your life is needful for your family; may God, in mercy to them, prolong it, and may he preserve you from the dangerous effects which a stroke like this might have upon a frame so tender as yours. I grieve for you, I pray for you; could I do more I would, but God must comfort you."

Cowper had scarcely forwarded this consolatory and truly christian letter, when he was himself visited with a trial so severe as to call into exercise all that

confidence in the Almighty which he had endeavoured to excite in the mind of his amiable relative. He received a letter from his brother, then residing as a fellow in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, between whom and himself there had always existed an affection truly fraternal, stating that he was seriously indisposed. No brothers were ever more warmly interested in each other's welfare. At the commencement of Cowper's affliction, which led to his removal to St. Alban's, his brother had watched over him with the tenderest solicitude; and it was doubtless owing, in a great degree, to his tenderness, that Cowper was placed under the care of Dr. Cotton. While he remained at St. Alban's, his brother visited him, and, as has been related above, became the means of contributing materially to his recovery. On Cowper's removal to Huntingdon, these affectionate brothers adopted a plan for a frequent and regular interchange of visits, so that they were seldom many days without seeing each other, though the distance between their places of abode was fifteen miles; and, even after Cowper's removal to Olney, his brother, during the first two years, paid him several visits; they seemed, indeed, mutually delighted with an opportunity of being in each other's company.

Cowper, on hearing of his brother's illness, immediately repaired to Cambridge. To his inexpressible grief he found him in a condition which left little or no hopes of his recovery. He had taken cold on his return from a journey into Wales; and, lest he should be laid up at a distance from home, had pushed forward as fast as he could from Bath with a fever upon him. This, with the previous state of his health, produced a complication of most dangerous complaints. In this state of extreme peril, he seemed to have no more concern about his spiritual interests than when in perfect health. His couch was strewed with volumes of plays, to which, at first, except when there seemed but little



prospect of his recovery, he had frequent recourse for amusement. In a letter to his cousin, Cowper thus describes the case: "My brother continues much as he was. His case is a very dangerous one. The physician has little hopes of his recovery; indeed, I might say none at all, only, being a friend, he does not formally give him over by ceasing to visit him, lest it should sink his spirits. For my own part, I have no expectation of it, except by a signal interposition of Providence in answer to prayer. His case is clearly out of the reach of medicine, but I have seen many a sickness healed, where the danger has been equally threatening, by the only Physician of value. I doubt not he will have an interest in your prayers, as he has in the prayers of many. May the Lord incline his ear, and give an answer of peace. I know it is good to be afflicted; I trust you have found it so, and that under the teaching of the Spirit of God, we shall both be purified. It is the desire of my soul to seek a better country, where God shall wipe away all tears from the eyes of his people, and where, looking back upon the ways by which he has led us, we shall be filled with everlasting wonder, love, and praise."

Finding his brother on the verge of the grave, Cowper discovered the greatest anxiety respecting his everlasting welfare. He laboured diligently to explain to him those views of the gospel which he had himself found so singularly beneficial; nor did he labour in vain. He had the unspeakable gratification of witnessing the complete triumph of the truth, and its consolatory influence upon the mind of his beloved brother, in his dying moments. Writing to Mr. Hill, he says: "It pleased God to cut short my brother's connexions and expectations here, yet, not without giving him lively and glorious views of a better happiness than any he could propose to himself in such a world as this. Notwithstanding his great learning, (for he was one of the chief men in the university in that respect,) he was candid and sincere

in his inquiries after truth. Though he could not agree to my sentiments when I first acquainted him with them, nor in many conversations which I afterwards had with him upon the subject, could he be brought to acquiesce in them as scriptural and true; yet I had no sconer left St. Alban's than he began to study, with the deepest attention, those points on which we differed, and to furnish himself with the best writers upon them. His mind was kept open to conviction for five years, during all which time he laboured in this pursuit with unwearied diligence, whilst leisure and opportunity were afforded. Amongst his dying words were these: 'Brother, I thought you wrong, yet wanted to believe as you did. I found myself not able to believe, yet always thought I should be one day brought to do so.' From the study of books he was brought, upon his death-bed, to the study of himself, and there learnt to renounce his righteousness and his own most amiable character, and to submit himself to the righteousness which is of God by faith. With these views, he was desirous of death: satisfied of his interest in the blessing purchased by the blood of Christ, he prayed for death with earnestness, felt the approaches of it with joy, and died in peace."

It afforded Cowper inexpressible delight, to witness, in his brother's case, the consoling and animating power of those principles which he had himself found to be so highly beneficial. This had been the object of his most anxious solicitude, from the period when God was pleased to visit him with the consolations of his grace. From that time he took occasion to declare to his brother what God had done for his soul; and neglected no opportunity of attempting to engage him in conversation of a spiritual kind. On his first visit to him at Cambridge, after he left St. Alban's, his heart being then full of the subject, he poured it out to his brother without reserve, taking care to show him,

that what he had received was not merely a new set of notions, but a real impression of the truths of the gospel. His brother listened to his statements at first with some attention, and often laboured to convince him that the difference in their sentiments was much less real than verbal. Subsequently, however, he became more reserved; and though he heard patiently, he never replied, nor ever discovered a desire to converse on the subject. This, he afterwards confessed, was the effect of a resolution he had made to that effect, in order to avoid disputes, and to secure the continuance of that peace that had always subsisted between them. The natural goodness of his temper enabled him strictly to adhere to the rule he had thus prescribed to himself, never remarking upon any thing he heard or saw, if it was the least likely to introduce the discussion of serious subjects. At the commencement of his affliction, little as was the concern he then felt for his spiritual interests, the thoughts of God and of eternity would sometimes force themselves upon his mind; at every little prospect of recovery, however, he found it no difficult matter to thrust them from him again. It was evident that his mind was very far from being set on things spiritual and heavenly; as on almost every subject but that of religion, he would converse fluently. At every suitable opportunity Cowper endeavoured to give a serious turn to the discourse, but without any apparent success. Having obtained his permission, he prayed with him frequently; still, however, he seemed as careless and unconverted as ever.

On one occasion, after his brother had, with much difficulty, survived a severe paroxysm of his disorder, he observed to him, as he sat by his bed-side, "that, though it had pleased God to visit him with great afflictions, yet mercy was mingled with the dispensation. You have many friends that love you, and are willing to do all they can to serve you, and so, perhaps, have

many others in the like circumstances ; but it is not the lot of every sick man, how much soever he may be beloved, to have a friend that can pray for him." He replied, "That is true ; and I hope God will have mercy upon me." His love to Cowper, from that time became very remarkable ; there was a tenderness in it more than was merely natural ; and he generally expressed it by calling for blessings upon him in the most affectionate terms, and with a look and manner not to be described. One afternoon, a few days before he died, he suddenly burst into tears, and said, with a loud cry, "O forsake me not !" Cowper went to the bed-side, grasped his hand, and tenderly inquired why he wished him to remain. "O brother," said he, "I am full of what I could say to you ; if I live, you and I shall be more like one another than we have been ; but, whether I live or not, all is well, and will be so ; I know it will ; I have felt that which I never felt before ; and am sure that God has visited me with this sickness, to teach me what I was too proud to learn in health. I never had satisfaction till now, having no ground to rest my hopes upon ; but now I have a foundation which nothing can shake. The doctrines I have been used to, referred me to myself, for the foundation of my hopes, and there I could find nothing to rest upon ; the sheet-anchor of my soul was wanting. I thought you wrong, yet wished to believe as you did, I found myself unable to believe, yet always thought that I should one day be brought to do so. You suffered more than I have done before you believed these truths ; but our sufferings, though different in their kind and measure, were directed to the same end. I hope he has taught me that which he teaches none but his own. I hope so. These things were foolishness to me once, but now I have a firm foundation, and am satisfied.

"I have peace in myself ; and if I live, I hope it will be that I may be a messenger of peace to others. I have

learned that in a moment, which I could not have learned by reading many books for many years. I have often studied these points, and studied them with great attention, but was blinded by prejudice; and unless He, who alone is worthy to unloose the seals, had opened the book to me, I had been blind still. Now they appear so plain, that, though I am convinced no comment could ever have made me understand them, I wonder I did not see them before. Yet, great as my doubt and difficulties were, they have only served to pave the way; and, being solved, they make it plainer. The light I have received comes late, but not too late, and it is a comfort to me that I never made the gospel truths a subject of ridicule. This bed would be to me a bed of misery, and it is so; but it is likewise a bed of joy and a bed of discipline. Was I to die this night, I know I should be happy. This assurance, I hope, is quite consistent with the word of God. It is built upon a sense of my own utter insufficiency, and the all-sufficiency of Christ. I have been building my glory on a sandy foundation. I have laboured night and day, to perfect myself in things of no profit; I have sacrificed my health to these pursuits, and am now suffering the consequences of my mispent labour. But how contemptible do some of the writers I once highly valued now appear to me! "Yea, doubtless I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." I succeeded in my former pursuits. I wanted to be highly applauded, and I was so, even to the height of my wishes; but now I have learned a new lesson. What a scene is passing before me! Ideas upon these subjects crowd upon me faster than I can give them utterance. How plain do many texts appear, to which, after consulting all the commentators, I could hardly before affix any meaning! Now I have their true signification, without any comment at all. There is but one key to the New Testament; there is but one Interpreter. I cannot de-

scribe to you, nor shall I ever be able to describe to you, what I felt when this was given to me. May I make a good use of it! How I shudder when I think of the danger I have just escaped! How wonderful is it that God should look upon me! Yet he sees me, and takes notice of all that I suffer. I see him too, and can hear him say, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I can never be sufficiently thankful for the mercy I have received. Perhaps I may ascribe some part of this insensibility to my great weakness of body. I hope, at least, if I were better in health, it would be better with me in these respects also. Have I not cause to praise him, when I feel that I have an interest in Christ, in his blood and sufferings, and that my sins are forgiven me? I will confess to you, brother, what I never confessed before, that my function and the duties of it were beginning to be a weariness to me which I could not bear. Yet, base as I am, I have no doubt now that God has accepted me, and blotted out all my iniquities."

For a few days, during his affliction, there appeared some prospect of his recovery, and while such was the case, he was deeply sensible of the difficulties he should have to encounter, were he again raised up. He knew that he must expect great opposition, but was determined to be faithful. The souls committed to his care were much upon his mind; and, under the weight of these impressions, he one day, when Cowper was with him alone, offered up, with great fervency, aloud, the following prayer: "O Lord, thou art light, and in thee is no darkness at all. Thou art the fountain of all wisdom; it is essential to thee to be good and gracious. I am weak and foolish as a child; O Lord, teach me how I shall conduct myself. Give me the wisdom of the serpent, and the harmlessness of the dove. Bless the souls thou hast committed to the care of thy helpless, miserable creature, and make me

faithful to them for thy name and mercies' sake." He survived this change only a few days, and died happily, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

An event like this could not fail to make a deep impression upon the tender spirit of Cowper, and his feelings on the occasion were such as are not experienced by ordinary minds. The following letter to his amiable cousin shows clearly the state of his mind: "You judge rightly of the manner in which I have been affected by the Lord's late dispensation towards my brother. I found it a cause of sorrow that I lost so near a relation, and one so deservedly dear to me, and that he left me just when our sentiments upon the most interesting of subjects became the same. But it was also a cause of joy, that it pleased God to give me a clear and evident proof that he had changed his heart, and adopted him into the number of his children. For this I hold myself peculiarly bound to thank him, because he might have done all that he was pleased to do for him, and yet have afforded him neither strength nor opportunity to declare it. He told me, that from the time he was first ordained, he began to be dissatisfied with his religious opinions, and to suspect that there were greater things revealed in the Bible, than were generally believed or allowed to be there. From the time when I first visited him, after my release from St. Alban's, he began to read upon the subject. It was at that time I informed him of the views of Divine truth, which I had received in that school of affliction. He laid what I said to heart, and began to furnish himself with the best writers on the controverted points, whose works he read with great diligence and attention, carefully comparing them with the scriptures. None ever truly and ingenuously sought the truth, but they found it. A spirit of earnest inquiry is the gift of God, who never says to any, "Seek ye my face in vain." Accordingly, about ten days before his death, it pleased the Lord to dispel all his doubts, to reveal in

his heart the knowledge of the Saviour, and to give him that firm and unshaken confidence in the ability and willingness of Christ to save sinners, which is invariably followed by a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory."

On another occasion, adverting to his brother's case, Cowper very properly remarks: "There is that in the nature of salvation by grace, when it is truly and experimentally known, which prompts every person to think himself the most extraordinary instance of its power. Accordingly, my brother insisted upon the precedence in this respect; and, upon comparing his case with mine, would by no means allow my deliverance to be so wonderful as his own. He observed, that from the beginning, his manner of life had been such as had a natural tendency to blind his eyes, and to confirm and rivet his prejudices against the truth. His acquaintance had been of that stamp who had trusted in themselves that they were righteous, though they despised the doctrines of the cross."

Of the character of his much beloved brother, whose death filled him with mingled emotions of joy and grief, Cowper has given the following interesting description: "He was a man of a most candid and ingenuous spirit; his temper remarkably sweet, and in his behaviour to me he had always manifested an uncommon affection. His outward conduct, so far as it fell under my notice, or I could learn it by the report of others, was perfectly decent and unblameable. There was nothing vicious in any part of his practice, but being of a studious, thoughtful turn, he placed his chief delight in the acquisition of learning, and made such progress in it, that he had but few rivals. He was critically skilled in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages; was beginning to make himself master of Syriac, and perfectly understood the French and Italian, the latter of which he could speak fluently. Learned, however, as he was, he was easy and cheerful



in his conversation, and entirely free from the stiffness which is generally contracted by men devoted to such pursuits."

Notwithstanding the cheerfulness with which Cowper bore up under this painful bereavement, when it first occurred, owing to the happy circumstances related above, with which it was attended, yet there is reason to believe that it made an impression upon his peculiarly sensitive mind, more deep than visible; and that was not soon to be effaced. It unquestionably diminished his attachment to the world, and made him less unwilling to leave it. Writing to his friend, Mr. Hill, at this time, who had kindly given him another pressing invitation to visit London, perhaps hoping that the loss of his brother might thereby be less sensibly felt, he says: "I have not done conversing with terrestrial objects, though I should be happy were I able to hold more continual converse with a Friend above the skies. He has my heart, but he allows a corner of it for all who show me kindness, and therefore one for you. The storm of 1763, made a wreck of the friendships I had contracted, in the course of many years, yours, only excepted, which has survived the tempest."

About this time, a considerable change took place in Mrs. Unwin's domestic establishment. Her son had recently settled at Stock, in Essex, and her daughter was on the eve of marriage to the Rev. Mr. Powley, an excellent evangelical clergyman. The cordial esteem which Cowper had always felt for Mrs. Unwin, instead of suffering the slightest diminution in the lapse of years, had gradually assumed the similitude of conjugal attachment; and as there was now no prospect of a separation through life, lest a connexion so intimate as that which subsisted between them should lead to malevolent aspersion, Cowper deemed it advisable to propose marriage to Mrs. Unwin. She was six years older than himself, but the difference of their ages

was far less than that which had subsisted in the case of a Johnson, or a Howard, who had both, probably, for similar reasons to those which influenced Cowper, chosen for their companions in life, females much older than themselves. The time for this union was fixed, and there seemed no prospect of its being frustrated. Divine Providence, however, did not permit it to be accomplished; the tender spirit of Cowper became again enveloped in the deepest gloom, occasioned, perhaps, partly by the deep regret he felt at the loss of his brother, and partly by the excitement connected, in a mind like his, with the change he now contemplated.

It appears not improbable that his friend, Mr. Newton, might have witnessed, in the morbid tendency of his mind to melancholy, of which he then discovered symptoms, some traces of the deep and extensive wound which his mind had received by this event, though his efforts to conceal it were incessant. Hence, he wisely engaged him in a literary undertaking, congenial with his taste, suited to his admirable talents, and, perhaps, more adapted to alleviate his distress than any other that could have been selected. Mr. Newton had felt the want of a volume of evangelical hymns on experimental subjects, suited for public and private worship; he mentioned the subject to Cowper, and pressed him to undertake it, and the result was, a friendly compact to supply the volume between them, with an understanding that Cowper was to be the principal composer. He entered upon this work with great pleasure, and though he does not appear to have employed his poetical talents for a considerable time previous to this, yet the sixty-eight admirable hymns he composed, show with what ease he could write upon the doctrinal, experimental, or practical parts of christianity.

*His second period of mental depression.*

We are again arrived at another of those melancholy periods of Cowper's life, over which it must be alike the



duty of the biographer, and the wish of the reader to cast a veil. Mental aberration, whoever may be the subject of it, excites the tenderest commiseration of all ; but if there be a time when it may be contemplated with emotions more truly distressing than another, it is when it attacks those who are endowed with talents the most brilliant, with dispositions the most amiable, and with piety the most ardent and unobtrusive. Such was eminently the case in the present instance. To see a mind like Cowper's, enveloped in the thickest gloom of despondency, and for several years in the prime of life, remaining in a state of complete inactivity and misery, must have been distressing in no ordinary degree.

A short time previous to this afflictive visitation, Cowper appears to have received some presentiment of its approach, and during a solitary walk in the fields, he composed that beautiful hymn in the Olney collection, "God moves in a mysterious way." On this occasion, acute as may have been his feelings, he must have experienced an unshaken confidence in God ; for it is scarcely possible to read this admirable production, however dark and distressing the dispensations of Divine Providence towards us may be, without enjoying the same delightful emotions. About the same time, he composed the hymn entitled, "Temptation,"

"The billows swell, the winds are high," &c.

He now relapsed into a state very much resembling that which had previously occasioned his removal to St. Alban's. The second attack occurred in January, 1773 ; and he remained in the same painful and melancholy condition, without even a single alleviation of his sufferings, for the period of four years ; and it was some years more before he wholly recovered the use of his admirable powers. His mind, which could formerly soar on the wings of faith and love, to the utmost limits of christian knowledge and enjoyment, now sunk

into the lowest depths of depression; and seemed as if it would remain immoveably fixed there; rejecting, with deplorable firmness, every species of consolation that was attempted to be administered.

Various causes have been assigned by different writers for the melancholy aberration of mind of which Cowper was now, and at other seasons of his life, the subject; but none are so irreconcilable to every thing like just and legitimate reasoning, as the attempt to ascribe it to religion.

A living poet remarks,—“With regard to Cowper’s malady, there scarcely needs any other proof that it was not occasioned by his religion than this, that the error on which he stumbled was in direct contradiction to his creed. He believed that he had been predestined to life, yet under his delusion he imagined that God, who cannot lie, repent, or change, had, in his sole instance, and in one moment, reversed his own decree, which had been in force from all eternity. At the same time, by a perversion of the purest principles of christian obedience, he was so submissive to what he erroneously supposed was the will of God, that, to have saved himself from the very destruction which he dreaded, he would not avail himself of any of the means of grace, even presuming they might have been efficacious, because he believed they were forbidden to him. Yet, in spite of the self-evident impossibility of his faith affecting a sound mind with such an hallucination; though a mind previously diseased might as readily fall into that as any other; in spite of chronology, his first aberration having taken place before he had ‘tasted the good word of God;’ in spite of geography, that calamity having befallen him in London, where he had no acquaintance with persons holding the reprobated doctrines of election and sovereign grace; and in spite of fact, utterly undeniable, that the only effectual consolations which he experienced under his first or subsequent attacks of depression, arose from the

truths of the gospel ; in spite of all these unanswerable confutations of the ignorant and malignant falsehood, the enemies of christian truth persevere in repeating, 'that too much religion made poor Cowper mad.' If they be sincere, they are themselves under the strongest delusion ; and it will be well if it prove not, on their part, a wilful one ; it will be well, if they have not reached that last perversity of human reason, to believe a falsehood of their own invention."

The melancholy condition to which Cowper was now reduced, afforded Mrs. Unwin an opportunity of proving the warmth of her affection for, and the sincerity of her attachment to the dejected poet. He now required to be watched with the greatest care, vigilance, and perseverance ; and it pleased God to endow her with all that tenderness, fortitude, and firmness of mind, which were requisite for the proper discharge of duties so important. Her incessant care over him, during the long continuance of his depressive malady, could only be equalled by the pleasure she experienced, on seeing his powerful mind gradually emerge from that awful state of darkness in which it had been enveloped, into the clear sunshine of liberty and peace : she hailed his approach to convalescence, slowly as it advanced, with the mingled emotions of gratitude and praise.

Cowper, throughout the whole of this severe attack, was inaccessible to all, except his friend, Mr. Newton, who, during the whole of its continuance, watched over him with the greatest tenderness, and was indefatigable in his efforts to administer consolation to his depressed spirits. During a period of no less than fourteen months, he retained him at the vicarage, and with untired perseverance laboured incessantly to dissipate the dark cloud which had gathered over his mind ; but to every consolatory suggestion he was utterly deaf, concluding that God had rejected him, and that, consequently, it was sinful for him to wish for mercy. How awful are the effects of mental dis-

organization; how easily does it convert that into poison which was designed for solid food! how highly ought we to prize, and how thankful ought we to be for the uninterrupted enjoyment of our mental powers!

In the spring of 1774, the children of one of his neighbours had given them, for a plaything, a young leveret; which was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to teaze the poor creature than to feed it, and soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to Cowper's acceptance. Beginning then to be glad of any thing that would engage his attention without fatiguing it, he was willing enough to take the prisoner under his protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, he should find just that sort of employment which his case required. It was soon known among his neighbours that he was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time, he had as many leverets offered him as would have stocked a paddock. He undertook the care of three, which he named Puss, Tiney, and Bess. The choice of their food, and the diversity of their dispositions, afforded him considerable amusement, and their occasional diseases, excited his sympathy and tenderness. One remained with him during the whole of his abode at Olney, and was afterwards celebrated in his unrivalled poem, the Task; and at its decease was honoured with a beautiful epitaph from his pen; another lived with him nearly nine years; but the third did not long survive the restraints of its confined situation.

Besides the amusement which attention to these animals afforded him, he now devoted much of his time to various mechanical pursuits. In a letter subsequently to Mrs. King, he says, "There is not a squire in all this country who can boast of having made better squirrel-houses, hutches for rabbits, or bird-cages, than

myself; and in the article of cabbage-nets I had no superior. I even had the hardihood to take in hand the pencil, and studied a whole year the art of drawing. Many figures were the fruit of my labours, which had at least the merit of being unparaleled by any production either of art or nature."

For a considerable period, Cowper's only companions were Mrs. Unwin, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, and his three hares. In 1780, it pleased God to remove Mr. Newton to another scene of labour. Deeply interested in the welfare of his afflicted friend, and aware of his aversion to the visits of strangers, Mr. Newton thought it advisable, before he left Olney, to introduce to his interesting but most afflicted friend, the Rev. W. Bull, of Newport Pagnell. After some difficulty, Mr. Newton triumphed over Cowper's extreme reluctance to see strangers, and Mr. Bull visited him regularly once a fortnight, and gradually acquired his cordial and confidential esteem.

Of this gentleman, Cowper, in one of his letters, gives the following playful and amusing description:—"You are not acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Bull, of Newport: perhaps it is as well that you are not. You would regret still more than you do, that there are so many miles interposed between us. He spends part of the day with us to-morrow. A dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of letters and of genius; master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it; an imagination which, when he finds himself in the company he loves, and can confide in, runs away with him into such fields of speculation, as amuse and enlighten every other imagination that has the happiness to be of the party. At other times, he has a tender and delicate sort of melancholy in his disposition, not less agreeable in its way. No men are better qualified for companions in such a world as this, than men of such a temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture

of melancholy and vivacity, is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either. He can be lively without levity, and pensive without dejection. Such a man is Mr. Bull; but nothing is perfect—he smokes tobacco.”

Mr. Bull, who probably regarded the want of some regular employment as one of the predisposing causes of Cowper's illness, prevailed upon him to translate several spiritual songs, from the poetry of Madame de la Mothe Guyon, the friend of the mild and amiable Fenelon. The devotion of these songs is not of that purely unexceptionable character which might be wished; and *if* devotional excitement had been the cause of Cowper's malady, no recommendation could have been more injudicious. The result, however, was beneficial to the poet, instead of being injurious, proving irresistibly that devotion had a soothing, rather than an irritating effect upon his mind.

Much as Cowper admired these songs, for that rich vein of pure and exalted devotion which runs through the whole of them, he was not insensible to their defects.

Mrs. Unwin, who still watched over her patient with the tenderest anxiety, saw, with inexpressible delight, the first efforts of his mind, after his long and painful depression; and perceiving that translation had a good effect, she wisely urged him to employ himself in the composition of some original poem, which she thought more likely to become beneficial. Cowper now listened to her advice, and felt so powerfully the obligations under which he was laid to her, for her continued attention and kindness, that he cheerfully complied with her request. The result exceeded her most sanguine expectations. A beautiful poem was produced, entitled *Table Talk*; another, called the *Progress of Error*, was shortly composed; *Truth*, as a pleasing contrast, followed it; this was succeeded by others of equal excellence, proving that the poet's mind had now completely emerged from that darkness in which it had so long been confined by his depressing malady.



It is interesting to observe, that Cowper's poems were almost invariably composed at the suggestion of friends. He wrote hymns, to oblige Mr. Newton; translated Madam Guyon's songs, to gratify his friend Mr. Bull, and composed the greater part of his poems, to please Mrs. Unwin. The influence of friendship on his tender mind, was powerfully affecting; and he ever regarded it as his happiest inspiration. It kindled the warmth of his heart into a flame, intense and ardent, stimulated into activity the rich but dormant powers of his mind, and produced those bursts of poetic feeling and beauty, which abound in his unrivalled compositions.

Cowper regained his admirable talent for composition, both in poetry and prose, and renewed his correspondence with some of his more intimate friends, long before his mind was wholly convalescent; and his letters, written at this period, afford the best clue to the painful peculiarities of his case. On every subject but that of his own feelings, his remarks are in the highest degree pleasing; and there was often a sprightliness and vivacity about them, which seemed to indicate a state of mind at the remotest distance from painful; but whenever he adverted to his own case, it was in a tone the most plaintive and melancholy.

Immediately after the removal of his esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, he commenced a correspondence with them, which he regularly kept up during almost the whole of his life. To Mrs. Newton, soon after this event, he thus describes his feelings on the occasion:—"The vicarage-house became a melancholy object as soon as Mr. Newton had left it; when you left it, it became more melancholy; now it is actually occupied by another family, I cannot even look at it without being shocked. As I walked in the garden last evening, I saw the smoke issue from the study chimney, and said to myself, That used to be a sign that Mr. Newton was there; but it is so no longer,

The walls of the house know nothing of the change that has taken place, the bolt of the chamber door sounds just as it used to do, and when Mr. P— goes up stairs, for aught I know, or ever shall know, the fall of his foot can hardly perhaps be distinguished from that of Mr. Newton. But Mr. Newton's foot will never be heard upon that staircase again. These reflections, and such as these, occurred to me on this occasion. If I were in a condition to leave Olney, I certainly would not stay in it. It is no attachment to the place that binds me here, but an unfitness for every other. I lived in it once, but now I am buried in it, and have no business in the world on the outside of my sepulchre; my appearance would startle them, and their's would be shocking to me."

To Mr. Newton he writes:—"Your sentiments, with respect to me, are exactly like Mrs. Unwin's. She, like you, is perfectly sure of my deliverance, and often tells me so; I make her but one answer, and sometimes none at all. That answer gives her no pleasure, and would give you as little; therefore at this time I suppress it. It is better on every account that they who interest themselves so deeply in that event, should believe the certainty of it, than that they should not. It is a comfort to them at least, if it be none to me, and as I could not, if I would, so neither would I, if I could, deprive them of it. If human nature may be compared to a piece of tapestry, (and why not?) then human nature, as it subsists in me, though it is sadly faded on the right side, retains all its colour on the wrong. At this season of the year, and in this gloomy and uncomfortable climate, it is no easy matter for the owner of a mind like mine, to divert it from sad subjects, and fix it upon such as may administer to its amusement. Poetry, above all things, is useful to me in this respect. While I am held in pursuit of pretty images, or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget every thing that is irksome, and, like a boy that plays

truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, regardless of future consequences. It will not be long, perhaps, before you will receive a poem called the Progress of Error; that will be succeeded by another, in due time, called Truth. Don't be alarmed, I ride Pegasus with a curb. He will never run away with me again. I have even convinced Mrs. Unwin that I can manage him, and make him stop when I please."

*His publication of his first volume of Poems.*

More than seven years had now elapsed since the commencement of Cowper's distressing malady; and though he was not yet perfectly recovered, he had, at length, gradually acquired the full exercise of those mental powers for which he was so highly distinguished. Having now employed his muse, with the happiest effect, for nearly two years, he had composed a sufficient number of lines to form a considerable volume. Mrs. Unwin had witnessed with delight the productions of his pen, and she now wisely urged him to make them public. He was, at first, exceedingly averse to the measure; but, after some consideration, he at length yielded to her suggestions, and made preparations to appear as an author. His letters to his correspondents on the subject are highly interesting; and afford a full developement of the design he had in view in appearing before the public. To Mr. Unwin he thus writes: "Your mother says I *must* write, and *must* admits of no apology; I might otherwise plead that I have nothing to say, that I am weary, that I am dull, that it would be more convenient for you, as well as for myself, that I should let it alone. But all these pleas, and whatever pleas besides, either disinclination, indolence, or necessity might suggest, are overruled, as they ought to be, the moment a lady adduces her irrefragable argument, *you must*. Urged by her entreaties, I have at length sent a volume to the press; the

greater part of which is the produce of the last winter. Two-thirds of the volume will be occupied by four pieces. It contains, in all, about two thousand five hundred lines; and will be known, in due time, by the names of 'Table Talk,' 'The Progress of Error,' 'Truth,' 'Expostulation,' with an addition of some smaller poems, all of which, I believe, have passed under your notice. Altogether they will furnish a volume of tolerable bulk, that need not be indebted to an intolerable breadth of margin for the importance of its figure."

The commencement of authorship is generally a period of much painful anxiety; few persons have ventured on such an undertaking without experiencing considerable excitement; and in a mind like Cowper's, it might have been supposed that such would have been the case in a remarkable degree. No person, however, ever ventured before the public in the character of an author, with less anxiety. Writing to Mr. Unwin, he says: "You ask me how I feel on the occasion of my approaching publication. Perfectly at ease. If I had not been pretty well assured beforehand that my tranquillity would be but little endangered by such a measure, I would never have engaged in it, for I cannot bear disturbance. I have had in view two principal objects; first, to amuse myself, and then to compass that point in such a manner, that others might possibly be the better for my amusement. If I have succeeded, it will give me pleasure; but if I have failed, I shall not be mortified to the degree that might perhaps be expected. The critics cannot deprive me of the pleasure I have in reflecting, that so far as my leisure has been employed in writing for the public, it has been employed conscientiously, and with a view to their advantage. There is nothing agreeable, to be sure, in being chronicled for a dunce; but I believe there lives not a man upon earth who would be less affected by it than myself."

Indifferent as he was to the result of his publications

he was far from being careless in their composition. Perhaps no author ever took more pains with his productions, or sought more carefully to make them worthy of public approbation. In one of his letters, adverting to this subject, he says: "To touch, and retouch, is, though some writers boast of negligence, and others would be ashamed to show their foul copies, the secret of almost all good writing, especially in verse. I am never weary of it myself, and if you would take as much pains as I do, you would not need to ask for my corrections. With the greatest indifference to fame, which you know me too well to suppose me capable of affecting, I have taken the utmost pains to deserve it. This may appear a mystery, or a paradox, in practice, but it is true. I considered that the taste of the day is refined and delicate to excess, and that to disgust that delicacy of the taste by a slovenly inattention to it, would be to forfeit at once all hope of being useful; and for this reason, though I have written more verse this year than any man in England, I have finished, and polished, and touched, and retouched, with the utmost care. Whatever faults I may be chargeable with as a poet, I cannot accuse myself of negligence; I never suffer a line to pass till I have made it as good as I can; and though some may be offended at my doctrines, I trust none will be disgusted by slovenly inaccuracy in the numbers, the rhymes, or the language. If, after all, I should be converted into waste paper, it may be my misfortune, but it will not be my fault; and I shall bear it with perfect serenity."

The great interest Mr. Newton took in Cowper's publication, induced the poet to request him to compose the preface; and his correspondence with Mr. Newton on the subject is alike honourable to his judgment and his feelings; and affords a striking display of the strong hold which religion had upon his affections. He thus introduces the subject to Mr. Newton,—"With respect to the poem called 'Truth,' it is so

true that it can hardly fail of giving offence to an unenlightened reader. I think, therefore, that in order to obviate in some measure those prejudices that will naturally erect their bristles against it, an explanatory preface, such as you, and nobody else so well as you, can furnish me with, will have every grace of propriety to recommend it; or if you are not averse to the task, and your avocations will allow you to undertake it, and if you think it will be still more proper, I should be glad to be indebted to you for a preface to the whole. I admit that it will require much delicacy, but am far from apprehending that you will find it difficult to succeed. You can draw a hair-stroke where another man would make a blot as broad as a sixpence."

Mr. Newton's Preface, much as it may be undervalued by those who dislike the truth, will ever be esteemed by the enlightened christian as a production of unusual excellence. It was an act of the purest friendship, undertaken from motives of the most sincere regard.

Cowper's first volume was published in the spring of 1782. Its success, at first, fell far short of what might have been anticipated from its extraordinary merit. It was not long, however, before the more intelligent part of the reading public appreciated its value. It gradually found its way into the hands of all lovers of literature. Abounding with some of the finest passages that are to be met with, either in ancient or modern poetry, it was impossible that it should remain long unnoticed. By mere readers of taste, it was read for the beauty and elegance of its composition; by others, it was eagerly sought after for the sprightliness, vivacity, and wit with which it abounded; while by christians of all denominations it was read with unfeigned pleasure, for the striking and beautiful descriptions it contained of christianity, both as assented to by the judgment, and as enthroned in the heart.

It is gratifying to observe, that neither the attention

which Cowper paid to his publication, nor the depressive malady with which he was afflicted, could divert his attention from the all-important concerns of religion. A tone of deep seriousness and genuine christian feeling, pervades many of his letters written about this time. To Mr. Newton he thus writes: "You wish you could employ your time to better purpose, yet are never idle, in all that you do: whether you are alone, or pay visits, or receive them; whether you think, or write, or walk, or sit still, the state of your mind is such as discovers, even to yourself, in spite of all its wanderings, that there is a principle at the bottom, whose determined tendency is towards the best things. I do not at all doubt the truth of what you say, when you complain of that crowd of trifling thoughts that pesters you without ceasing; but then you always have a serious thought standing at the door of your imagination, like a justice of the peace, with the Riot Act in his hand, ready to read it and disperse the mob. Here lies the difference between you and me. You wish for more attention, I for less. Dissipation itself would be welcome to me, so it were not a vicious one; but however earnestly invited, it is coy and keeps at a distance. Yet with all this distressing gloom upon my mind, I experience, as you do, the slipperiness of the present hour, and the rapidity with which time escapes me. Every thing around us, and every thing that befalls us, constitute a variety, which, whether agreeable or otherwise, has still a thievish propensity, and steals from us days, months, and years, with such unparalleled suddenness, that even while we say they are here, they are gone. From infancy to manhood is rather a tedious period; chiefly, I suppose, because at that time, we act under the control of others, and are not suffered to have a will of our own. But thence downward into the vale of years, is such a declivity, that we have just an opportunity to reflect upon the steepness of it, and then find ourselves at the bottom."

*Cowper's acquaintance with Lady Austen.—The "Task."*

In the autumn of 1781, Cowper became acquainted with lady Austen, whose conversational powers were admirably adapted to afford relief to a mind like his. This lady was introduced to him by her sister, the wife of a clergyman who resided at Clifton, near Olney, and who occasionally called upon Mrs. Unwin. Lady Austen came to pass some time with her sister, in the summer of 1781, and Mrs. Unwin, at Cowper's request, invited the ladies to tea. So much, however, was he averse to the company of strangers, that after he had occasioned the invitation, it was with considerable reluctance he was persuaded to join the party; but having at length overcome his feelings, he entered freely into conversation with lady Austen, and derived so much benefit from her sprightly and animating discourse, that he from this time cultivated her acquaintance with the greatest interest.

The opinion Cowper formed of this accomplished and talented lady, may be ascertained by the following extracts from his letters: "Lady Austen has paid us her first visit, and, not content with showing us that proof of her respect, made handsome apologies for her intrusion. She is a lively, agreeable woman; has seen much of the world, and accounts it a great simpleton, as it is. She laughs, and makes laugh, without seeming to labour at it. She has many features in her character which you must admire, but one in particular, on account of the rarity of it, will engage your attention and esteem. She has a degree of gratitude in her composition, so quick a sense of obligation, as is hardly to be found in any rank of life. Discover but a wish to please her, and she never forgets it; not only thanks you, but the tears will start into her eyes at the recollection of the smallest service. With these fine feelings she has the most harmless vivacity you can imagine: half an hour's conversation with her will



convince you that she is one of the most intelligent, pious, and agreeable ladies you ever met with."

Lady Austen was not less delighted with her new acquaintance than Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were with her. She had previously determined to leave London, and had been looking out for a residence in the country, not far distant from her sister's. The house immediately adjoining that in which Cowper resided was at liberty; she accordingly hired it, and took possession of it in the course of the ensuing summer.

Lady Austen took possession of her house towards the close of 1782. Both Cowper and Mrs. Unwin were so charmed with her society, and she was so delighted with their's, that it became their custom to dine together at each other's houses every alternate day. The effect of lady Austen's almost irresistible conversational powers proved highly beneficial to the poet's mind, and contributed greatly to remove that painful depression of which he still continued to be the subject; and which would sometimes seize him so violently, even when he was in her company, that, with all her talents, she was scarcely able to remove the deep and melancholy gloom which still shed its darkening influence over his mind. On one occasion, when she observed him to be sinking into rather an unusual depression, she exerted, as she was invariably accustomed to do, her utmost ability to afford him immediate relief. It occurred to her that she might then probably accomplish it by telling him a story of John Gilpin, which she had treasured up in her memory from her childhood. The amusing incidents of the story itself, and the happy manner in which it was related, had the desired effect; it dissipated the gloom of the passing hour, and he informed lady Austen the next morning, that convulsions of laughter, brought on by the recollection of her story, had kept him awake during the greater part of the night, and that he had composed a poem on the subject. Hence arose the

fascinating and amusing ballad of John Gilpin, which rapidly found its way into all the periodical publications of the day, and was admired by readers of every description.

Its happy influence on his own mind on subsequent occasions is adverted to in the following letter to Mr. Unwin:—"You tell me that John Gilpin made you laugh tears, and that the ladies at court are delighted with my poems. Much good may they do them; may they become as wise as the writer wishes them, and they will then be much happier than he! I know there is, in the greater part of the poems which make up the volume, that wisdom which cometh from above, because it was from above that I received it. May they receive it too! for whether they drink it out of the cistern, or whether it falls upon them immediately from the clouds, as it did on me, it is all one. It is the water of life, which whosoever drinketh shall thirst no more. As to the famous horseman above mentioned, he and his feats are an inexhaustible source of amusement. At least we find them so; and seldom meet without refreshing ourselves with the recollection of them. You are perfectly at liberty to do with them as you please, and when printed send me a copy."

The following anecdote respecting the first perusal of this facetious ballad by Cowper's friends in London, will show the irresistible power over the risible faculties, which the poet had here contrived to exert. A lady, living in 1834, was one of a party at the house of the Rev. John Newton, in London. After tea, Mr. Thornton took a written paper from his pocket, and, looking round the company, said, "Here is something I received this morning from Mr. Cowper." He then addressed the Rev. H. Foster, saying, "Mr. F., I think you are the gravest amongst us, and I will get you to read this paper, as you are the most likely to do so without laughing." Mr. F. took the paper, and began to read the "Adventures of John Gilpin." The

whole party were soon convulsed with laughter, but the reader proceeded till Gilpin arrived at Edmonton, when he could no longer refrain from joining in the merriment around him. He, however, managed to read the whole, but with some difficulty; and, though John Gilpin has been read to many a party since that time, it probably never has been read to any that were more amused by it, than this circle of Mr. Newton and his friends, who were much pleased to find the mental powers of Cowper thus rising above the gloom which oppressed him.

Lady Austen's intercourse with Mrs. Unwin and Cowper continued, without interruption till near the close of 1784; and during all this time, by her sprightly, judicious, and captivating conversation, she was often the means of rousing him from his melancholy depression.

During the winter of 1783-4, Cowper spent the evenings in reading to these ladies, taking the liberty himself, and affording the same to them, of making occasional remarks on what came under their notice. On these interesting occasions lady Austen displayed her great conversational powers with much effect. The conversation happened one evening to turn on blank verse, of which she had always expressed herself to be passionately fond. Persuaded that Cowper was able to produce, in this measure, a poem that would eclipse any thing he had hitherto written, she urged him to try his powers in that species of composition. He had hitherto written only in rhyme, and he felt considerable reluctance to make the attempt. After repeated solicitations, however, he promised her, if she would furnish the subject, he would comply with her request. "Oh!" she replied, "you can never be in want of a subject; you can write upon any thing; write upon this sofa." The poet obeyed her command, and the world is thus indebted to this lady for "The Task," a poem of matchless beauty and excellence, embracing

almost every variety of style, and every description of subject, combining elegance and ease with sublimity and grandeur, adapted to impress the heart with sentiments of the most exalted piety, and to make its readers happy in the present life, while it excites in them earnest and longing desires after the felicity and glory of heaven.

In composing this exquisite poem, however, it ought to be observed that Cowper had a higher object in view than merely to please lady Austen. His great aim was to be useful; and, indeed, this was his leading motive in all his productions, as is evident from the following extract from a letter to Mr. Unwin:—"In some passages of the enclosed poem, which I send for your inspection, you will observe me very satirical, especially in my second book. Writing on such subjects I could not be otherwise. I can write nothing without aiming at least at usefulness. It were beneath my years to do it, and still more dishonourable to my religion. I know that a reformation of such abuses as I have censured, is not to be expected from the efforts of a poet; but to contemplate the world, its follies, its vices, its indifference to duty, and its strenuous attachment to what is evil, and not to reprehend it, were to approve it. From this charge, at least, I shall be clear, for I have neither tacitly, nor expressly, flattered either its characters or its customs. My principal purpose has been to allure the reader, by character, by scenery, by imagery, and such poetical embellishments, to the reading of what may profit him. Subordinately to this, to combat that predilection in favour of a metropolis, that beggars and exhausts the country, by evacuating it of all its principal inhabitants; and collaterally, and as far as is consistent with this double intention, to have a stroke at vice, vanity, and folly, wherever I find them. What there is of a religious cast, in the volume, I have thrown towards the end of

it, for two reasons; first, that I might not revolt the reader at his entrance; and, secondly, that my best impressions might be made last. Were I to write as many volumes as Lopez de Vega, or Voltaire, not one of them would be without this tincture. If the world like it not, so much the worse for them. I make all the concessions I can that I may please them, but I will not do this at the expense of my conscience. My descriptions are all from nature, not one of them second-handed. My delineations of the heart are from my own experience; not one of them borrowed from books, or in the least degree conjectural."

The close of the year 1784 witnessed the completion of this extensive performance, and the commencement of another of greater magnitude, though of a different description, and less adapted for general usefulness, the translation of Homer; undertaken less from choice than necessity, the poet being almost driven to it by a desire to escape from his melancholy forebodings.

This was a remarkable period in Cowper's life. Circumstances arose, not perhaps wholly unforeseen by him, and over which he had little control, which led to the removal of lady Austen from Olney. He had been so greatly benefited by her company, had in so many instances been cheered by her vivacity when suffering under the influence of his depressing malady, and had received such repeated proofs of her affability and kindness, that he could not entertain the thought of separation without considerable disquietude. Immediately, however, on perceiving that this step became requisite for the maintenance of his own peace, as well as to ensure the tranquillity of his faithful and long-tried friend, Mrs. Unwin, he wisely and unhesitatingly adopted such measures as were necessary, though it was at the expense of considerable mental suffering.

Some of Cowper's biographers have, unjustly, and without the slightest foundation, attempted to cast re-

flections upon the character of Mrs. Unwin, for her conduct in this affair.

There is nothing surprising that lady Austen, aware of the influence which she had obtained over the poet, and unacquainted with the matrimonial engagement existing between him and Mrs. Unwin, should have wished to carry her point still further. Had she known that a pledge of union had been given by Cowper to Mrs. Unwin, her conduct in the whole affair would undoubtedly have differed in many respects, while her society would not have been less beneficial to the poet, and might perhaps have been enjoyed by him much longer. It excites much regret, that Cowper, after lady Austen's intimacy with them had become so close, did not convey to her the truth of this secret pledge, as it would have spared many painful moments; and his conduct in allowing lady Austen's feelings to be so far engaged must subject him to blame. Lady Austen subsequently married a M. De Tardiff, a man of letters, and a native of France.

It might be imagined, from the production of Cowper's pen at this period, that he was entirely recovered from his depressing malady; such, however, was far from the case. His letters to his correspondents prove, that whatever gaiety and vivacity there was in his writings, his fits of melancholy were frequent, and often painfully acute. To his friend, Mr. Newton, he thus feelingly discloses his peculiarly painful sensations:—"My heart resembles not the heart of a christian, mourning and yet rejoicing, pierced with thorns, yet wreathed about with roses; I have the thorn without the rose. My brier is a wintry one, the flowers are withered, but the thorn remains. My days are spent in vanity, and it is impossible for me to spend them otherwise. No man upon earth is more sensible of the unprofitableness of such a life as mine than I am, or groans more heavily under the burden; but this

too is vanity ; my groans will not bring me the remedy because there is no remedy for me."

In the spring of 1785, his friends became more sanguine in their expectations of his ultimate recovery, and they felt persuaded, that it would take place at no very distant period. It appears also, by the following extract, that Cowper was not himself wholly destitute of hope, on the subject. Writing to Mr. Newton, he says:—"Within the last eight months, I have had my hopes, though they have been of short duration, cut off, like the foam upon the waters. Some previous adjustments, indeed, are necessary before a lasting expectation of comfort can take place in me. There are those persuasions in my mind, which either entirely forbid the entrance of hope, or, if it enter, immediately eject it. They are incompatible with any such inmate, and must be turned out themselves before so desirable a guest can possibly have secure possession. This you say will be done. It may be ; but it is not done yet ; nor has a single step in the course of God's dealings with me been taken towards it. If I mended, no creature ever mended so slowly, that recovered at last. I am like a slug, or a snail, that has fallen into a deep well ; slug as he is, he performs his descent with a velocity proportioned to his weight ; but he does not crawl up again quite so fast. Mine was a rapid plunge ; but my return to daylight, if I am indeed returning, is leisurely enough."

The following very serious reflections occur in a letter to Mr. Newton about this time, adverting to the sufferings of the poor at Olney, whose distressing circumstances on all occasions excited the tenderest sympathies of the poet:—"The winter sets in with great severity. The rigour of the season, and the advanced price of provisions, are very threatening to the poor. It is well with those that can feed upon a promise, and wrap themselves up warm in the robe of salvation. A

good fire-side, and a well-spread table are but indifferent substitutes for these better accommodations; so very indifferent, that I would gladly exchange them both for the rags and the unsatisfied hunger of the poorest creature that looks forward with hope to a better world, and weeps tears of joy in the midst of penury and distress. What a world is this! How mysteriously governed, and, in appearance, left to itself. One man, having squandered thousands at a gaming-table, finds it convenient to travel; gives his estate to somebody to manage for him; amuses himself a few years in France and Italy; returns, perhaps, wiser than he went, having acquired knowledge, which, but for his follies, he would never have acquired, again makes a splendid figure at home, shines in the senate, governs his country as its minister, is admired for his abilities, and is successful, adored, at least, by a party. When he dies, he is praised as a demi-god, and his monument records every thing but his vices. The exact contrast of such a picture is to be found in many cottages at Olney. I have no need to describe them; you know the characters I mean; they love God, they trust him, they pray to him in secret, and though he means to reward them openly, the day of recompence is delayed. In the meantime they suffer every thing that infirmity and poverty can inflict upon them. Who would suspect, that has not a spiritual eye to discern it, that the fine gentleman might possibly be one whom his Maker had in abhorrence, and that the wretch last mentioned was dear to him as the apple of his eye? It is no wonder that the world, who only look at things as they are connected with the present life, fancy themselves obliged, some of them at least, to doubt a Providence, and others absolutely to deny it, when almost all the real virtue there is to be found in it exists in a state of neglected obscurity, and all the vices cannot exclude them from the privilege of worship and honour. But behind the curtain the matter will be explained; very little, however, to the satisfaction of the great."



*The publication of his second volume of poems.—Lady Hesketh's visit to Olney.—Cowper's removal to Weston.*

Cowper's second volume of poems, the publication of which had been delayed much longer than was expected, appeared, at length, in the summer of 1785. His first volume, though it had not met with that success which might have been expected, had, nevertheless, been extensively circulated, and was spoken of highly by some of the first literary characters of the age. It had, therefore, raised the expectations of the public, and had thus made way for its successor, which no sooner appeared than it was eagerly sought after, and had a rapid and an extensive sale. High as had been the expectations of his friends, they fell far short of what he had accomplished in that brilliant display of real poetical talent which appeared in the *Task*. The singularity of the title made its first appearance somewhat repulsive; its various and matchless beauties were, however, soon discovered, and it speedily raised the reputation of Cowper's genius to the highest summit, and placed him in the first class of poets.

In a letter to Mr. Newton, he describes his feelings on this occasion in such a manner, as proves him to have been influenced by nothing like selfish or ambitious motives, but by principles far more noble and exalted:—"I found your account of what you experienced in your state of maiden authorship very entertaining, because very natural. I suppose no man ever made his first sally from the press without a conviction that all eyes and ears would be engaged to attend him, at least without a thousand anxieties lest they should not. But, however arduous and interesting such an enterprise may be in the first instance, it seems to me that our feelings on the occasion soon become obtuse. I can answer at least for one. Mine are by no means what they were when I published my first volume. I am even so indifferent to the matter, that I can truly

assert myself guiltless of the very idea of my book sometimes for whole days together. God knows that my mind, having been occupied more than twelve years in the contemplation of the most distressing subjects, the world, and its opinion of what I write, is become as unimportant to me as the whistling of a bird in a bush. Despair made amusement necessary, and I found poetry the most agreeable amusement. Had I not endeavoured to perform my best, it would not have amused me at all. The mere blotting of so much paper would have been but indifferent sport. God gave me grace also to wish that I might not write in vain. Accordingly I have mingled much truth with some trifle; and such truths as deserve at least to be clad as well and as handsomely as I could clothe them. If the world approve me not, so much the worse for them, but not for me; I have only endeavoured to serve them, and the loss will be their own."

While Cowper looked upon his publication with so much indifference, his friends regarded it with very opposite feelings. Its rapid and extensive circulation not only delighted those who were intimately associated with him, and had been witnesses to the acute anguish of his mind during his afflicting malady, but it also gratified several of his former associates and correspondents, and induced them to renew their communications with the poet. Among these was lady Hesketh, who was so charmed with the productions of his pen, that on her return from the continent, where she had spent several years with her husband, she renewed her correspondence with Cowper; and as she was now a widow and was in opulent circumstances, she generously offered to render him any assistance he might want. Cowper's reply to an interesting letter she wrote him, shows the warmth of his affection towards those whom he loved. He thus writes:—"My dear cousin, It is no new thing for you to give pleasure. But I will venture to say that you do not often give

more than you gave me this morning. When I came down to breakfast, and found on the table a letter franked by my uncle, and when on opening that frank, I found that it contained a letter from you, I said within myself, This is just as it should be. We are all grown young again, and the days that I thought I should see no more are actually returned. You perceive, therefore, that you judged well when you conjectured that a line from you would not be disagreeable to me. It could not be otherwise than, as in fact it has proved, a most agreeable surprise. For I can truly boast of an affection for you that neither years nor interrupted intercourse have at all abated. I need only recollect how much I valued you once, and with how much cause, immediately to feel a revival of the same value; if that can be said to revive, which at the most was only dormant for want of employment. But I slander it when I say that it has slept. A thousand times have I recollected a thousand scenes, in which our two selves have formed the whole of the drama, with the greatest pleasure; at times, too, when I had no reason to suppose that I should ever hear from you again. The hours that I have spent with you were among the pleasantest of my former days, and are therefore chronicled in my mind so deeply as to fear no erasure."

The happiest consequences resulted from the renewal of Cowper's correspondence with this accomplished and excellent lady. After an interchange of some of the most interesting letters that were ever written, she proposed at length to pay the sequestered poet a visit at Olney, and made arrangements accordingly. The following extracts from Cowper's letters to her on this occasion will be read with pleasure, as a faithful record of the delight he anticipated from this interview:—"I have been impatient to tell you that I am impatient to see you again. Mrs. Unwin partakes with me in all my feelings. Let me assure you that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us

both. I shall see you again, I shall hear your voice. We shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects—the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse and its banks, every thing that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May or the beginning of June, because before my green-house will not be ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with nets, and spread the floor with mats; and there you shall sit, with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. We now talk of nobody but you; what we will do with you when we get you, where you shall walk, where you shall sleep, in short every thing that bears the remotest relation to your well-being at Olney occupies all our talking-time, which is all that I do not spend at Troy. Mrs. Unwin has already secured for you an apartment, or rather two, just such as we could wish. The house in which you will find them is within thirty yards of our own, and opposite to it. The whole affair is thus commodiously adjusted; and now I have nothing to do but to wish for June; and June, my cousin, was never so wished for since June was made. I shall have a thousand things to hear, and a thousand to say, and they will all rush into my mind together, till it will be so crowded with things impatient to be said, that for some time I shall say nothing. But no matter—sooner or later they will all come out. After so long a separation, a separation which of late seemed so likely to last for life, we shall meet each other as alive from the dead; and, for my own part, I can truly say, that I have not a friend in the other world whose resurrection would give me greater pleasure.”

Cowper anticipating, rather impatiently, this promised visit, thus pleasantly records his feelings on the

occasion :—" If you will not quote Solomon, my dearest cousin, I will. He says, and as beautifully as truly, ' Hope deferred maketh the heart sick ; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.' I feel how much reason he had on his side when he made this observation, and am myself really sick of your delay. Well, the middle of June will not always be a thousand years off ; and when it comes, I shall hear you, and see you too, and shall not care a single farthing if you do not touch a pen for a month. From this very morning, 15th May, 1786, I begin to date the last month of our long separation ; and confidently and most comfortably hope, that before the 15th of June shall present itself we shall have seen each other. Is it not so ? and will it not be one of the most extraordinary eras of my extraordinary life ? A year ago we neither corresponded nor expected to meet in this world. But this world is a scene of marvellous events, many of them more marvellous than fiction itself would dare to hazard ; blessed be God ! they are not all of the distressing kind. Now and then, in the course of an existence whose hue is for the most part sable, a day turns up that makes amends for many sighs, and many subjects of complaint. Such a day shall I account the day of your arrival at Olney."

It is seldom that pleasure, anticipated with such warmth of feeling, fully answers our expectations. Human enjoyments almost invariably seem much more valuable in prospect than in possession. Cowper's interview with his cousin, however, was altogether an exception, and proved a source of more real delight to both parties than either of them had expected. As might naturally be supposed, after a separation of three-and-twenty years, they both experienced the full force of those emotions, which Cowper had so well described in his letters, and their first meeting was, indeed, painfully pleasing ; every sensation, however, that was in any degree painful, soon subsided,

and gave place to such only as were pure and delightful. Mrs. Unwin was pleased with the sweetness of temper, agreeable manners, and cheerful conversation of lady Hesketh, who was no less delighted with the mild, amiable, and affectionate conduct of her new companion; while Cowper's heart was gladdened to have the advantage of daily intercourse with another highly-cultivated mind.

The happy effect this change had upon Cowper's spirits will be seen by the following extracts from his correspondence:—"My dear cousin's arrival, as it could not fail to do, has made us happier than we ever were at Olney. Her great kindness, in giving us her company, is a cordial that I shall feel the effect of, not only while she is here, but while I live. She has been with us a fortnight. She pleases every body, and is, in her turn, pleased with every thing she finds here; is always cheerful and good-tempered; and knows no pleasure equal to that of communicating pleasure to us and to all around her. This disposition in her is the more comfortable, because it is not the humour of the day, a sudden flash of benevolence and goodness, occasioned merely by a change of scene; but it is her natural turn, and has governed all her conduct ever since I knew her first. We are consequently happy in her society, and shall be happier still to have you partake with us in our joy. I am fond of the sound of bells, but was never more pleased with those of Olney than when they rang her into her new habitation. She is, as she ever was, my pride and my joy, and I am delighted with every thing that means to do her honour. Her first appearance was too much for me; my spirits, instead of being gently raised, broke down with me, under the pressure of too much joy, and left me flat, or rather melancholy, throughout the day, to a degree that was mortifying to myself, and alarming to her. But I have made amends for this torture since; and, in point of cheerfulness, have far

exceeded her expectations, for she knew that sable had been my suit for many years. By her help we get change of air and scene, though still resident at Olney; and by her means have intercourse with some families in this country, with whom, but for her, we could never have been acquainted. Her presence here would at any time, even in her happiest days, have been a comfort to me; but in the present day I am doubly sensible of its value. She leaves nothing unsaid, nothing undone, that she thinks will be conducive to our well-being; and so far as she is concerned, I have nothing to wish, but that I could believe her sent hither in mercy to myself; then I should be thankful."

Lady Hesketh had not long been at Olney before she became dissatisfied with the poet's residence. She thought it a situation altogether unsuitable for a person subject to depression. Cowper himself had often entertained the same opinion respecting it; and both he and Mrs. Unwin had frequently wished for a change, and had indeed been looking out for a house more agreeable to their taste. At that time a very commodious cottage, pleasantly situated in the village of Weston Underwood, a mile and a half distant from Olney, belonging to Sir John Throckmorton, was unoccupied. It occurred to Cowper, that this would be a very agreeable summer residence for his cousin; and on his mentioning it to her, she immediately engaged it, not for herself only, but for the future residence of the poet and his amiable companion, with whom she had now made up her mind to become a frequent, if not a constant associate.

On the 15th November, 1786, Cowper entered upon his new abode. The following extracts from his letters describe his sensations on the occasion:—"There are some things that do not exactly shorten the life of man, yet seem to do so, and frequent removals from place to place are of that number. For my own part,

at least, I am apt to think, if I had been more stationary, I should seem to myself to have lived longer. My many changes of habitation have divided my time into many short periods; and when I look back upon them, they appear only as the stages of a day's journey, the first of which is at no great distance from the last. I lived longer at Olney than any where. There indeed I lived till mouldering walls and a tottering house warned me to depart. I have accordingly taken the hint, and two days since arrived, or rather took up my abode, at Weston. You perhaps have never made the experiment, but I can assure you that the confusion that attends a transmigration of this kind is infinite, and has a terrible effect in deranging the intellect. When God speaks to a chaos, it becomes a scene of order and harmony in a moment; but when his creatures have thrown one house into confusion by leaving it, and another by tumbling themselves and their goods into it, not less than many days' labour and contrivance are necessary to give them their proper places. And it belongs to furniture of all kinds, however convenient it may be in its place, to be a nuisance out of it. We find ourselves here in a comfortable house. Such it is in itself; and my cousin, who has spared no expense in dressing it up for us, has made it a genteel one. Such, at least, it will be, when its contents are a little harmonized." .

The extracts we have already made from Cowper's correspondence prove, unquestionably, that the leading bias of his mind was towards the all-important concerns of religion. As an exhibition, however, of the state of his mind, in this respect at least, up to the close of 1786, the period of his removal to Weston, we think the following extracts cannot fail to be interesting. To Mr. Newton he writes as follows:—  
"Those who enjoy the means of grace, and know how to use them well, will thrive anywhere; others nowhere. More than a few, who were formerly ornaments of this garden, which you once watered, here



flourished, and have seemed to wither, and become, as the apostle Jude strongly expresses it, 'plucked up by the roots;' others transplanted into a soil, apparently less favourable for their growth, either find the change an advantage, or at least, are not injured by it. Of myself, who had once both leaves and fruit, but who have now neither, I say nothing, or only this, that when I am overwhelmed with despair, I repine at my barrenness, and think it hard to be thus blighted; but when a glimpse of hope breaks in upon me, I am then contented to be the sapless thing I am, knowing that He who has commanded me to wither, can command me to flourish again when he pleases. My experiences, however, of this latter kind, are rare and transient. The light that reaches me cannot be compared either to that of the sun, or of the moon; it is a flash in a dark night, during which the heavens seem to open only to shut again."

Owing to the poet's peculiar depression, though there were in his conduct and experience the most convincing proofs that he was entitled to every christian privilege, and had a right to avail himself of every means of instruction which God had provided, yet could he never be persuaded to engage in any, lest he should thereby displease God. On this subject he writes:—"I should be happy (and when I say this, I mean it to be understood in the fullest and most emphatical sense of the word) if my frame of mind were such as to permit me to study the important truths of religion. But Adam's approach to the tree of life, after he had sinned, was not more effectually prohibited by the flaming sword that turned every way, than mine to its great Antitype has been now almost these thirteen years, a short interval of three or four days, which passed about this time twelvemonth, alone excepted. For what reason I am thus long excluded, if I am ever again to be admitted, is known to God only. I can say but this, that if he is still my Father, his parental severity, has, toward me, been such as to give

me reason to account it unexampled. For though others have suffered desertion, yet few, I believe, for so long a time, and perhaps none a desertion accompanied with such experience. But they have this belonging to them; that as they are not fit for recital, being made up merely of infernal ingredients, so neither are they susceptible of it, for I know no language in which they could be expressed. They are as truly things which it is not possible for man to utter, as those were which Paul heard and saw in the third heaven. If the ladder of christian experience reaches, as I suppose it does, to the very presence of God, it has nevertheless its foot in the abyss. And if Paul stood, as no doubt he did, on the topmost stave of it, I have been standing, and still stand, on the lowest, in this thirteenth year that has passed since I descended."

In reply to an invidious report, made to Mr. Newton by some unkind and officious individual, casting reflections on Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, for associating with individuals not decidedly pious, he remarks:—"Your letter to Mrs. Unwin concerning our conduct, and the offence taken at it in our neighbourhood, gave us both a great deal of concern, and she is still deeply affected by it. Of this you may assure yourself, that if our friends in London have been grieved, it is because they have been misinformed, which is the more probable, because the bearers of intelligence hence to London are not always very scrupulous concerning the truth of their reports; and that if any of our serious neighbours have been astonished, they have been so without the slightest occasion. Poor people are never well employed even when they judge one another; but when they undertake to scan the motives, and estimate the behaviour of those whom Providence has raised a little above them, they are utterly out of their province and their depth. They often see us get into lady Hesketh's carriage, and rather uncharitably suppose

that it always carries us into a scene of dissipation, which, in fact, it never does. We visit, indeed, at Mr. Throckmorton's, and at Gayhurst, rarely however at the latter, on account of the great distance; frequently, though not very frequently, at Weston, both because it is nearer, and because our business in the house which is making ready for our reception, often calls us that way. What good we can get or can do in these visits, is another question, which they, I am sure, are not qualified to solve. Of this we are both sure, that under the guidance of Providence we have formed these connections; that we should have hurt the christian cause rather than have served it, by a prudish abstinence from them; and that St. Paul himself, conducted to them as we have been, would have found it expedient to have done as we have done. It is always impossible to conjecture to much purpose, from the beginnings of a providential event, how it will terminate. If we have neither received nor communicated any spiritual good at present, while conversant with our new acquaintance, at least no harm has befallen on either side; and it were too hazardous an assertion, even for our censorious neighbours to make, that the cause of the gospel can never be served in any of our future interviews with them, because it does not appear to have been served at present. In the mean time, I speak a strict truth as in the sight of God, when I say that we are neither of us at all more addicted to gadding than heretofore. We both naturally love seclusion rather than company, and never go into society without putting a force upon our own dispositions; and at the same time I will confess, and you will easily conceive, that the melancholy resulting from such close confinement as we have long endured, finds itself a little relieved by such amusements as a society so innocent affords. You may look round the christian world and find few, I believe, of our station who have so little intercourse as we with the world that is not christian. We place

all the uneasiness that you have felt for us on the subject, to the account of that cordial friendship of which you have long given us a proof. But you may be assured, that, notwithstanding all rumours to the contrary, we are exactly what we were when you saw us last:—I, miserable on account of God's departure from me, which I believe to be final; and she seeking his return to me in the path of duty, and by continual prayer."

After the publication of Cowper's second volume of poems, and, indeed, for some considerable time before its actual appearance, he was diligently engaged in producing a new translation of the works of Homer. His reasons for undertaking a work of so great magnitude, and which required such immense labour, and the spirited manner in which he brought it to a close, shall be related as nearly as possible in his own words. Writing to Mr. Newton, he thus describes the commencement of this great undertaking:—"I am employed in writing a narrative, but not so useful as that you have published. Employment, however, with the pen, is through habit become essential to my well being; and to produce always original poems, especially of considerable length, is not so easy. For some weeks after I had finished the 'Task,' and sent away the last sheet corrected, I was through necessity idle, and suffered not a little in my spirits for being so. One day, being in such distress of mind as was hardly supportable, I took up the *Iliad*; and merely to divert attention, and with no more preconception of what I was then entering upon, than I have at this moment of what I shall be doing this day twenty years hence, translated the first twelve lines of it. The same necessity pressed me again; I had recourse to the same expedient, and translated more. Every day bringing its occasion for employment with it, every day consequently added something to the work, till at last I began to reflect thus:—The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* together consist of about forty thousand verses. To

translate these forty thousand verses will furnish me with occupation for a considerable time. I have already made some progress, and find it a most agreeable amusement."

A short time previous to this, Cowper's intimacy with the Rev. S. Greatheed commenced, which continued with mutually unabated affection through life. This eminently pious and excellent minister visited the depressed poet at regular and stated intervals, employing invariably, on these occasions, all the ingenuity that christian sympathy could inspire, to alleviate, if he could not remove, the distress under which his afflicted friend laboured. Cowper had now become less averse to society, and Mr. Bull and Mr. Greatheed frequently met there by appointment at the same time, in hopes that by their edifying conversation they might divert his mind, in some degree at least, from his desponding thoughts. It was not, however, by arguing against his delusion, that they could promote his relief; as the most distant allusion to the subject, would frequently bring on its worst symptoms. His conversation on these occasions, though it was less sprightly and cheerful than would have been expected from his poems, was always serious, sensible, and affectionate.

After the publication of Cowper's second volume, and previous to his removal from Olney, he had renewed his correspondence with some relatives and friends, with whom he had formerly been on terms of intimacy, but who seemed almost to have forgotten him, until the popularity of his publications arrested their attention. Among these were general Cowper and the Rev. Walter Bagot. Cowper's letters to the latter prove that his attachment to him was not slight and superficial, but deep and fervent.

*Death of Mrs. Unwin's son.—Providential preservation of Mrs. Unwin.*

By the end of November, 1786, Cowper was comfortably settled in his new residence at Weston. The

house was delightfully situated, very near that of his friendly and accomplished landlord, Sir John Throckmorton, with whom he was now on terms of intimacy, and who had given him the full use of his spacious and agreeable pleasure grounds.

Cowper was scarcely settled in his new abode, and hardly had time to appreciate its enjoyments, before an event occurred, which plunged both him and Mrs. Unwin in the deepest distress. • It pleased God, all whose dispensations, mysterious as some of them may appear, are conducted on principles of unerring wisdom and infinite benevolence, to remove from this scene of toil and labour, to the regions of peace and happiness, Mrs. Unwin's son, in the prime of life, and in a manner the most sudden and unexpected. Cowper had always loved him as a brother, and had most unreservedly communicated his mind to him, on all occasions. Their attachment to each other was mutually strong, cordial, and affectionate. The loss of such a friend could not fail to make a deep impression on the poet's mind, and the following extracts will show how much he felt on the occasion. "I find myself here situated exactly to my mind. Weston is one of the prettiest villages in England, the walks about it are at all seasons of the year delightful. We had just begun to enjoy the pleasantness of our new situation, to find at least as much comfort in it as the season of the year would permit, when affliction found us out in our retreat, and the news reached us of the death of Mr. Unwin. He had taken a western tour with Mr. Henry Thornton, and on his return, at Winchester, was seized with a putrid fever, which sent him to his grave. He is gone to it, however, though young, as fit for it as age itself could have made him. Regretted, indeed, and always to be regretted, by those who knew him; for he had every thing that makes a man valuable, both in his principles and in his manners, but leaving still this consolation

to his surviving friends—that he was desirable in this world, chiefly because he was so well prepared for a better.”

“The death of one whom I valued as I did Mr Unwin, is a subject on which I could say much, and with much feeling. But habituated as my mind has been these many years to melancholy themes, I am glad to excuse myself the contemplation of them as much as possible. I will only observe that the death of so young a man, whom I saw so lately in good health, and whose life was so desirable on every account, has something in it peculiarly distressing. I cannot think of the widow and the children he has left without an heart-ache that I do not remember to have felt before. We may well say that the ways of God are mysterious: in truth they are so, and to a degree that only such events can give us any conception of. Mrs. Unwin’s life has been so much a life of affliction, that whatever occurs to her in that shape, has not, at least, the terrors of novelty to embitter it. She is supported under this, as she has been under a thousand others, with a submission of which I never saw her deprived for a moment.”

Cowper had scarcely given vent to his feelings on the melancholy occurrence of Mr. Unwin’s decease, when he was himself again visited by severe indisposition. His depressing malady returned, with all its baleful consequences, and prevented him, for more than six months, from either doing any thing with his translation of Homer, or carrying on his correspondence with his friends, or even from enjoying the conversation of those with whom he was most intimately associated, and whom he loved most affectionately. It is highly probable that the painful feelings occasioned by a too frequent recurrence to the apparently disastrous consequences that must be the result of his friend’s removal, occasioned this attack. His mind bore up under the first shock with comparative

firmness, but his intense feelings, perhaps, pictured its remote effects in colours much more gloomy than were ever likely to be realized. Such seems to have been the case with him at the death of his brother. He attended him in his dying hours, saw him gradually sink into the arms of death, arranged all the affairs of his funeral, and then his apprehensive mind so dwelt on the subject that he was filled with imaginary horrors that were to him insupportable.

In February, 1787, Cowper's mental malady had so greatly increased that his mind became again enveloped in the deepest gloom. In July he seemed better.

Cowper's correspondence with Mr. Newton had now been suspended for some months. In the beginning of the ensuing October he renewed it; and the following extracts will afford some interesting information respecting the peculiarity of his case:—"My dear friend,—After a long but necessary interruption of our correspondence, I return to it again, in one respect, at least, better qualified for it than before; I mean by a belief of your identity, which, for thirteen years, strange and unaccountable as it may appear, I did not believe. The acquisition of this light, if light it may be called, which leaves me as much in the dark as ever on the most interesting subjects, releases me, however, from the most disagreeable suspicion that I am addressing myself to you as the friend whom I loved and valued so highly in my better days, while in fact you are not that friend, but a stranger. I can now write to you without seeming to act a part, and without having any need to charge myself with dissimulation; a charge from which, in that state of mind, and under such an uncomfortable persuasion, I knew not how to exculpate myself, and which, as you will easily conceive, not seldom made my correspondence with you a burden. Still, indeed, it wants, and is likely to want, that best ingredient, which alone



can make it truly pleasant, either to myself or you, that spirituality which once enlivened all our intercourse. You will tell me, no doubt, that the knowledge I have gained is an earnest of more, and more valuable information too ; and that the dispersion of the clouds in part, promises, in due time, their complete dispersion. I should be happy to believe it ; but the power to do so is at present far from me. Never was the mind of man benighted to the degree in which mine has been. The storms that have assailed me would have upset the faith of every man that ever had any ; and the very remembrance of them, even after they have been long passed by, makes hope impossible.

“ Mrs. Unwin, whose poor bark is still held together, though much shattered by being tossed and agitated so long at the side of mine, does not forget yours and Mrs. Newton’s kindness on this last occasion. Mrs. Newton’s offer to come to her assistance, and your readiness to have rendered us the same service, could you have hoped for any salutary effect of your presence, neither Mrs. Unwin nor myself undervalue, nor shall presently forget. But you judged right when you supposed that even your company would have been no relief to me ; the company of my father or my brother, could they have been returned from the dead to visit me, would have been none. We are now busied in preparing for the reception of lady Hesketh, whom we expect here shortly. Mrs. Unwin’s time has, of course, been lately occupied to a degree that made writing to her impracticable ; and she excused herself the rather, knowing my intentions to take her office. It does not, however, suit me to write much at a time. This last tempest has left my nerves in a worse condition than it found them ; my head especially, though better informed, is more infirm than ever ; I will therefore only add, that I rejoice to hear Mrs. Cowper has been so comfortably supported under her heavy trial. She must have severely felt the loss of her son. She

has an affectionate heart towards her children, and could not but be sensible of the bitterness of such a cup. But God's presence sweetens every bitter. Desertion is the only evil that a christian cannot bear."

Cowper's friends were all delighted to see him again vigorously and usefully employing his mental powers; and, as many of them attributed his last attack to the irritation and fatigue occasioned by his translation of Homer, they endeavoured to dissuade him from pursuing it, and recommended him to confine his attention to original poetry. Cowper was not, however, to be diverted from his purpose without an irrefragable proof of its injurious tendency, and he had formed a very different opinion on the subject from that of his friends.

Ten months had now elapsed since Cowper had laid aside his translation, and as Johnson the publisher had been informed of his recovery, he wrote to beg of him to persevere in the work with as little delay as possible. Cowper immediately recommenced the undertaking, and again entered upon it with all his former spirit and activity.

In a letter to Mr. Newton he mentions the following incident:—"A few days ago, Providence interfered to preserve me from the heaviest affliction that I could now suffer, the loss of Mrs. Unwin, and in a way too the most shocking imaginable. Having kindled her fire in the room where she dresses, (an office that she always performs for herself,) she placed the candle on the hearth, and kneeling, addressed herself to her devotions; a thought struck her while thus occupied, that the candle, being short, might possibly catch her clothes, she pinched it out with the tongs, and set it on the table. In a few moments the chamber was so filled with smoke, that her eyes watered, and it was hardly possible to see across it. Supposing that it proceeded from the chimney, she pushed the billets backward, and while she did so, casting her eye downward,

perceived that her dress was on fire. In fact, before she extinguished the candle, the mischief that she apprehended had begun; and when she related the matter to me, she showed me her clothes, with a hole burnt in them as large as this sheet of paper. It is not possible, perhaps, that so tragical a death should occur to a person actually engaged in prayer, for her escape seems almost a miracle. Her presence of mind, by which she was enabled, without calling for help, or waiting for it, to gather up her clothes, and plunge them, burning as they were, in water, seems as wonderful a part of the occurrence as any. The very report of fire, though distant, has rendered hundreds torpid and incapable of self-succour; how much more was such a disability to be expected, when the fire had not seized a neighbour's house, or begun its devastations in our own, but was actually consuming the apparel that she wore, and seemed in possession of her person!"

*Death of sir Ashley Cowper.—Visit of Mr. Newton to Weston.—Completion of the Iliad.*

In the beginning of June, 1788, an event occurred, which, though it had been long expected by Cowper, and by all his friends, could not fail to make a deep impression upon his sensitive mind. This was the death of his esteemed and venerable relation, Ashley Cowper, esq., Clerk of the Parliaments, and brother to Cowper's father, over the last moments of whose life, his daughter, lady Hesketh, had watched with the tenderest solicitude.

The state of Cowper's mind at this period will be discovered by the following extract from a letter to his friend, Mr. Bull, who appears to have solicited him for some original hymns, to be used by him, probably, on some public occasion.—“Ask possibilities, and they shall be performed; but ask not hymns from a man suffering with despair as I do. I would not sing the

Lord's song were it to save my life, banished as I am, not to a strange land, but to a remoteness from his presence, in comparison with which the distance from east to west is no distance—is vicinity and cohesion. I dare not, either in prose or verse, allow myself to express a frame of mind which I am conscious does not belong to me; least of all can I venture to use the language of absolute resignation, lest, only counterfeiting, I should, for that very reason, be taken strictly at my word, and lose all my remaining comfort. Can there not be found, among the translations of Madame Guion, somewhat that might serve the purpose? I should think there might. Submission to the will of Christ, my memory tells me, is a theme that pervades them all. If so, your request is performed already; and if any alteration in them should be necessary, I will, with all my heart, make it. I have no objection to giving the graces of a foreigner an English dress, but insuperable ones to all false pretences and affected exhibitions of what I do not feel."

The close attention that Cowper found it necessary to pay to his Homer, left him, at this period, but little time for any other engagement. Adverting to this, he thus writes to Mr. Newton:—"It is a comfort to me that you are so kind as to make allowance for me, in consequence of my being so busy a man. The truth is, that could I write with both hands, and with both at the same time, verse with one, and prose with the other, I should not, even so, be able to despatch both my poetry and my arrears of correspondence faster than I have need. The only opportunities that I can find for conversing with distant friends are in the early hour, (and that sometimes reduced to half a one,) before breakfast. Neither am I exempt from hinderances which, while they last, are insurmountable, especially one, by which I have been occasionally a sufferer all my life, an inflammation of the eyes, which has often disabled me from all sorts of scribbling. When I tell

you that an unanswered letter troubles my conscience, in some degree, like a crime, you will think me endued with a most heroic patience, who have so long submitted to that trouble on account of yours, not answered yet. But the truth is, that I have been much engaged. Homer, you know, affords me constant employment, besides which I have, rather what may be called, considering the privacy in which I have long lived, a numerous correspondence: to one of my friends in particular, a near and much loved relation, I write weekly, and sometimes twice in the week; nor are these my only excuses; the sudden changes of the weather have much affected me, and have often made me wholly incapable of writing."

In the latter part of July, 1788, Mr. and Mrs. Newton paid Cowper a visit at Weston; and the pleasure it afforded him was very great.

During the time that Mr. and Mrs. Newton were on their visit at Weston, Cowper's friend, Mr. Samuel Rose, arrived there also. Cowper was highly pleased with this circumstance, as it served to enliven his social circle, and afforded him an opportunity to introduce his young friend to Mr. Newton, whose advice and influence might probably be of considerable advantage to him at a future period.

Shortly after Mr. Rose and Mr. and Mrs. Newton left Weston, the vacuum which the absence of their agreeable company made in Cowper's enjoyments was supplied by the arrival of his cousin, lady Hesketh, whose cheerful conversation contributed greatly to his comfort, and who diminished much of the labour of his translation by transcribing the manuscript, so that a fair copy might be forwarded to the printer. In September, 1788, he finished the *Iliad*.

Lady Hesketh remained at Weston through the greater part of the winter of 1788-9, and contributed much to revive Cowper's drooping spirits, and to cheer and animate him in his laborious undertaking, which

seemed to engage more of his time the nearer it approached to a finish.

Busily engaged, however, as Cowper was with his translation, he found time to compose several short and beautiful poems, on various subjects, as they happened to occur to his mind. These were eagerly sought after by his correspondents, and were forwarded to them respectively, as opportunities offered, accompanied generally with the poet's acknowledgments of their comparative insignificance, at least in his own esteem. Several of these productions were written to oblige his friends; others were written at the request of strangers. On one occasion, the parish clerk of Northampton applied to him for some verses, to be annexed to some bills of mortality, which he was accustomed to publish at Christmas. This singular incident, so illustrative of Cowper's real kindness of heart, he relates in the following most interesting and sprightly manner:—"On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen, who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly-looking figure made its appearance, and being desired to sit, spoke as follows: 'Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All Saints, in Northampton; brother of Mr. C. the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You would do me a great favour, sir, if you would furnish me with one.' To this I replied: 'Mr. C. you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours, in particular, Mr. C. the statuery, who every body knows is a first-rate maker of verses. He surely is the man, of all the world, for your purpose.' 'Alas! Sir,' replied he, 'I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading, that the people of our town cannot

understand him.' I confess I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer, 'Perhaps, my good friend, they may find me unintelligible for the same reason.' But on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of my muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him. The wagon has accordingly gone this day to Northampton, loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary style. A fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals; I have written one that serves two hundred persons."

The watchful eye with which Cowper regarded providential events, will be seen by the following remarks contained in a letter cursorily written on the subject of his cousin's return to London, January, 1789. "My cousin reached home safely. An observation here suggests itself, which, though I have but little time for observation-making, I must allow myself time to mention. Accidents, as we call them, generally occur when there seems least reason to expect them. If a friend of ours travels far, over indifferent roads, and at an unfavourable season, we are reasonably alarmed for the safety of one in whom we take such interest; yet how seldom do we hear a tragical account of such a journey! It is, on the contrary, at home, in our own yard or garden, perhaps in our parlour, that disaster finds us out; in any place, in short, where we seem perfectly out of the reach of danger. The lesson inculcated by such a procedure on the part of Providence towards us, seems to be that of perpetual dependence."

It was Cowper's intention, after finishing his translation, to publish a third volume of original poems, which was to contain, in addition to a poem he in-

tended to compose, similar to the 'Task,' entitled 'The Four Ages,' all the minor unpublished productions of his pen. And it appears a matter of regret that he did not carry this design into completion, as the interesting subject of the different stages of man's existence would have been admirably adapted for a complete developement of his poetic talents.

The readiness of Cowper to listen to any alterations in his productions suggested by his correspondents, ought not to go unrecorded. To the Rev. Walter Bagot, he thus writes:—"My verses on the Queen's visit to London, either have been printed, or soon will be in the world. The finishing, to which you objected, I have altered, and have substituted two new stanzas in the room of it. Two others also I have struck out, another friend having objected to them. I think I am a very tractable sort of a poet. Most of my fraternity would as soon shorten the noses of their children, because they were said to be too long, as thus dock their compositions, in compliance with the opinions of others. I beg that when my life shall be written hereafter, my authorship's ductibility of temper may not be forgotten."

*Mrs. Unwin much injured by a fall.—Cowper revises a small volume of poems for children.—He receives as a present from Mrs. Bodham, a portrait of his mother.—Translates a series of Latin letters from a Dutch minister of the gospel.—Death of Mrs. Newton.*

In the commencement of 1789, a circumstance occurred, which occasioned Cowper considerable uneasiness. Mrs. Unwin, his amiable inmate and faithful companion, received so severe an injury by a fall, when walking on a gravel path covered with ice, that she was confined to her room for several weeks. Though she neither dislocated any joint, nor broke any bones, yet such was the effect of the fall that it crippled her completely, and rendered her as incapable



of assisting herself as a child. It happened providentially that lady Hesketh was at Weston when this painful event occurred. By her kind attention to Mrs. Unwin, and her no less tender care over her esteemed relative, lest his mind should be too deeply affected by this afflicting occurrence, she contributed greatly to the recovery of the former, and to the support of the latter. It was, however, several weeks before Mrs. Unwin recovered her strength sufficiently to attend to her domestic concerns. Her progress, too, when she began to amend, was so slow as to be almost imperceptible, and her lengthened affliction, notwithstanding the precautionary measures adopted by herself and by lady Hesketh to prevent that effect, tended in a great degree to depress the mind of Cowper.

Early in the ensuing spring, lady Hesketh was compelled to return to town. Mrs. Unwin had not then wholly recovered her strength, she was, however, so far convalescent as to resume the management of her domestic concerns, and to pay the same kind attention to the poet's comfort which had distinguished all her former conduct towards him. The greater part of the year 1789, Cowper was incessantly engaged, principally in translating Homer, but occasionally, and indeed frequently, in composing original poems for the gratification of his friends, or in the more difficult employment of revising the productions of less gifted poets. The few letters he wrote at this time abound with apologies for his seeming negligence, and with descriptions of the manner in which he employed his time.

It would scarcely be supposed that a person performing such an Herculean task as that of translating Homer, would have troubled himself to compose, or even to revise, a volume of hymns for children. The following extract, however, will show that, anxious as Cowper was to finish his Homer, he could nevertheless allow his attention to be, in a great measure, diverted

from it, at least for a time, when he thought he could employ his talents usefully. "I have long been silent, but you have had the charity, I hope and believe, not to ascribe my silence to a wrong cause. The truth is, I have been too busy to write to any body, having been obliged to give my early mornings to the revision and correction of a little volume of hymns for children, written by I know not whom;\* this task I finished yesterday, and while it was in hand, wrote only to my cousin, and to her rarely. From her, however, I knew that you would hear of my well-being, which made me less anxious about my debts to you than I could have been otherwise."

At this time Cowper received as a present from Mrs. Bodham, a cousin of his, then residing in Norfolk, his mother's portrait. The following extracts will show the powerful impression which this circumstance made upon his tender mind:—"My dearest Rose,† whom I thought withered and fallen from the stalk, but whom I find still alive: nothing could give me greater pleasure than to know it, and to learn it from yourself. I loved you dearly when you were a child, and love you not a jot the less for having ceased to be so. Every creature that bears any affinity to my mother is dear to me; and you, the daughter of her brother, are but one remove distant from her. I love you, therefore, and love you much, both for her sake, and for your own. The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me as the picture you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and received it with a trepidation of nerves and spirits, somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed

\* Cowper afterwards knew that these hymns were written by the Rev. Rowland Hill.—See *Sidney's Life of R. Hill*.

† Mrs. Bodham's name was Anne, but Cowper always called her Rose, when a child, and was aware that she would remember his doing so.

it, and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first that I open my eyes upon in the morning. She died when I had completed my sixth year, yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy. I remember too, a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression. There is, I believe, in me, more of the Donne than of the Cowper, and though I love all of both names, and have a thousand reasons to love those of my own name, yet I feel the bond of nature draw me vehemently to your side. I was thought, in the days of my childhood, much to resemble my mother, and in my natural temper, of which, at the age of fifty-eight, I must be supposed a competent judge, can trace both her, and my late uncle, your father. Somewhat of his irritability, and a little, I would hope, both of his, and of her —, I know not what to call it, without seeming to praise myself, which is not my intention; but speaking to you, I will even speak out, and say—good nature. Add to all this, I deal much in poetry, as did our venerable ancestor, the Dean of St. Paul's, and I think I shall have proved myself a Donne at all points. The truth is, whatever I am, and wherever I am, I love you all."

To lady Hesketh he thus adverts to the circumstance:—"I am delighted with Mrs. Bodham's kindness in giving me the only picture of my mother that is to be found, I suppose, in all the world. I had rather possess it than the richest jewel in the British crown, for I loved her with an affection that her death, fifty years since, has not in the least abated. I remember her too, young as I was when she died, well enough to know that it is a very exact resemblance of her, and as such, it is to me invaluable. Every body loved her, and with an amiable character so impressed on all her features, every body was sure to do so."

In the summer of 1790, much as Cowper's time was occupied in giving the finishing touch to his *Homer*, he nevertheless, at the request of Mr. Newton, undertook to translate six Latin letters which he had received from a Dutch minister of the gospel at the Cape of Good Hope. This occupation, though it left him but little time for writing to his numerous correspondents, afforded him considerable pleasure. There was a congeniality in it to the prevailing disposition of his mind, and in a letter to Mr. Newton, who requested him to publish these letters, he thus writes:—"I have no objection at all to be known as the translator of Van Lier's letters, when they shall be published. Rather, I am ambitious of it as an honour. It will serve to prove that if I have spent much time to little purpose in the translation of *Homer*, some small portion of my time has, however, been well disposed of."

These letters were afterwards published by Mr. Newton, under the title of "*The Power of Grace Illustrated.*" They contain an affecting and most interesting narrative of the author's conversion to God, from a state of darkness truly deplorable, through the means of reading Mr. Newton's writings, and the writings of some other English divines.

Some individuals not acquainted with the peculiarity of Cowper's case, have remarked, without due consideration, that he paid more attention to *Homer* than to the Bible. "The truth was," as has been recently well observed, "that *Homer* was his occupation, and the Bible, to his diseased imagination, an interdicted book; at least, as to any ray of hope which it could afford to console his agitated spirits." Religion, it may be truly said, was never out of his thoughts. If he introduced it less frequently into his letters than on former occasions, it was not because he was less alive to its importance; so far was this from being the case, that when he did speak of it, it was in the terms of the highest admiration. His mental aberration, however,

led him to imagine that to him it was a forbidden subject; that though it was the duty of others to make things Divine the subjects of their frequent and most attentive consideration, it was equally his duty to refrain from intermeddling with them at all. Entertaining the same opinion of religion as ever, and having an equally fervent desire to participate of its enjoyments, he regretted this deeply; he regarded his case as most mysterious, but never once spoke of it in the language of impatience or complaint. His views of the Divine government were such, that though God had been pleased to afflict him in the most distressing manner, yet no expression ever escaped his lips that would lead any one to suppose he imagined him unjust or even unkind.

Early in December, 1790, Cowper had a short but severe attack of that nervous fever to which he was very subject, and which he dreaded above all other disorders, because it generally preceded a severe paroxysm of melancholy. Happily, on this occasion, it lasted only for a short time.

In the autumn of this year Cowper had sent his 'Homer' to the press; and through the whole of the ensuing winter he was closely employed in correcting the proof-sheets, and making such alterations as he still thought desirable.

In the commencement of 1791, Cowper's long-trying friend, Mr. Newton, lost his wife. She died some time in January, after many months of severe suffering, borne with exemplary fortitude and patience. She had always taken a lively interest in Cowper's welfare; and, when she resided at Olney, had frequently assisted Mrs. Unwin in the arduous duty of watching over him, during his painful mental depression. Her decease, therefore, was sure to affect him deeply; the following is an extract from his letter to Mr. Newton, on this trying occasion:—

“It affords me sincere pleasure that you enjoy se-

renity of mind, after your great loss. It is well in all circumstances, even in the most afflictive, with those who have God for their comforter. You do me justice in giving entire credit to my expressions of friendship for you. No day passes in which I do not look back to the days that are fled, and consequently none in which I do not feel myself affectionately reminded of you, and of her whom you have lost for a season. I cannot even see Olney spire from any of the fields in the neighbourhood, much less can I enter the town, and still less the vicarage, without experiencing the force of those mementos, and recollecting a multitude of passages to which you and yours were parties."

In June following, his *Homer* having passed through the press, he challenged Mr. Newton to a more frequent correspondence.

*Publication of Homer.*—*Mr. Hayley's visit to Weston.*  
—*Mrs. Unwin's second paralytic attack.*

On the 1st July, 1791, Cowper's *Homer* appeared. On the copy of Clarke's *Homer*, used by the poet, were found, after his death, the following memoranda on this subject. "My translation of the *Iliad* I began on the 21st day of November, in the year 1784, and finished the translation of the *Odyssey* on the 26th day of August, 1790. During eight months of this time, I was hindered by indisposition, so that I have been occupied in the work, on the whole, five years and one month.

"W. COWPER."

"Mem. 2. I gave the work another revisal while it was at the press, which I finished March 4, 1791."

After so many years' incessant toil, it was not to be expected that he would feel otherwise than anxious respecting the reception it met with from the public. He had laboured indefatigably to produce a faithful and free translation of the inimitable original, and he could not be indifferent to the result. To Mrs. King he thus writes on the occasion: "My *Homer* is gone

forth, and I can sincerely say, Joy go with it! What place it holds in the estimation of the generality I cannot tell, having heard no more about it since its publication, than if no such work existed. I must except, however, an anonymous eulogium from some man of letters, which I received about a week ago. It was kind in a perfect stranger, as he avows himself to be, to relieve me, in some degree at least, at so early a day, from much of the anxiety that I could not but feel on such an occasion: I should be glad to know who he is, only that I might thank him."

Whether it arose from the unreasonable expectations of the public, or from the utter impossibility of conveying all the graces and the beauties of these unrivalled poems in a translation, it is certain that the volumes, when they appeared, did not give that satisfaction, either to the author or to his readers, which had been anticipated.

If Cowper had derived no other benefit from his translation than that of constant employment, for so long a time, when he stood so much in need of it, it would have been to him invaluable, as the best and most effectual remedy for that inordinate sensibility to which he was subject. Besides this, however, it procured him other advantages of paramount importance; it improved the general state of his health; it introduced him to a circle of literary friends, whom he would otherwise never have known, and who, when they once knew him, could not fail to feel affectionately interested in his welfare.

It appears that Cowper thought that he was now relieved from further concern with his *Homer*, at least for some time. Johnson, the publisher, however, unexpectedly to him, sent him an interleaved copy of the work, recommending him to revise it again, with a view to another impression. On this occasion, he thus writes to his friend, Mr. Newton, July 22, 1791: "The alterations that I make are indeed but few, and they are

also short; not more, perhaps, than half a line in two thousand. But the lines are, I suppose, nearly forty thousand in all; and to revise them critically must consequently be a work of time and labour. I suspend it, however, for your sake, till the present sheet be filled, and that I may not seem to shrink from my own offer. Were I capable of envying, in the strict sense of the word, a good man, I should envy Mr. Venn, and Mr. Berridge, and yourself, who have spent, and while they last will continue to spend, your lives in the service of the only Master worth serving; labouring always for the souls of men, and not to tickle their ears, as I do. But this I can say, God knows how much rather I would be the obscure tenant of a lath and plaster cottage, with a lively sense of my interest in a Redeemer, than the most admired object of public notice without it. Alas! what is a whole poem, even one of Homer's, compared with a single aspiration that finds its way immediately to God, though clothed in ordinary language, or perhaps not articulated at all. These are my sentiments as much as ever they were, though my days are all running to waste among Greeks and Trojans. The night cometh when no man can work; and if I am ordained to work to any better purpose, that desirable period cannot be far distant. My day is beginning to shut in, as every man's must, who is on the verge of sixty."

In December, 1791, Cowper met with a more severe domestic calamity than he had lately experienced. Mrs. Unwin was suddenly attacked with strong symptoms of paralysis. In a letter to his friend, Mr. Rose, dated 21st December, 1791, Cowper thus relates this painful event: "On Saturday last, while I was at my desk, near the window, and Mrs. Unwin at the fire-side opposite to it, I heard her suddenly exclaim, 'Oh! Mr. Cowper, don't let me fall!' I turned, and saw her actually falling, and started to her side just in time to prevent her. She was seized with a violent giddiness, which lasted, though



with some abatement, the whole day, and was attended with some other very alarming symptoms. At present, however she is relieved from the vertigo, and seems in all respects better. She has been my faithful and affectionate nurse for many years, and consequently has a claim on all my attentions. She has them, and will have them, as long as she wants them, which will probably be, at the least, a considerable time to come. I feel the shock, as you may suppose, in every nerve. God grant that there may be no repetition of it. Another such a stroke upon her would, I think, overset me completely; but at present I hold up bravely."

It was not to be expected that a mind like Cowper's could remain for any long period unemployed, for he had now become accustomed to regular occupation, and had derived from it many advantages. Several of his friends again urged him to original composition, and in all probability they would have been successful, had he not, about this time, received a letter from his publisher, of whose judgment and integrity he had always entertained a high opinion, recommending him to prepare materials for a splendid edition of Milton. To this proposal Cowper immediately assented.

Among other consequences resulting from his new undertaking, one of the most gratifying to himself was, its becoming the means of introducing him to an acquaintance with his esteemed friend and future biographer, Mr. Hayley. This important event in Cowper's life, for so it afterwards proved, is related with much beauty and simplicity by Mr. Hayley in his *Life of Cowper*, and we cannot do better than give it in his own words. Mr. Hayley thus relates the circumstance: "As it is to Milton that I am in a great measure indebted for what I must ever regard as a signal blessing, the friendship of Cowper, the reader will pardon me for dwelling a little on the circumstances that produced it; circumstances which after

lead me to repeat those sweet verses of my friend, on the casual origin of our valuable attachments.

‘Mysterious are His ways whose power  
Brings forth that unexpected hour,  
When minds that never met before  
Shall meet, unite, and part no more :  
It is the allotment of the skies,  
The hand of the Supremely Wise,  
That guides and governs our affections,  
And plans and orders our connexions.’

“These charming lines strike with peculiar force on my heart, when I recollect that it was an idle endeavour to make us enemies, which gave rise to our intimacy, and that I was providentially conducted to Weston at a season when my presence there afforded peculiar comfort to my affectionate friend, under the pressure of a very heavy domestic affliction which threatened to overwhelm his very tender spirits. The entreaty of many persons whom I wished to oblige, had engaged me to write a life of Milton, before I had the slightest suspicion that my work could interfere with the projects of any man; but I was soon surprised and concerned in hearing that I was represented in a newspaper as an antagonist of Cowper. I immediately wrote to him on the subject, and our correspondence soon endeared us to each other in no common degree. The series of his letters to me I value, not only as memorials of a most dear and honourable friendship, but as exquisite examples of epistolary excellence.”

Cowper received the first letter from Mr. Hayley in March, 1792. An incident occurred respecting this letter which ought not to go unrecorded, as it might have proved fatal to that friendship, which became to both the poets a source of the purest enjoyment. Mr. Hayley had read Cowper's productions, with no ordinary emotions of delight, and had consequently conceived the highest respect for their unknown author;

and nothing could have occasioned him greater surprise, as well as uneasiness, than to be represented as the opponent of one whom he so highly respected. No sooner was he apprised of it, than he wrote to Cowper, generously offering him the materials that he had collected, with as much assistance as it was in his power to afford, and being unacquainted with his address, directed his letter to the care of Johnson, his publisher. Either through the carelessness or inadvertence of Johnson, this letter remained in his hands for a considerable time, and was not delivered to Cowper till six weeks after it had been written. Immediately on receiving it Cowper wrote to Mr. Hayley, explaining the cause of this apparently long delay, and from that time, an interchange of many most interesting letters took place, which subsequently led to a friendship the most cordial and ardent, which it was only in the power of death to dissolve.

Mr. Hayley visited Cowper in May, 1792. The meeting proved reciprocally delightful. Mr. Hayley thus describes the manner in which he was received, and his sensations on the occasion: "Their reception of me was kindness itself; I was enchanted to find that the manners and conversation of Cowper resembled his poetry, charming by unaffected elegance, and the graces of a benevolent spirit. I looked with affectionate veneration and pleasure on the lady, who, having devoted her life and fortune to the service of this tender and sublime genius, in watching over him with maternal vigilance, through so many years of the darkest calamity, appeared to be now enjoying a reward justly due to the noblest exertions of friendship, in contemplating the health, and the renown of the poet, whom she had the happiness to preserve. It seemed hardly possible to survey human nature in a more touching, and a more satisfactory point of view. Their tender attention to each other, their simple, devout gratitude for the mercies

which they had experienced together, and their constant but unaffected propensity to impress on the mind and heart of a new friend, the deep sense which they incessantly felt, of their mutual obligations to each other, afforded me very singular gratification."

This scene of enjoyment to all parties, as is frequently the case in a world like ours, was suddenly exchanged for one of the deepest melancholy and distress. Mr. Hayley has related the painful event with so much tenderness and simplicity that we cannot do better than present it to our readers in his own words. "After passing our mornings in social study, we usually walked out together at noon; in returning from one of our rambles round the pleasant village of Weston, we were met by Mr. Greatheed, an accomplished minister of the gospel, who resides at Newport Pagnel, and whom Cowper described to me in terms of cordial esteem. He came forth to meet us, as we drew near the house, and it was soon visible, from his countenance and manner, that he had ill news to impart. After the most tender preparation that humanity could devise, he informed Cowper that Mrs. Unwin was under the immediate pressure of a paralytic attack. My agitated friend rushed to the side of the sufferer; he returned to me in a state that alarmed me in the highest degree for his faculties: his first speech was wild in the extreme; my answer would appear little less so, but it was addressed to the predominant fancy of my unhappy friend, and with the blessing of Heaven, it produced an instantaneous calm in his troubled mind. From that moment he rested on my friendship with such mild and cheerful confidence, that his affectionate spirit regarded me as sent providentially to support him in a season of the severest affliction."

The best means to promote the recovery of Mrs. Unwin that could have been used under similar circumstances, were resorted to. Happily, they proved,

to a considerable degree successful, and she gradually recovered both her strength and the use of her faculties. The effect of this attack, however, upon Cowper's tender mind, was, in the highest degree, painful. This will not, perhaps, be surprising, when it is recollected how sincerely he was attached to his afflicted inmate, and how deeply he interested himself in every thing that related to her welfare.

Mr. Hayley left Weston early in June, at which time many pleasing symptoms of Mrs. Unwin's ultimate recovery began to appear. Cowper's letters to his friend after his departure, which were written almost daily, afford ample proofs of the warmth of his affection for him, and of the deep interest he took in promoting Mrs. Unwin's recovery. He thus commences his first letter to Mr. Hayley: "ALL'S WELL! which words I place as conspicuously as possible, and prefix them to my letter, to save you the pain, my friend and brother, of a moment's anxious speculation. Poor Mary proceeds in her amendment, and improves, I think, even at a swifter rate than when you left her. The stronger she grows, the faster she gathers strength, which is perhaps the natural course of recovery. Yesterday was a noble day with her; speech almost perfect; eyes, open almost the whole day, without any effort to keep them so; and her step, wonderfully improved!

"It is a great blessing to us both, that, feeble as she is, she has a most invincible courage, and a trust in God's goodness that nothing shakes. She is certainly, in some degree, better than she was yesterday; but how to measure the degree I know not, except by saying, that it is just perceptible."

While Mr. Hayley was at Weston, he had persuaded Cowper and Mrs. Unwin to promise him a visit at Earham, some time in the summer. Believing it would greatly improve Mrs. Unwin's health, and be an agreeable relaxation to Cowper, after the anxiety

of mind he had felt respecting his beloved invalid, Mr. Hayley wrote several pressing invitations to induce them to come as early as possible. The following extracts will show the state of Cowper's mind respecting it. To Mr. Bull he writes, "We are on the eve of a journey, and a long one. On this very day se'nnight we set out for Eartham, the seat of my brother bard, Mr. Hayley, on the other side of London, nobody knows where, a hundred and twenty miles off. Pray for us, my friend, that we may have a safe going and return. It is a tremendous exploit, and I feel a thousand anxieties when I think of it. But a promise made to him when he was here, that we would go if we could, and a sort of persuasion that we can, if we will, oblige us to it. The journey and the change of air, together with the novelty to us of the scene to which we are going, may, I hope, be useful to us both; especially to Mrs. Unwin, who has most need of restoratives."

The day was at length fixed for this long-intended journey; and the following letter to Mr. Hayley, written a day or two previously, describes Cowper's feelings respecting it:—

"Through floods and flames to your retreat  
I win my desp'rate way,  
And when we meet, if e'er we meet,  
Will echo your huzza !

"You will wonder at the word *desperate* in the second line, and at the *if* in the third; but could you have any conception of the fears I have had to contend with, and of the dejection of spirits that I have suffered concerning this journey, you would wonder much that I still courageously persevere in my resolution to undertake it. Fortunately for my intention, it happens that as the day approaches my terrors abate; for had they continued to be what they were a week ago, I must, after all, have disappointed you; and was actually once on the verge of doing it. I have told you

something of my nocturnal experiences, and assure you now, that they were hardly ever more terrific than on this occasion. Prayer has, however, opened my passage at last, and obtained for me a degree of confidence which I trust will prove a comfortable viaticum to me all the way."

About this time, at the request of a much esteemed relative, Cowper sat to Abbot the painter for his portrait.

*Visit to Eartham, August, 1792. — His return to Weston.*

Cowper and Mrs. Unwin set out for Eartham, in the beginning of August, 1792. It pleased God to conduct them thither in safety; and though considerably fatigued with their journey, they were much less so than they had anticipated.

While at Eartham, Cowper and Mr. Hayley employed the morning hours that they could bestow upon books, in revising and correcting Cowper's translation of Milton's Latin and Italian poems. In the afternoon they occasionally amused themselves by forming together a rapid metrical version of Andreini's *Adamo*. Cowper's tender solicitude for Mrs. Unwin, however, rendered it impossible for them to be very attentive to these studies. Adverting to the anxiety of Cowper respecting Mrs. Unwin, Mr. Hayley thus writes: "I have myself no language sufficiently strong or sufficiently tender, to express my just admiration of that angelic compassionate sensibility with which Cowper watched over his aged invalid. With the most singular and most exemplary tenderness of attention, he incessantly laboured to counteract every infirmity, bodily and mental, with which sickness and age had conspired to load the interesting guardian of his afflicted life."

On the 17th September, 1792, Cowper and Mrs.

Unwin left Earham for their beloved retreat at Weston. When he arrived at Weston, he was for a considerable time subject to an unusual degree of depression.

In a letter to Mr. Newton, written 12th June, 1793, Cowper thus expresses himself respecting the state of his mind, and that of Mrs. Unwin: "You promise to be contented with a short line, and a short one you must have, hurried over in the little interval I have happened to find, between the conclusion of my morning task and breakfast. Study has this good effect, at least, it makes me an early riser, a wholesome practice, from which I have never swerved since March. The scanty opportunity I have, I shall employ in telling you what you principally wish to be told, the present state of mine and Mrs. Unwin's health. In her I cannot perceive any alteration for the better, and must be satisfied, I believe, as indeed I have great reason to be, if she does not alter for the worse. She uses the orchard-walk daily, but always supported between two, and is still unable to employ herself as formerly. But she is cheerful, seldom in much pain, and has always strong confidence in the mercy and faithfulness of God. As to myself, I have invariably the same song to sing; well in body, but sick in spirit; sick, nigh unto death.

"Seasons return, but not to me returns  
God, or the sweet approach of heavenly day,  
Or sight of cheering truth, or pardon seal'd,  
Or joy, or hope, or Jesus' face divine,  
But clouds or ——

"I could easily set my complaint to Milton's tune, and accompany him through the whole passage on the subject of a blindness more deplorable than his; but time fails me. Prayer, I know, is made for me; and sometimes with great enlargement of heart by those who offer it: and in this circumstance consists the only evidence I can find that God is still favourably mindful of me, and has not cast me off for ever."



Notwithstanding his gloomy forebodings, Cowper escaped any very severe attack of depression, in the dreaded month of the ensuing January; and as the spring advanced, he became as busily engaged as he had ever been, partly in his Miltonic labours, but chiefly in preparing materials for a second edition of *Homer*. He had long been carefully revising the work, and had judiciously availed himself of the remarks of his friends, as well as of the criticisms of the reviewers. As soon, therefore, as it was determined to republish it, he made the best use of these materials, and in a few weeks prepared the work a second time for the press, in its new and much improved form. It was, however, thought advisable, in a second edition, to add notes; and the labour and research required to furnish these, occasioned Cowper much severe application.

It cannot be ascertained, precisely, what compensation Cowper received for his productions; from his own statements, there is reason to believe that Johnson, his publisher, remunerated him liberally for his labour. He writes to his kinsman, humorously referring to the little property that had been bequeathed him by his ancestors. "The long muster-roll of my great and small ancestors I signed, and dated, and sent up to Mr. Blue-mantle on Monday, according to your desire. Such a pompous affair, drawn out for my sake, reminds me of the old fable of the mountain in parturition, and a mouse the produce. Rest undisturbed, say I, thou lordly, ducal, and royal dust! Had they left me something handsome, I should have respected them more. But perhaps they did not know that such a one as I should have the honour to be numbered among their descendants. Well! I have a little bookseller that makes me some amends for their deficiency. He has made me a present; an act of liberality which I take every opportunity to blazon, as it well deserves." The present here referred to was a hundred pounds, which Johnson (to his honour be it recorded) presented to the poet above.

the sum stipulated in their agreement. With respect to Cowper's little property, it may here be stated to have consisted of an income from some money in the funds, and other sources, but the precise amount has not been stated. A part of it continued only for a limited period, and the capital of the rest was gradually diminished by his expenses, though small. Mr. Hill appears to have attended to his pecuniary concerns with much care and kindness.

Early in the spring of this year, 1793, Cowper's esteemed relative, Mr. John Johnson, after much mature and solemn deliberation, had resolved to take holy orders. Cowper had always regarded him with the most paternal affection, and had wished that he should enter upon the important office of a christian minister with a high sense of the greatness of the work, and with suitable qualifications for a proper discharge of its solemn duties. In accordance with these wishes, when Mr. Johnson, in a previous year, had relinquished his intentions of taking orders at that time, Cowper had thus addressed him: "My dearest of all Johnnys, I am not sorry that your ordination is postponed. A year's learning and wisdom, added to your present stock, will not be more than enough to satisfy the demands of your function. Neither am I sorry that you find it difficult to fix your thoughts to the serious point at all times. It proves, at least, that you attempt, and wish to do it, and these are good symptoms. Wo to those who enter on the ministry of the gospel without having previously asked, at least from God, a mind and spirit suited to the occupation, and whose experience never differs from itself, because they are always alike vain, light, and inconsiderate. It is, therefore, matter of great joy to me, to hear you complain of levity, as it indicates the existence of an anxiety of mind to be freed from it."

The gratification it afforded Cowper to find that his beloved relative entered into the ministry with

scriptural views and feelings, is thus expressed: "What you say of your determined purpose, with God's help, to take up the cross, and despise the shame, gives us both great pleasure: in our pedigree is found one, at least, who did it before you. Do you the like, and you will meet him in heaven, as sure as the scripture is the word of God. The quarrel that the world has with evangelical men and doctrines, they would have with a host of angels in human form, for it is the quarrel of owls with sunshine; of ignorance with Divine illumination. The bishop of Norwich has won my heart by his kind and liberal behaviour to you, and if I knew him, I would tell him so. I am glad that your auditors find your voice strong, and your utterance distinct; glad, too, that your doctrine has hitherto made you no enemies. You have a gracious Master, who, it seems, will not suffer you to see war in the beginning. It will be a wonder, however, if you do not find out, sooner or later, that sore place in every heart which can ill endure the touch of apostolic doctrine. Somebody will smart in his conscience, and you will hear of it. I say not this to terrify you, but to prepare you for what is likely to happen, and which, troublesome as it may prove, is yet devoutly to be wished; for, in general, there is little good done by preachers till the world begins to abuse them. But understand me right. I do not mean that you should give them unnecessary provocation, by scolding and railing at them, as some, more zealous than wise, are apt to do. That were to deserve their anger. No; there is no need of it. The self-abasing doctrines of the gospel will, of themselves, create you enemies; but remember this for your comfort—they will also, in due time, transform them into friends, and make them love you as if they were your own children. God give you many such; as, if you are faithful to his cause, I trust he will."

In October, Mr. Rose, accompanied by Lawrence, the painter, paid Cowper a visit; and the poet was

again prevailed upon, though not without reluctance, to sit for his portrait. Adverting to the circumstance, he remarks, sportively: "Yet once more my patience is to be exercised, and once more I am made to wish that my face had been moveable, to put on and take off at pleasure, so as to be portable in a band-box, and sent off to the artist."

The peculiarity of his case, and the depression under which he laboured, even at the time he wrote the above playful remarks, will be seen by the close of the same letter: "I began this letter yesterday, but could not finish it till now. I have risen this morning covered with the ooze and mud of melancholy. For this reason I am not sorry to find myself at the bottom of my paper; for had I more room, perhaps I might make an heart ache at Eartham, which I wish to be always cheerful."

*Mrs. Unwin's increasing infirmities.—Cowper's severe attack of depression.—Lady Hesketh manages his affairs.—Pension allowed by his Majesty.—Mrs. Unwin's death.*

In the beginning of November, 1793, Mr. Hayley made his second visit to Weston. He found Cowper in the enjoyment of apparent health; and though incessantly employed, either on Homer or Milton, pleasing himself with the society of his young kinsman from Norfolk, and his friend Mr. Rose, who had arrived from the seat of lord Spencer in Northamptonshire with an invitation from his lordship to Cowper and his guests, to pay him a visit. All Cowper's friends strongly recommended him to avail himself of this mark of respect from an accomplished nobleman whom he cordially esteemed. Their entreaties, however, were entirely vain; his constitutional shyness again prevailed, and he commissioned his friends, Rose and Hayley, to make an apology to his lordship for declining the invitation.

The manner in which Cowper employed his time during the continuance of his friend Mr. Hayley at Weston, is pleasingly described in the following extract from a letter to Mrs. Courtenay, 4th Nov. 1793 : "I am a most busy man, busy to a degree that sometimes half distracts me : but if complete distraction be occasioned by having the thoughts too much and too long attached to any single point, I am in no danger of it, with such perpetual whirl are mine whisked about from one subject to another. When two poets meet, there are fine doings, I can assure you. My 'Homer' finds work for Hayley, and his 'Life of Milton' work for me ; so that we are neither of us one moment idle. Poor Mrs. Unwin in the mean time sits quiet in the corner, laughing at us both, and not seldom interrupting us with some question or remark, for which she is occasionally rewarded by me with a 'hush !' Bless yourself, my dear Catherina, that you are not connected with a poet, especially that you have not two to deal with !"

Mr. Hayley remained at Weston more than a fortnight, affording Cowper just time to revise his friend's manuscript *Life of Milton*.

During Mr. Hayley's visit, he saw, with great concern, that the infirmities of Mrs. Unwin were rapidly sinking her into a state of the most pitiable imbecility. The effect of these increasing infirmities on her whom Cowper justly regarded as the guardian of his life, added to apprehensions which he now began to feel, that his increasing expenses, occasioned by Mrs. Unwin's protracted illness, would involve him in difficulties, filled him with the greatest uneasiness ; and the depressing influence it had upon his mind, became painfully evident to all his friends. So visibly was such the case, that Mr. Hayley felt fully persuaded that, unless some speedy and important change took place in Cowper's circumstances, his tender mind would inevitably sink under the multiplicity of its cares. To effect this desirable

object, as far as was in his power, he embraced the earliest opportunity, after leaving Weston, of having an interview with lord Spencer, and of stating to him undisguisedly the condition of the afflicted poet. His lordship entered feelingly into the case, and shortly afterwards mentioned it to his majesty. It was owing to this that his majesty, some time afterwards, granted to Cowper such a pension as was sufficient to secure to him a comfortable competence for the remainder of his life. It is, however, deeply to be regretted that this well-merited bounty was not received till the poet's mind was enveloped in that midnight gloom from which it never afterwards wholly emerged.

It is not improbable that this catastrophe was in some degree hastened by the incessant attention which Cowper now paid to the revision of his *Homer*, and the deep sympathy he felt for his afflicted inmate. For though he felt it a great relief that his publisher kindly left him at liberty to postpone his Miltonic labours, yet was he compelled, in order to prepare the notes and illustrations of *Homer*, and to get the work again through the press, to rise very early, and to sag hard for many hours; only quitting this labour for his attention to Mrs. Unwin; which, though it might be more grateful to his feelings, had, perhaps, a much more depressing influence upon his mind.

The increasing infirmities of Mrs. Unwin did not, in the slightest degree, diminish Cowper's regard for her; on the contrary, they seemed rather to augment it, as the well-known beautiful poem, addressed "To Mary," written about this time, clearly shows. Mrs. Unwin was an eminently pious woman, and this was offensive to some of Cowper's friends. Those who chose to ascribe his melancholy to his religion, naturally regarded Mr. Newton and Mrs. Unwin as persons who had contributed to his distemper. We have seen how judiciously the former acquitted himself as a correspondent; and we have reason to believe that, in the latter, Cowper had a not less judicious companion.

It was she who urged him, in the first instance, to employ his mind in poetical composition.

In 1794, Cowper was plunged in deep despair. Also Mrs. Unwin's infirmities had reduced her to a state of second childhood. In these painful circumstances, lady Hesketh, his amiable cousin and favourite correspondent, now generously undertook the arduous task of watching over the melancholy poet and his feeble associate, which she performed with great assiduity and tenderness, though it considerably injured her own health.

Mr. Hayley, on receiving a hint that his presence might possibly cheer the poet's mind, visited Weston, where he arrived a few days afterwards, with his son, a youth of great promise, to whom Cowper was affectionately attached. Little or no benefit, however, resulted from this visit. The suffering invalid was too deeply overwhelmed by his malady to show even the slightest symptoms of satisfaction at the appearance of one whom he had ever been accustomed to welcome with affectionate delight. His acute anguish had nearly extinguished all the finest faculties of his mind, and annihilated, for a time, all the best affections of his heart. He seemed to shrink from every human creature, and if he allowed any one, except his own domestics, to approach him, it was with so much obvious reluctance and aversion, that no benefit could be expected to arise from the interview. The only exception was in the case of Mr. Hayley's son, in whose company he would occasionally for a short time seem pleased; which Mr. Hayley attributed "partly to the peculiar charm which is generally found in the manners of tender ingenuous children; and partly to that uncommon sweetness of character which had inspired Cowper with a degree of parental partiality towards this highly promising youth." The united efforts, however, of both father and son, could not produce the slightest alleviation of Cowper's sufferings.

Shortly after Mr. Hayley's arrival at Weston, lady

Hesketh embraced the opportunity of leaving her interesting invalids for a few days in his charge, that she might, by a personal interview, consult the eminent Dr. Willis, who had prescribed so successfully in the case of his majesty George III., on the subject of Cowper's malady. Here again, however, the expectations of his friends were greatly disappointed; as the doctor's skill on this occasion proved wholly unsuccessful.

One morning in April, 1794, while Mr. Hayley was at Weston, musing, as he and lady Hesketh were sometimes accustomed to do, over the melancholy scene of Cowper's sufferings, with aching and almost broken hearts, at the utter inefficacy of every measure that had been taken to afford him relief, they were suddenly almost overjoyed at the receipt of a letter from lord Spencer, announcing it to be his majesty's gracious intention to allow Cowper the grant of such a pension for life, as would secure to him an honourable competence.\* The only subject of regret, connected with this pleasing circumstance, was, that he whom it was chiefly intended to benefit, and who, if he had been free from his distressing malady, would have been gratified in the highest degree at this instance of royal generosity, was in a condition that rendered it impossible for him to receive even the faintest glimmering of joy on the occasion. It was, however, fondly hoped by his friends, that he would ultimately recover, and that the day would at length arrive, when he would be able gratefully to acknowledge this princely beneficence. Well was it, indeed, for his friends, that they supported their minds by indulging these hopes of amendment. Had they known that he was to pass six years in the same depressed and melancholy

\* In Mr. Greatheed's sketch of the poet's life, the amount of this grant is stated to have been, nominally, 300*l.* per annum, but reduced to little more than 200*l.* by the customary fees of office.



condition, with scarcely a single alleviation, and was, at the expiration of that lengthened period, to leave the world without emerging from this midnight gloom, they would themselves have almost become the subjects of despair. Such, however, was the case; and it is doubtful, though Cowper subsequently recovered in some slight degree from his depression, whether he was ever in a condition fully to appreciate his majesty's grant.

Cowper remained in the same most distressing state from the time of Mr. Hayley's departure, which was in the spring of 1794, till the summer of 1795. During the whole of this time he was most affectionately watched over by his amiable cousin; she procured for him the best medical advice, and employed every means that promised the slightest chance of proving beneficial. All these, however, were ineffectual to lighten that ponderous burden which incessantly pressed upon and weighed down his spirits. He had now been eighteen months in this deplorable state, and, instead of becoming better, if any alteration had taken place, it was evidently for the worse. Lady Hesketh's health was beginning to fail, owing to the intense anxiety of mind she had experienced for so long a period; and it became at length desirable to adopt some other means for his recovery. At this seasonable juncture, the Rev. J. Johnson arrived, and shared with lady Hesketh the task of superintending the interesting sufferer. It occurred to Mr. Johnson, that perhaps a summer's residence by the sea-side might prove of great advantage. On mentioning the subject to lady Hesketh, she concurred in the opinion, and all the poet's friends strongly recommended the measure. Mr. Johnson kindly undertook the charge both of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, and their removal from Weston took place under his immediate guidance on the 28th of July, 1795.

Cowper and his kinsman arrived in safety at North

Tuddenham, in Norfolk. Here they were accommodated with a commodious parsonage-house, by the kindness of the Rev. Leonard Shelford, with whom Mr. Johnson had previously made arrangements for their reception.

During the poet's continuance at Tuddenham, it being a season of the year very favourable for walking, he was prevailed upon by his kinsman to make frequent excursions in the vicinity of this retired spot. On one occasion he reached the house of his cousin, Mrs. Bodham, at Mottishall, where was suspended, in one of the rooms, his own portrait by Abbot, the sight of which awakened in his mind the recollection of the comparative tranquillity he enjoyed when he sat to that artist, and wrung from him a passionately expressed wish, that similar comfort and peace might yet return.

They continued in their new residence only a very short time. In the following August Mr. Johnson conducted them to Mundesley, a village on the Norfolk coast, hoping that a situation by the sea-side might prove amusing to Cowper, and become ultimately the means of reviving his spirits. Here they remained till the following October, without appearing to derive any benefit whatever.

The utmost efforts that ingenuity, exerted by the purest sympathy, could make, were employed to induce Cowper to keep up a correspondence which he had begun with the Rev. Mr. Buchanan, the clergyman of Weston, in hopes that it would prove, at least, some little alleviation to his melancholy. Unhappily, however, his distemper rendered them all abortive. Change of scene was resorted to as the next expedient, and he visited, successively, under the direction and care of his kinsman, Hasboro, Catfield, Holt, Fakenham, Reephoon, Aylsham, and North Walsham, performing the excursion on one occasion by sea. All, however, proved to be of little use; neither the effect of air and exercise, nor

the change of scene, had any tendency to remove his depression.

In the beginning of October, 1795, Mr. Johnson took the two interesting invalids to his own residence at Dereham, where they remained about a month, when they removed to Dunham Lodge, which was then unoccupied, and was pleasantly situated in a park, a few miles from Swaffham, and which, from that time, became their settled residence. Here they were constantly attended by two very kind and affectionate females, Miss Johnson and Miss Perowne. The latter took so lively an interest in Cowper's welfare, and exerted so much ingenuity, in attempting to produce some alleviation of his sufferings, that he ever afterwards honoured her with his peculiar regard, and preferred her attendance to that of every other individual by whom he was surrounded; and she continued her kind attention to him to the close of his life. The providence of God, as Mr. Hayley justly remarks, was strikingly displayed towards Cowper, in supplying him with attendants, during the whole of his life, peculiarly suited to the exigencies of mental dejection.

In April, 1796, Mrs. Unwin's daughter, accompanied by her husband, Mr. Powley, paid her aged parent a visit, and was not a little gratified, deeply as they commiserated the poet's depression, to find that neither his own acute sufferings, nor the long and debilitating affliction of Mrs. Unwin, had diminished, in the slightest degree, the attachment he felt for his infirm companion. The visit of these exemplary individuals was productive of much advantage, as it led to the practice of reading a portion of the Bible, daily, to Cowper and Mrs. Unwin, which had not been done in his presence for a length of time, from an apprehension that he was unwilling to hear it. Mrs. Powley accustomed herself to read a chapter to her mother every morning, whether the poet were absent or not; no reluctance, however was evinced by

him to hear what was read, and on the departure of Mrs. Powley, the poet's kinsman, pleased with the discovery that his afflicted relative would listen to the voice of inspiration, persevered in the practice, taking care always to read to Mrs. Unwin when Cowper was present. Encouraged, too, by the result of the above experiment, he ventured, as he himself states, "in the course of a few days, to call the members of the family to prayers in the same room where Cowper was, instead of assembling in another apartment, as they had hitherto done, under the influence of misconception, as it proved, with regard to his ability to attend the service. On the first occurrence of this new arrangement, of which no intimation had been previously given him, he was preparing to leave the room, but was prevailed on to resume his seat, by a word of soothing and whispered entreaty."

Cowper's melancholy depression still remained unalleviated. In June, 1796, however, an incident occurred, which for a time, though it removed not his dejection, revived the spirits of his friends, and cheered them with the hope of his ultimate recovery. Mr. Johnson invariably procured copies of all such new publications as were likely to interest the mind of Cowper; and as Cowper had discontinued the use of his pen, and manifested considerable disinclination to read himself, his kinsman kindly undertook to read these publications to his relative whenever suitable opportunities offered. About this time Mr. Wakefield published his edition of Pope's Homer. It occurred to Mr. Johnson, who always readily embraced the slightest incident that seemed likely to diminish the anguish of his afflicted relative, that this work might probably excite the poet's attention sufficiently to rouse him, in some degree, from his dejection. He immediately, therefore, procured a copy, and ingeniously placed it in a conspicuous part of a large unfrequented room, through which he knew Cowper

would have to pass, in his way from Mrs. Unwin's apartments, and in which he was aware it was Cowper's practice, daily, to take some turns, observing, previously, to his afflicted relative, that the work contained some occasional comparison of Pope with Cowper. The plan succeeded far beyond Mr. Johnson's expectation; to his agreeable surprise, he discovered, the next day, that Cowper had not only found the passages to which he had adverted, but had corrected his translation at the suggestion of some of them. Perceiving that the poet's attention was arrested, it was vigilantly cherished by the utmost efforts of Mr. Johnson; and from that time Cowper regularly engaged in a revisal of his own version, and for some weeks produced almost sixty new lines a day. He continued this occupation so steadily, and with so much deliberation, that all his friends began to rejoice at the prospect of his almost immediate recovery. Their hopes, however, were of short duration. In a few weeks he again relapsed into the same state of hopeless depression.

In the ensuing autumn, Mr. Johnson again made trial of a change of air and of scene, and removed the family to the delightful village of Mundesley. No apparent benefit, however, resulted from this change, though the air and the walks of that favourite village, both inland and marine, were fully tried; and towards the close of Oct. 1796, it was thought desirable to remove the family to Mr. Johnson's house at Dereham, and to remain there during the winter, as the Lodge was at too great a distance from Mr. Johnson's churches. The poet's friends were much pleased to find their apprehension, that a residence in town would injure the poet, groundless, and that the bustle of the place was by no means distressing to his tender spirit.

In the following December, it became evident that Mrs. Unwin's life was rapidly drawing to a close; she had been gradually sinking for a considerable time;

and on the seventeenth day of this month, in the 72nd year of her age, she peacefully, and without a groan or a sigh, resigned her spirit into the hands of her Redeemer. Her life had been distinguished by the most fervent and unaffected piety, which she had displayed in circumstances the most trying and afflicting; and her end was peace. The day before she expired, Cowper, as he had long been accustomed to do at regular periods, spent a short time with his afflicted and long-trying friend; and though to his inmates he appeared so absorbed in his own mental anguish, as to take little if any notice of her condition, it was evident afterwards that he clearly perceived how fast she was sinking; for, as a faithful servant of himself and his afflicted friend, was opening the window of his chamber the following morning, he addressed her in a tone the most plaintive and affecting, "Sally, is there life above stairs?" a convincing proof that the acuteness of his own anguish had not prevented him from bestowing great attention to the sufferings of his aged friend. In the dusk of the evening, he entered the chamber of death leaning upon his kind host. The hour had purposely been chosen, to conceal, or at least soften, the melancholy of the scene. He approached the bed; the gloom permitted him to see but indistinctly the lifeless form before him. He gazed intently for a few moments upon the shadowy lineaments, then started suddenly away, with a vehement but unfinished expression of passionate sorrow. From that moment the name of Unwin never passed the lips of Cowper. Never did he again revert, even by the most distant allusion, to a connexion which had so long formed the chief happiness of his life. She was buried in the north aisle of East Dereham church, on the night of the 23d December, 1796, by torch-light, lest her removal during the day should have been too severe a shock for the poet's feelings.

Had Cowper been in the enjoyment of health, and

had his mind been entirely free from his gloomy forebodings, at the time of Mrs. Unwin's decease, so tender were his feelings, that it would undoubtedly have proved to him one of the severest shocks he had ever experienced. Such, however, was the absorbing influence of his melancholy depression, that he never afterwards adverted to the event, even in the most distant way, nor did he even make the slightest inquiries respecting her funeral.

*From the death of Mrs. Unwin, Dec. 17, 1796, to his own death, April 25, 1800.*

In the summer of 1797, Cowper's health appeared in some measure to improve, and in the following September, at the earnest entreaty of his kinsman, he again resumed the revisal of his *Homer*; and, notwithstanding the severity of his mental anguish, he persevered in it, with some occasional interruption, till the eighth of May, 1799, on which day he completed the work. It was evidently owing to the influence exerted by Mr. Johnson on the mind of Cowper, that he was induced to bring this laborious work to a close. And it would have been exceedingly difficult, if not utterly impossible, to have found an individual who could, with so much tenderness, have exerted an influence so beneficial over the distressed mind of the poet. He was, however, indefatigable in his efforts to divert his mind from the melancholy depression which spread its pernicious influence over his soul. And, during the whole of the summer of 1798, he endeavoured, by frequent change of scene, sometimes residing for a week or two at Mundesley, and then returning to Dereham, to restore the mind of his revered relative to its proper tone. And though he had not the satisfaction to see his efforts crowned with complete success, yet he was pleased to perceive them prove, in some degree at least, beneficial to the interesting sufferer.

The happy means employed by Mr. Johnson to in-

duce Cowper to complete the revisal of his Homer, and its successful result, ought not to go unrecorded. He thus relates it in the excellent sketch above referred to:—"His kinsman resolved, if it were possible, to re-instate him in the revisal of his Homer. One morning, therefore, after breakfast, in the month of September, 1797, he placed the commentaries on the table one by one, namely, Villoison, Barnes, and Clarke, opening them all, together with the poet's translation, at the place where he had left off a twelvemonth before; but, talking with him as he paced the room, upon a very different subject, namely, the impossibility of the things befalling him, which his imagination had presented; when, as his companion had wished, Cowper said to him, 'And are you sure that I shall be here till the book you are reading is finished.' 'Quite sure,' replied his kinsman, 'and that you will also be here to complete the revisal of your Homer, (pointing to the books,) if you will resume it to-day.' As he repeated these words, he left the room, rejoicing in the well-known token of their having sunk deep in the poet's mind, namely, his seating himself on the sofa, taking up one of the books, and saying, in a low and plaintive voice, 'I may as well do this, for I can do nothing else.'"

While residing at Mundesley, in October, 1798, Cowper felt himself so far relieved from his depressive malady as to undertake, without solicitation, to write to lady Hesketh. The following extract from this letter, will show the severity of his mental anguish, even at that period: "You describe delightful scenes, but you describe them to one who, even if he saw them, could receive no delight from them, who has a faint recollection, and so faint as to be like an almost forgotten dream, that once he was susceptible of pleasure from such causes. The country that you have had in prospect, has been always famed for its beauties; but the wretch who can derive no gratification from a



view of nature, even under the disadvantage of her most ordinary dress, will have no eyes to admire her in any."

As soon as Cowper had finished the revisal of his Homer, Mr. Johnson laid before him the papers containing the commencement of his projected poem, 'The Four Ages.' He, however, declined undertaking it, as a work far too important for him to attempt in his present situation. Several other literary projects, of easier accomplishment, were then suggested to him by his kinsman, who was aware of the great benefit he had derived from employment, and was seriously apprehensive that the want of it would add to his depression; all of them, however, were objected to by the poet, who at length replied, that he had just thought of six Latin verses, and if he could do any thing, it must be in pursuing something of that description. He, however, gratified his friends, by occasionally employing the powers of his astonishing mind, which still remained in full vigour, in the composition of some short original poems. In this way he produced the poem entitled 'Montes Glaciales,' founded upon an incident, which he had heard read from the Norwich paper, several months previous; to which, at the time, owing to his depression, he appeared to pay no attention. This poem he afterwards, at the request of Miss Perowne, translated into Latin. Translation was his principal amusement; sometimes from Latin and Greek into English, and occasionally from English into Latin. In this way he translated several of Gay's Fables, and communicated to them, in their new dress, all that ease and vivacity which they have in the original. Thus employed, he continued, with some intermissions, almost to the close of his life.

The last original poem he composed was entitled 'The Cast-away,' and was founded upon an incident related in Anson's Voyage, of a mariner who was washed overboard in the Atlantic, and lost; which he remembered to have read in that work many years

before, and which he appears to have regarded as bearing a close resemblance to his own case.

Anxious as all his friends now were, that he should be constantly employed, as affording the best remedy for his depression, they were frequently pained to see him reduced to a state of hopeless inactivity, owing to the severity of his mental anguish. At these seasons, what suited him best was Mr. Johnson's reading to him, which he was accustomed to do, almost invariably for a considerable time every day. And so industriously had he persevered in this method of relieving the poet's mind, that after having exhausted numerous works, which had the power of attracting his attention, he began to read to the afflicted poet his own published writings. Cowper evinced no disapprobation of this until they arrived at the history of John Gilpin, when he entreated his relative to desist.

It became evident, towards the close of 1799, that his bodily strength was rapidly declining, though his mental powers, notwithstanding the unmitigated severity of his depression, remained unimpaired. In January, 1800, Mr. Johnson observed in him many symptoms which he thought very unfavourable. This induced him to call in additional medical advice. His complaint was pronounced to be, not as has been generally stated, dropsical, but a breaking up of the constitution. Remedies, however, were tried, and he was recommended to take as much gentle exercise as he could bear. To this recommendation he discovered no particular aversion, and Mr. Johnson induced him to venture out in a post chaise, as often as circumstances would permit. But it was with considerable difficulty he could be prevailed upon to use such medicines as it was thought necessary to employ.

Cowper's weakness now very rapidly increased, and by the end of February it had become so great as to render him incapable of enduring the fatigue of his usual ride, which was therefore discontinued. In a few days he ceased to come down stairs, though he was

still able, after breakfasting in bed, to adjourn to an other room, and to remain there till the evening. By the end of the ensuing March, he was compelled to forego even this trifling exercise. He was now entirely confined to his bed-room; he was, however, still able to sit up to every meal, except breakfast.

Mr. Johnson informs us, in his sketch of the poet's life, that, "on the 19th of April the weakness of this truly pitiable sufferer had so much increased that his kinsman apprehended his death to be near. Adverting, therefore, to the affliction, as well of body as of mind, which his beloved inmate was then enduring, he ventured to speak of his approaching dissolution as the signal of his deliverance from both these miseries. After a pause of a few moments, which was less interrupted by the objections of his desponding relative than he had dared to hope, he proceeded to an observation more consolatory still, namely, that in the world to which he was hastening, a merciful Redeemer, who had prepared unspeakable happiness for all his children, and therefore for him——. To the first part of this sentence he had listened with composure, but the concluding words were no sooner uttered than he passionately expressed entreaties that his companion would desist from any further observations of a similar kind, clearly proving that though he was on the eve of being invested with angelic light, the darkness of delusion still veiled his spirit."

On the following day, which was Sunday, he revived a little. Mr. Johnson, on repairing to his room, after he had discharged his clerical duties, found him in bed and asleep. He did not, however, leave the room, but remained watching him, expecting he might, on awaking, require his assistance. Whilst engaged in this melancholy office, and endeavouring to reconcile his mind to the loss of so dear a friend, by considering the gain which that friend would experience, his reflections were suddenly interrupted by the singularly varied tone in which Cowper then began to

breathe. Imagining it to be the sound of his immediate summons, after listening to it for several minutes, he arose from the foot of the bed on which he was sitting, to take a nearer, and, as he supposed, a last view of his departing relative, commending his soul to that gracious Saviour, whom, in the fulness of mental health, he had delighted to honour. As he put aside the curtains, Cowper opened his eyes, but closed them again without speaking, and breathed as usual. On Monday he was much worse; though, towards the close of the day, he revived sufficiently to take a little refreshment. The two following days he evidently continued to sink rapidly. He revived a little on Thursday, but, in the course of the night appeared exceedingly exhausted; some refreshment was presented to him by Miss Perowne, but, owing to a persuasion that nothing could afford him relief, though without any apparent impression that the hand of death was already upon him, he mildly rejected the cordial with these words, the last he was heard to utter: "What can it signify?"

Early on Friday morning, the 25th of April, 1800, a decided alteration for the worse was perceived to have taken place. A deadly change appeared in his countenance. In this insensible state he remained till a few minutes before five in the afternoon, when he gently, and without the slightest apparent pain, ceased to breathe, and his happy spirit escaped from that body, in which, amidst the thickest gloom of darkness, it had so long been imprisoned, and took its flight to the regions of perfect purity and bliss. In a manner so mild and gentle did death make its approach, that though his kinsman, his medical attendant, and three others were standing at the foot of the bed, with their eyes fixed upon his dying countenance, neither of them could determine the precise moment of his departure.

"From this mournful period," writes Mr. Johnson, "till the features of his deceased friend were closed

from his view, the expression which the kinsman of Cowper observed in them, and which he was affectionately delighted to suppose an index of the last thoughts and enjoyments of his soul in its gradual escape from the depths of despondence, was that of calmness and composure, mingled as it were with holy surprise."

He was buried in that part of East Dereham church called St. Edmund's chapel, on Saturday, the 2nd of May, 1800; and his funeral was attended by several of his relatives.

The closing scene of a life like Cowper's was one of peculiar solemnity. "Had his piety been of a less decided character," as a pious critic has well remarked, "there might have been room for regret, that ere he died he gave not some pleasing sign of having escaped from his delusion; but it should seem that his physical powers were too exhausted to admit of that transient illumination of the faculties, which, in cases of derangement, is generally the presage of death. It is, however, a consideration of small moment on which side the river the vision of the 'open gate of heaven' burst upon the soul. That dark passage once effected by the poet, every doubt was over. And if the state of separate consciousness admits of the perception of the objects of sense, it must have been with a peculiar emotion of exultation that his spirit surveyed the breathless form in which it had been entombed, and adopted the triumphant challenge of the last enemy,

O Death, where is thy sting?' Might we but imagine its detention for a while near the scene of its former sufferings, it would be to represent to ourselves the solemn joy with which it would contemplate the deposit of that poor corruptible frame in the dust, as seed cast into the furrow, anticipating, as the last act of faith, that moment when the universal chorus shall arise, 'O Grave, where is thy victory?'"

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# CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

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LIFE OF

MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

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# LIFE OF

## MRS. ANN H. JUDSON.

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### *From her birth to her marriage.*

**MRS. ANN H. JUDSON** was the daughter of John and Rebecca Hasseltine. She was born December 22, 1789, at Bradford, a pleasant town on the banks of the river Merrimack, in the State of Massachusetts, North America.

Of the early years of Mrs. Judson, we have learned very little which distinguished her from other persons of her age. She was gay, fond of amusement, and very active in whatever she undertook, whether business or pleasure.

She was educated principally at the academy in Bradford, where Harriet Newell was at the same time a pupil. Mrs. Judson learned rapidly, and acquired a large amount of useful information. Her perceptions were rapid, her memory retentive, and her perseverance indefatigable. Here she laid the foundations of her knowledge, and here her intellect was stimulated, disciplined, and directed. Her preceptors and associates ever regarded her with respect and esteem; and considered her ardent temperament, her decision and perseverance, and her strength of mind, as ominous of some uncommon destiny.

But while she was thus obtaining knowledge, and enjoying worldly pleasures, she forgot her soul. She did not love God, but disobeyed his laws, and lived without any thought of eternity. Though young, she was a sinner. Every young person, who is capable of thinking and acting, is guilty of sin, and needs to be



born again, by the influences of the Holy Spirit, producing repentance for sin, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Let every reader of this book, however young, peruse with great attention the following account, written by Mrs. Judson, of her early life, and of the manner in which she became a believer in the Saviour. Let every reader then pray the Lord to bestow on him or her a new heart, that they also may believe and live.

“During the first sixteen years of my life, I very seldom felt any serious impressions, which I think were produced by the Holy Spirit. I was early taught by my mother, though she was then ignorant of the nature of true religion, the importance of abstaining from those vices to which children are liable; as telling falsehoods, disobeying my parents, taking what was not my own, &c. She also taught me, that if I were a good child, I should, at death, escape that dreadful hell, the thought of which sometimes filled me with alarm and terror. I therefore made it a matter of conscience to avoid the above-mentioned sins, to say my prayers night and morning, and to abstain from my usual play on the sabbath, not doubting but that such a course of conduct would insure my salvation.

“At the age of twelve or thirteen, I attended the academy at Bradford, where I was exposed to many more temptations than before, and found it much more difficult to pursue my pharisaical method. I now began to attend balls and parties of pleasure, and found my mind completely occupied with what I daily heard were ‘innocent amusements.’ My conscience reproved me, not for engaging in these amusements, but for neglecting to say my prayers and read my Bible, on returning from them; but I finally put a stop to its remonstrances, by thinking, that, as I was old enough to attend balls, I was surely too old to say prayers. Thus were my fears quieted; and for two or three years, I scarcely felt an anxious thought relative to the salvation of my soul, though I was rapidly verging towards

eternal ruin. My disposition was gay in the extreme; my situation was such as afforded me opportunities for indulging it to the utmost; I was surrounded with associates, wild and volatile like myself, and often thought myself one of the happiest creatures on earth.

"The first circumstance which in any measure awakened me from this sleep of death, was the following. One sabbath morning, having prepared myself to attend public worship, just as I was leaving my toilet, I accidentally took up Hannah More's *Strictures on Female Education*; and the first words that caught my eye were, '*She that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth.*' They were printed in italics, with marks of admiration; and they struck me to the heart. I stood for a few moments, amazed at the incident, and half inclined to think that some invisible agency had directed my eye to those words. At first, I thought I would live a different life, and be more serious and sedate; but at last I thought, that the words were not so applicable to me, as I first imagined, and resolved to think no more of them.

"In the course of a few months (at the age of fifteen,) I met with Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. I read it as a sabbath book, and was much interested in the story. I finished the book on a sabbath, and it left this impression on my mind—That Christian, because he adhered to the narrow path, was carried safely through all his trials, and at last admitted into heaven. I resolved, from that moment, to begin a religious life; and in order to keep my resolutions, I went to my chamber and prayed for Divine assistance. When I had done, I felt pleased with myself, and thought I was in a fair way for heaven. But I was perplexed to know what it was to live a religious life, and again had recourse to my system of works. The first step that appeared necessary for me to take, was to refrain from attending parties of pleasure, and to be reserved and serious in the presence of the other scholars. Accord-

ingly, on Monday morning I went to school with a determination to keep my resolution, and confident that I should. I had not been long in school, before one of the young ladies, an intimate friend of mine, came with a very animated countenance, and told me that Miss —, in a neighbouring town, was to have a splendid party on new-year's day, and that she and I were included in the party selected. I coolly replied, that I should not go, though I did receive an invitation. She seemed surprised, and asked me what was the matter. I replied, that I should never again attend such a party. I continued of the same opinion during the day, and felt much pleased with such a good opportunity of trying myself. Monday evening, the daughters of — sent in to invite me and my sisters to spend the evening with them, and make a family visit. I hesitated a little, but considering that it was to be a family party merely, I thought I could go without breaking my resolutions. Accordingly I went, and found that two or three other families of young ladies had been invited. Dancing was soon introduced; I joined with the rest, was one of the gayest of the gay, and thought no more of the new life I had just begun. On my return home, I found an invitation from Miss — in waiting, and accepted it at once. My conscience let me pass quietly through the amusements of that evening also; but when I retired to my chamber, on my return, it accused me of breaking my most solemn resolutions. I thought I should never dare to make others, for I clearly saw that I was unable to keep them.

“From December, 1805, to April, 1806, I scarcely spent a rational hour. My studies were slightly attended to, and my time was mostly occupied in preparing my dress, and in contriving amusements for the evening, which portion of my time was wholly spent in vanity and trifling. I so far surpassed my friends in gaiety and mirth, that some of them were apprehensive

that I had but a short time to continue in my career of folly, and should be suddenly cut off. Thus passed the last winter of my gay life.

“In the spring of 1806, there appeared a little attention to religion in the upper parish of Bradford. Religious conferences had been appointed during the winter, and I now began to attend them regularly. I often used to weep, when hearing the minister and others press the importance of improving the present favourable season to obtain an interest in Christ, lest we should have to say, ‘The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.’ I thought I should be one of that number; for though I now deeply felt the importance of being strictly religious, it appeared to me impossible I could be so, while in the midst of my gay associates. I generally sought some retired corner of the room in which the meetings were held, lest others should observe the emotions I could not restrain; but frequently, after being much affected through the evening, I would return home, in company with some of my light companions, and assume an air of gaiety very foreign to my heart. The Spirit of God was now evidently operating on my mind; I lost all relish for amusements; felt melancholy and dejected; and the solemn truth, that I must obtain a new heart, or perish for ever, lay with weight on my mind. My preceptor was a pious man, and used frequently to make serious remarks in the family. One sabbath evening, speaking of the operations of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of sinners, a subject with which I had hitherto been unacquainted, he observed, that when under these operations, Satan frequently tempted us to conceal our feelings from others, lest our conviction should increase. I could hear him say no more, but rose from my seat, and went into the garden, that I might weep in secret over my deplorable state. I felt that I was led captive by Satan at his will, and that he had entire control over me. And notwithstanding

I knew this to be my situation, I thought I would not have any of my acquaintance know that I was under serious impressions, for the whole world. The ensuing week, I had engaged to be one of a party to visit a young lady in a neighbouring town, who had formerly attended the academy. The state of my mind was such that I earnestly longed to be free from this engagement, but knew not how to gain my end, without telling the real reason. This I could not persuade myself to do; but concluded, on the morning of the appointed day, to absent myself from my father's home, and visit an aunt, who lived some distance off, and who was, I had heard, under serious impressions. I went accordingly, and found my aunt engaged in reading a religious magazine. I was determined she should not know the state of my mind, though I secretly hoped that she would tell me something of hers. I had not been with her long, before she asked me to read to her. I began, but could not govern my feelings, and burst into tears. She kindly begged to know what thus affected me. I then, for the first time in my life, communicated feelings which I had determined should be known to none but myself. She urged the importance of my cherishing those feelings, and of devoting myself entirely to seeking an interest in Christ, before it should be for ever too late. She told me, that if I trifled with impressions which were evidently made by the Holy Spirit, I should be left to hardness of heart, and blindness of mind. Her words penetrated my heart, and I felt resolved to give up every thing, and seek to be reconciled to God. That fear, which I had ever felt, that others would know that I was serious, now vanished away, and I was willing that the whole universe should know, that I felt myself to be a lost and perishing sinner. I returned home, with a bursting heart, fearing that I should lose my impressions, when associated with the other scholars, and convinced that if I did, my soul was lost. As I entered my

father's house, I perceived a large party of the scholars assembled to spend the evening. It will be the height of rudeness, thought I, to leave the company; but my second thought was, if I lose my soul, I lose my all. I spoke to one or two, passed through the room, and went to my chamber, where I spent the evening, full of anxiety and distress. I felt that if I died in that situation, I must perish; but how to extricate myself, I knew not. I had been unaccustomed to discriminating preaching; I had not been in the habit of reading religious books; I could not understand the Bible; and felt myself as perfectly ignorant of the nature of true religion as the very heathen. In this extremity, the next morning, I ventured to ask the preceptor what I should do. He told me to pray for mercy, and submit myself to God. He also put into my hands some religious magazines, in which I read the conviction and conversion of some, who, I perceived, had once felt as I now felt. I shut myself up in my chamber, denied myself every innocent gratification, such as eating fruit and other things, not absolutely necessary to support life, and spent my days in reading and crying for mercy.

"But I had seen, as yet, very little of the awful wickedness of my heart. I knew not yet the force of that passage, 'The carnal mind is enmity against God.' I thought myself very penitent, and almost prepared, by voluntary abstinence, to receive the Divine favour. After spending two or three weeks in this manner, without obtaining the least comfort, my heart began to rise in rebellion against God. I thought it unjust in him not to notice my prayers and my repentance. But my chief distress was occasioned by a view of his perfect purity and holiness. My heart was filled with aversion and hatred towards a holy God; and I felt that, if admitted into heaven, with the feelings I then had, I should be as miserable as I could be in hell. In this state I longed for annihilation;

and if I could have destroyed the existence of my soul, with as much ease as that of my body, I should quickly have done it. But that glorious Being, who is kinder to his creatures than they are to themselves, did not leave me to remain long in this distressing state. I began to discover a beauty in the way of salvation by Christ. He appeared to be just such a Saviour as I needed. I saw how God could be just, in saving sinners through him. I committed my soul into his hands, and besought him to do with me what seemed good in his sight. When I was thus enabled to commit myself into the hands of Christ, my mind was relieved from that distressing weight which had borne it down for so long a time. I did not think that I had obtained the new heart, which I had been seeking, but felt happy in contemplating the character of Christ, and particularly that disposition which led him to suffer so much for the sake of doing the will and promoting the glory of his heavenly Father. A few days after this, as I was reading Bellamy's True Religion, I obtained a new view of the character of God. His justice, displayed in condemning the finally impenitent, which I had before viewed as cruel, now appeared to be an expression of hatred to sin, and regard to the good of beings in general. A view of his purity and holiness filled my soul with wonder and admiration. I felt a disposition to commit myself unreservedly into his hands, and leave it with him to save me or cast me off; for I felt I could not be unhappy, while allowed the privilege of contemplating and loving so glorious a Being.

"I now began to hope that I had passed from death unto life. When I examined myself, I was constrained to own that I had feelings and dispositions to which I was formerly an utter stranger. I had sweet communion with the blessed God from day to day; my heart was drawn out in love to christians of whatever denomination • the sacred scriptures were sweet to my

taste ; and such was my thirst for religious knowledge, that I frequently spent a great part of the night in reading religious books. O how different were my views of myself and of God, from what they were when I first began to inquire what I should do to be saved. I felt myself to be a poor lost sinner, destitute of every thing to recommend myself to the Divine favour ; that I was, by nature, inclined to every evil way ; and that it had been the mere sovereign, restraining mercy of God, not my own goodness, which had kept me from committing the most flagrant crimes. This view of myself humbled me in the dust, melted me into sorrow and contrition for my sins, induced me to lay my soul at the feet of Christ, and plead his merits alone, as the ground of my acceptance. I felt that if Christ had not died to make an atonement for sin, I could not ask God to dishonour his holy government so far as to save so polluted a creature ; and that should he even now condemn me to suffer eternal punishment, it would be so just that my mouth would be stopped, and all holy beings in the universe would acquiesce in the sentence, and praise him as a just and righteous God. My chief happiness now consisted in contemplating the moral perfections of the glorious God. I longed to have all intelligent creatures love him ; and felt that even fallen spirits could never be released from their obligations to love a Being possessed of such glorious perfections. I felt happy in the consideration, that so benevolent a Being governed the world, and ordered every passing event. I lost all disposition to murmur at any providence, assured that such a Being could not err in any dispensation. Sin, in myself and others, appeared as that abominable thing which a holy God hates ; and I earnestly strove to avoid sinning, not merely because I was afraid of hell, but because I feared to displease God, and grieve his Holy Spirit. I attended my studies in school with far different feelings and different motives, from what I had ever done before. I



felt my obligation to improve all I had to the glory of God ; and since he in his providence had favoured me with advantages for improving my mind, I felt that I should be like the slothful servant, if I neglected them ; I therefore diligently employed all my hours in school in acquiring useful knowledge, and spent my evenings, and part of the night, in spiritual enjoyments.

“ While thus recounting the mercies of God to my soul, I am particularly affected by two considerations ; the richness of that grace which called and stopped me in my dangerous course, and the ungrateful returns I make for so distinguished a blessing. I am prone to forget the voice which called me out of darkness into light, and the hand which drew me from the horrible pit and miry clay. When I first discerned my Deliverer, my grateful heart offered him the services of a whole life, and resolved to acknowledge no other master. But such is the force of my native depravity, that I find myself prone to forsake him, grieve away his influence from my heart, and walk in the dark and dreary path of the backslider. I despair of making great attainments in the divine life, and look forward to death only, to free me from my sins and corruptions. Till that blessed period, that hour of my emancipation, I am resolved, through the grace and strength of my Redeemer, to maintain a constant warfare with my inbred sins, and endeavour to perform the duties incumbent on me, in whatever situation I may be placed.

‘ Safely guide my wandering feet,  
Travelling in this vale of tears ;  
Dearest Saviour, to thy seat  
Lead, and dissipate my fears.’ ”

Thus, at the early age of between sixteen and seventeen years, Mrs. Judson became a decided christian, and connected herself with the congregational church in Bradford. Youth is the most favourable season for seeking God. The heart is at this time best prepared to be influenced by the motives which the

Bible presents. God has spoken with peculiar tenderness and encouragement to the young. "My son, give me thine heart," is his reasonable and affectionate requirement of every child.

Mrs. Judson, after her conversion, found great happiness in religion. She retained her active disposition, and her love for her friends; but her activity was now directed to doing good, and to acquiring useful knowledge; and her love for her friends made her anxious for their temporal and eternal happiness.

"Redeeming love," says an intimate friend, "was now her theme. One might spend days with her, without hearing any other subject reverted to. The throne of grace, too, was her early and late resort. I have known her to spend cold winter evenings in a chamber without fire, and return to the family with a solemnity spread over her countenance, which told of Him with whom she had been communing. Nor was her love of social pleasures diminished, although the complexion of them was completely changed. Even at this late period, I fancy I see her, with strong feelings depicted on her countenance, inclining over her Bible, rising to place it on the stand, retiring to her chamber, and after a season of prayer, proceeding to visit this and that family, to speak of Him whom her soul loved. She thirsted for the knowledge of gospel truth, in all its relations and dependences. Besides the daily study of scripture, with Guyse, Orton, and Scott before her, she perused, with deep interest, the works of Edwards, Hopkins, Bellamy, Doddridge, &c. By Edwards on Redemption\* she was instructed, quickened, strengthened. Well do I remember the elevated smile which beamed on her countenance, when she first spoke to me of its precious contents. She had transcribed, with her own hand, Edwards' leading and most striking remarks on this great

\* Published by the Religious Tract Society.

subject. When reading scripture, sermons, or other works, if she met with any sentiment or doctrine which seemed dark and intricate, she would mark it, and beg the first clergyman who called at her father's to explain it."

Mrs. Judson was not perfect, and therefore she was not wholly free from sorrow. The christian's life is a state of warfare, because he is in a sinful world, where wicked men disturb him, and where Satan tempts him. But every christian is supported by the grace of God; and the Saviour who died to redeem him, will make him victorious over his enemies. He will, at last, release him from all sin and sorrow, and will admit him into his holy and glorious kingdom in heaven. Mrs. Judson made the following declaration, in her journal, a short time after her conversion:—

"Aug. 5. Were it left to my choice, whether to follow the vanities of the world, and go to heaven at last, or to live a religious life, have trials with sin and temptation, and sometimes enjoy the light of God's reconciled countenance, I should not hesitate a moment in choosing the latter; for there is no real satisfaction in the enjoyments of time and sense. O my God, let me never more join with the wicked world, or take enjoyment in any thing short of conformity to thy holy will. May I ever keep in mind the solemn day, when I shall appear before thee! May I ever flee to the bleeding Saviour, as my only refuge; and, renouncing my own righteousness, may I rely entirely on the righteousness of thy dear Son!"

A few months after, she made the following resolutions, which young persons ought to imitate, so far as their circumstances will permit.

"O thou God of all grace, I humbly beseech thee to enable me to keep the following resolutions:—

"When I first awake, solemnly devote myself to God for the day.

“Read several passages of scripture, and then spend as long time in prayer as circumstances permit.

“Read two chapters in the Old Testament, and one in the New, and meditate thereon.

“Attend to the duties of my chamber.

“If I have no needle-work to do, read in some religious book.

“At school, diligently attend to the duties before me, and let not one moment pass unimproved.

“At noon, read a portion of scripture, pray for the blessing of God, and spend the remainder of the intermission in reading some improving or religious book.

“In all my studies be careful to maintain a humble dependance on Divine assistance.

“In the evening, if I attend a religious meeting, or any other place for instruction, before going, read a portion of scripture. If not, spend the evening in reading, and close the day as I began.

“Resolve also to strive against the first risings of discontent, fretfulness, and anger; to be meek, and humble, and patient; constantly to bear in mind, that I am in the presence of God; habitually to look up to him for deliverance from temptations; and in all cases to do to others as I would have them to do to me.”

On the day she was seventeen years old, she wrote thus in her journal:—

“I do desire to live a life of strict religion, to enjoy the presence of God, and honour the cause to which I have professedly devoted myself. I do not desire my portion in this world. I find more real enjoyment in contrition for sin, excited by a view of the adorable moral perfections of God, than in all earthly joys. I find more solid happiness in one evening meeting, when Divine truths are impressed on my heart by the powerful influences of the Holy Spirit, than I ever enjoyed in all the balls and assemblies I have attended during the seventeen years of my life. Thus when I compare my present views of Divine things with what

they were at this time last year, I cannot but hope I am a new creature, and have begun to live a new life." Thus our young readers may learn from the example of Mrs. Judson, that religion made her happy, and that she viewed all her former life, as having been spent in criminal folly. O that all the youth would love the Saviour, and walk with willing feet, in the paths of wisdom. They would find her "ways pleasantness, and all her paths peace."

Mrs. Judson endeavoured to be useful to mankind, and though she was a young female, she found opportunities of usefulness. Every one who has the disposition to do good, will be at no loss for occasions to benefit others. She became teacher of a school, where she endeavoured to train her pupils in the fear of the Lord. She gives the following description of the commencement of her school:—

"Have taken charge of a few scholars. Ever since I have had a comfortable hope in Christ, I have desired to devote myself to him in such a way as to be useful to my fellow-creatures. As Providence has placed me in a situation of life where I have an opportunity of getting as good an education as I desire, I feel it would be highly criminal in me not to improve it. I feel, also, that it would be equally criminal to desire to be well educated and accomplished, from selfish motives, with a view merely to gratify my taste and relish for improvement, or my pride in being qualified to shine. I therefore resolved last winter to attend the academy, from no other motive than to improve the talents bestowed by God, so as to be more extensively devoted to his glory, and the benefit of my fellow-creatures. On being lately requested to take a small school for a few months, I felt very unqualified to have the charge of little immortal souls; but the hope of doing them good by endeavouring to impress their young and tender minds with Divine truth, and the obligation I feel to try to be useful, have induced me to comply. I was enabled to open the school with

prayer. 'Though the cross was very great, I felt constrained, by a sense of duty to take it up. The little creatures seemed astonished at such a beginning. Probably some of them had never heard a prayer before. O may I have grace to be faithful in instructing these little immortals, in such a way as shall be pleasing to my heavenly Father.'

Thus was she happy and useful in her own country. But God had designed to send her to the heathen nations, to teach them the name of Jesus. She often felt much concern for their wretched condition, and prayed fervently for their conversion. But the Lord, in his providence, opened the way for her to go, in person, to tell them of the love of the Saviour; to persuade them to forsake their idols, and serve the living God; to warn them of the wrath to come; and urge them to seek for glory, honour, and immortality in heaven.

Very little had been done in America for the conversion of the heathen nations till 1810, when the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was formed. Adoniram Judson, Samuel Nott, Samuel Newell, Gordon Hall, and a few others, were, the next year, appointed missionaries to the East Indies, with a special view to Burmah.

After Mr. Judson had resolved to become a missionary, he formed an acquaintance with Miss Hasseltine. A mutual attachment took place, and he proposed to her to accompany him. This proposal occasioned much anxiety in her mind. So important a step could not be taken without deliberate reflection and earnest prayer. She sought direction from God, and at length she became fully satisfied of her duty to go.

There was one circumstance which greatly increased the difficulty of a decision. No female had ever left America as a missionary to the heathen. The general opinion was decidedly opposed to the measure. It

was deemed wild and romantic in the extreme, and altogether inconsistent with prudence and delicacy. Miss H. had no example to guide and allure her. She met with no encouragement from the greater part of those persons to whom she applied for counsel. Some expressed strong disapprobation of the project: others would give no opinion. Two or three individuals were steady, affectionate advisers, and encouraged her to go. With these exceptions, she was forced to decide from her own convictions of duty.

It was well for the cause of American missions that God assigned to Miss Hasseltine the honourable, yet difficult office of leading the way in this great enterprise. Her adventurous spirit, and her decision of character, eminently fitted her to resolve where others would hesitate, and to advance where others might retreat. She did decide to go; and her determination, without doubt, has had some effect on the minds of other females, who have since followed her example.

To Mrs. Judson, undoubtedly, belongs the praise of being the first American female who resolved to leave her friends and country, to bear the gospel to the heathen in foreign climes.

Her journal at this time shows that her mind was in a state of extreme anxiety, and that she resorted for direction and help to Him who gives wisdom to the ignorant, and who guides the meek in judgment.

"Sept. 10, 1810. For several weeks past my mind has been greatly agitated. An opportunity has been presented to me of spending my days among the heathen, in attempting to persuade them to receive the gospel. Were I convinced of its being a call from God, and that it would be more pleasing to him for me to spend my life in this way than in any other, I think I should be willing to relinquish every other object, and, in full view of dangers and hardships, give myself up to the great work. O Jesus, direct me, and I am safe; use me in thy service, and I ask no more.

I would not choose my position of work, or place of labour; only let me know thy will, and I will readily comply.

"Oct. 28. My mind has still been agitated for two or three weeks past, in regard to the above-mentioned subject. But I have, at all times, felt a disposition to leave it with God, and trust in him to direct me. I have at length come to the conclusion, that if nothing in Providence appears to prevent, I must spend my days in a heathen land. I am a creature of God, and he has an undoubted right to do with me as seemeth good in his sight. I rejoice that I am in his hands; that he is every where present, and can protect me in one place as well as in another. He has my heart in his hands; and when I am called to face danger, to pass through scenes of terror and distress, he can inspire me with fortitude, and enable me to trust in him. Jesus is faithful; his promises are precious. Were it not for these considerations, I should, with my present prospects, sink down in despair, especially as no female has, to my knowledge, ever left the shores of America to spend her life among the heathen; nor do I yet know that I shall have a single female companion. But God is my witness, that I have not dared to decline the offer that has been made me, though so many are ready to call it a 'wild, romantic undertaking.' If I have been deceived in thinking it my duty to go to the heathen, I humbly pray that I may be undeceived, and prevented from going. But whether I spend my days in India or America, I desire to spend them in the service of God, and be prepared to spend an eternity in his presence. O Jesus, make me live to thee, and I desire no more.

"Nov. 25. He who has styled himself a prayer-hearing God, graciously manifested himself to my soul, and made it easy and pleasant to pray. Felt a longing desire for more grace, for more unreserved



devotedness to God. When I get near to God, and discern the excellence of the character of the Lord Jesus, and especially his power and willingness to save, I feel desirous that the whole world should become acquainted with this Saviour. I am not only willing to spend my days among the heathen, in attempting to enlighten and save them, but I find much pleasure in the prospect. Yes, I am quite willing to give up temporal comforts, and live a life of hardship and trial, if it be the will of God.

‘I can be safe, and free from care,  
On any shore, since God is there.’

“Oct. Sabbath (probably 1811.) Another holy day calls me to the house of God. O that I may enjoy his presence, and rest in him. This morning had some faint views of my unworthiness and nothingness before God. Felt ashamed that I had ever indulged the least complacency in myself, when I am so exceedingly depraved. I can find no words to express my own vileness; and yet I sometimes exalt myself, and wonder the Supreme Being takes no more notice of my prayers, and gives me no more grace. This evening attended a female prayer meeting. Felt solemn, and engaged in prayer. Longed for clearer views of God, and stronger confidence in him. Made a new dedication of myself to God. Felt perfectly willing to give up my friends and earthly comforts, provided I might, in exile, enjoy the presence of God. I never felt more engaged in prayer for special grace, to prepare me for my great undertaking, than this evening. I am confident God will support me in every trying hour. I have strong hope, that in giving me such an opportunity of labouring for him he will make me peculiarly useful. No matter where I am, if I do but serve the infinitely blessed God; and it is my comfort that he can prepare me to serve him. Blessed Jesus, I am

thine for ever. Do with me what thou wilt; lead me in the path in which thou wouldest have me go, and it is enough.

“Nov. 23. My heart has been quite revived this evening with spiritual things. Had some views of the excellent nature of the kingdom of Christ. Longed, above all things, to have it advanced. Felt an ardent desire to be instrumental in spreading the knowledge of the Redeemer’s name in a heathen land. Felt it a great, an undeserved privilege, to have an opportunity of going. Yes, I think I would rather go to India, among the heathen, notwithstanding the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way, than to stay at home and enjoy the comforts and luxuries of life. Faith in Christ will enable me to bear trials, however severe. My hope in his powerful protection animates me to persevere in my purpose. O, if he will condescend to make me useful in promoting his kingdom, I care not where I perform his work, nor how hard it be. ‘Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word.’”

The resolution of Mr. and Mrs. Judson, to devote themselves to the service of their Saviour as missionaries, was not formed in the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. As a proof of this, an extract of a letter from Mr. Judson to Mr. Hasseltine may here be quoted.

After mentioning to Mr. H. that he had offered marriage to his daughter, and that she had “said something about consent of parents,” Mr. Judson proceeds thus:—

“I have now to ask, whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world? Whether you can consent to her departure for a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life? Whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India; to every kind of want and distress; to degradation,

insult, persecution, and perhaps a violent death? Can you consent to all this, for the sake of Him who left his heavenly home, and died for her and for you; for the sake of perishing immortal souls; for the sake of Zion, and the glory of God? Can you consent to all this, in hope of soon meeting your daughter in the world of glory, with a crown of righteousness, brightened by the acclamations of praise which shall redound to her Saviour from heathens saved, through her means, from eternal wo and despair?"

Miss Hasseltine and Mr. Judson were married at Bradford. January 5, 1812.

*From her leaving America to her settlement at Rangoon.*

On the 6th of February, 1812, Mr. Judson and Messrs. Samuel Newell, Samuel Nott, Gordon Hall, and Luther Rice, were ordained, as missionaries, in the Tabernacle church, in Salem.

On the 19th of February, Messrs. Judson and Newell, with their wives, sailed from Salem, in the brig Caravan, captain Heard, for Calcutta. Mr. Nott and his wife, and Messrs. Hall and Rice, sailed for the same port, on the 18th, from Philadelphia, in the ship Harmony, captain Brown.

Mrs. Judson wrote in her journal the following reflections on embarking for India:—

"Feb. 18. Took leave of my friends and native land, and embarked on board the brig Caravan, for India. Had so long anticipated the trying scene of parting, that I found it more tolerable than I had feared. Still my heart bleeds. O America, my native land, must I leave thee? Must I leave my parents, my sisters and brother, my friends beloved, and all the scenes of my early youth? Must I leave thee, Bradford, my dear native town, where I spent the pleasant years of childhood; where I learnt to lisp the name of my mother; where my infant mind first began to expand; where I entered the field of science; where I

learnt the endearments of friendship, and tasted of all the happiness this world can afford; where I learnt also to value a Saviour's blood, and to count all things but loss in comparison with the knowledge of him? Yes, I must leave you all for a heathen land, an uncongenial clime. Farewell, happy, happy scenes,—but never, no, never to be forgotten.”

She suffered, for a few days, from sea-sickness; but soon recovered. The voyage was rapid and pleasant. She and her companions employed their time principally in study and in devotion. On the sabbath days they held public worship in the cabin.

On the 18th of June, 1812, the missionaries landed at Calcutta, where they were met and welcomed to India by the venerable Dr. Carey. He immediately invited them to Serampore, to reside in the mission family, until the other missionaries in the Harmony should arrive.\*

They accordingly stayed one night in Calcutta, and the next morning they took a boat, and went up the river, fifteen miles, to Serampore. Here they were received with the utmost kindness by the mission family. Messrs. Carey, Marshman, and Ward, then resided there with their families. Dr. Carey was employed in translating the scripture; Dr. Marshman, his wife, and son, taught a male and female school; Mr. Ward superintended the extensive printing establishment.

Mrs. Judson, in a letter to her sister, dated at Serampore, says:—

“The third day after we came here, there was a celebration of the worship of Juggernaut. We went about ten in the morning. The immense multitude of natives assembled on the occasion, and the noise they made, answered to the account Buchanan gave. The idol was set on the top of a stone building. He is only a lump of wood, his face painted, with large black eyes, and a large red mouth. He was taken from his

\* The Harmony arrived six weeks after the Caravan.

temple, and water poured on him to bathe him. This is introductory to a more solemn act of worship, which will be performed a fortnight hence. After these poor deluded creatures had bathed their god, they proceeded to bathe themselves. Poor, miserable, deluded beings, they know not what they do. O Mary! the inhabitants of America know nothing of poverty, slavery, and wretchedness, compared with the natives of India. So very numerous, they cannot get employment; and when they do, they are treated by Europeans like beasts more than like men. Many of them die for the want of nourishment. Add to all this, they are ignorant of the only way of salvation. Who would not pity the poor heathen, and rejoice to contribute their mite to relieve some of their distresses!"

After they had been here about ten days, Messrs. Judson and Newell were summoned to Calcutta, and an order of the government was read to them, requiring them immediately to leave the country and return to America. The government of India, at that time, was opposed to missions. The motives we need not now examine. The charter of the East India company, which was renewed in 1813, was so amended in its passage through parliament, by the zealous exertions of Wilberforce, Smith, Thornton, Grant, Fuller, and other friends of Christ in Great Britain, as to secure toleration for missionary efforts. It is just to say, that since that time a great change of feeling has taken place among the officers of government and the European residents in India. Their fears concerning the effects of missionary operations have subsided, and many of them are disposed to favour and promote the missionary cause.

This order was a very alarming and distressing one. The thought of returning, without accomplishing, in any degree, their object, was insupportable. The instructions of the Board of Commissioners, when they left America, directed them to fix the seat of their

mission in the Burman empire, unless circumstances should render it inexpedient to attempt it. All the missionaries, however, thought it impracticable to establish a mission there. The despotic character of the government, and the failure of all previous attempts to introduce the gospel into that empire, induced them to renounce the idea of a Burman mission. Mrs. Newell, in her journal, July 16, 1812, says: "We cannot feel that we are called in Providence to go to Burmah. Every account we have from that savage, barbarous nation, confirms us in our opinion, that the way is not prepared for the spread of the gospel there." Mr. Nott, in a letter to a friend, said, "The Burman empire seems at present out of the question." They therefore petitioned for leave to go to the Isle of France, which was granted, and Mr. and Mrs. Newell sailed about the first of August: as the vessel could accommodate but two passengers, Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained at Calcutta two months longer. They were entertained with the most liberal hospitality at the house of Mr. Rolt, an English gentleman; and the treatment which they received from other christian friends was kind, and soothing to their feelings amidst their difficulties.

An event occurred at this time which it is necessary to mention. Mr. and Mrs. Judson, and Mr. Rice, whose minds were led, during the voyage from America, to a consideration of the subject of baptism, adopted Baptist principles, and were baptized in Calcutta. This change of opinion resulted in the establishment of the Burman mission.

The difficulties of their situation were greatly increased by their change of sentiments. Their connexion with the American Board of Commissioners they considered as dissolved. They could expect no further support from that board; and they could not be sure that their Baptist brethren would aid them. They could not stay in Hindostan, and yet they resolved to

devote themselves to missionary labours, if any position could be found where they might stay and toil. At one time they thought it expedient to attempt a mission in South America, and Mr. Judson commenced the study of the Portuguese language. Japan, Persia, Madagascar, and other countries, were thought of, as fields for missionary efforts. Mr. Judson had long regarded Burmah as the most desirable station; but it seemed inexpedient, at that time, to attempt to establish a mission there.

The Bengal government were offended by the stay of the missionaries at Calcutta, supposing probably that they intended to remain in Bengal. They accordingly issued a peremptory order, that they should be sent immediately on board of a vessel bound to England. But after much difficulty and considerable danger, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, and Mr. Rice, obtained a passage in a vessel bound to the Isle of France. After a long and rough passage, they arrived there, January 17, 1813. There they heard the melancholy news of the death of Mrs. Newell. We extract here from the journal of Mrs. Judson.

“Jan. 17. Have at last arrived in port; but, oh, what news! what distressing news! Harriet is dead. Harriet, my dear friend, my earliest associate in the mission, is no more. O death! thou destroyer of domestic felicity, could not this wide world afford victims sufficient to satisfy thy cravings, without entering the family of a solitary few, whose comfort and happiness depend much on the society of each other? Could not this infant mission be shielded from thy shafts? But thou hast only executed the commission of a higher power. Though thou hast come, clothed in thy usual garb, thou wast sent by a kind Father to release his child from toil and pain. Be still, then, my heart, and know that God has done it. Just and true are thy ways, O thou King of saints! Who would not fear thee? Who would not love thee?

“18. Brother Newell has just been on board. Poor, disconsolate, broken-hearted widower. He has borne his afflictions alone, without a single christian friend to comfort his heart. His feelings allow him to give us only a few broken hints of Harriet's death.

“Jan. 23. No prospect of remaining long on this island. It seems as if there was no resting-place for me on earth. O when will my wanderings terminate? When shall I find some little spot that I can call my home while in this world? Yet I rejoice in all thy dealings, O my heavenly Father; for thou dost support me under every trial, and enable me to lean on thee. Thou dost make me to feel the sweetness of deriving comfort from thee, when worldly comforts fail. Thou dost not suffer me to sink down in despondency, but enablest me to look forward with joy to a state of heavenly rest and happiness. There I shall have to wander no more, suffer no more; the face of Jesus will be unveiled, and I shall rest in the arms of love through all eternity.”

Soon after their arrival it was thought expedient that Mr. Rice should return to America, for the purpose of exciting the attention of the Baptist churches to support missions. He accordingly sailed for the United States in March, 1813. He was welcomed on his arrival with great affection, and was successful, in a very short time, in awakening such a spirit of missionary exertion in the Baptist churches, that a large number of missionary societies were formed in various parts of the country; and in April, 1814, the Baptist General Convention was formed in Philadelphia. One of the first acts of the Convention was to appoint Mr. and Mrs. Judson as their missionaries, leaving it to their discretion to select a field of labour. Mr. Rice, also, was appointed a missionary, but was requested to prosecute, for a while, his zealous and successful agency in forming auxiliary societies, and collecting funds.

After long deliberation as to the course which they



should pursue in their present embarrassing and unforeseen condition, Mr. and Mrs. Judson resolved to attempt a mission at Penang, or Prince of Wales's Island, situated on the coast of Malacca, and inhabited by Malays. As no passage to that island could be obtained from the Isle of France, they resolved to visit Madras, with the hope of obtaining a passage thence to Penang. They accordingly sailed in May, 1813. They had a pleasant passage.

They arrived at Madras in June. They were kindly received and entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Loveless, English missionaries stationed there, and by other friends of Christ in that city. But here they were disappointed. No passage for Penang could be procured. Fearful that the English government in Bengal would, on learning their arrival, send them to England, they resolved to take passage in a vessel bound to Rangoon. Accordingly, after a stay at Madras of a few days, they sailed for Rangoon. Thus, by a wonderful series of providential occurrences, they were impelled, contrary to their expectations and plans, to the Burman empire.

The passage to Rangoon was unpleasant and dangerous. The vessel was old, and was in imminent peril of shipwreck; but by the blessing of God the missionaries, in July, 1813, arrived safely at Rangoon, the place where their Saviour had designed they should labour for him many years, and where they were to be the instruments of gathering a little church of redeemed Burmans. They were guided hither by the special providence of God. No one, who reviews the series of occurrences from the time of their arrival in Calcutta, can doubt that God was preparing the way for establishing the Burman mission.

Rangoon is the principal seaport of the Burman empire. It is situated thirty miles from the sea, on the Rangoon river, one of the outlets of the Irrawaddy. It lies in sixteen degrees forty-seven minutes north

latitude, and ninety-six degrees nine minutes east longitude, and is six hundred and seventy miles south-east of Calcutta. The number of inhabitants, in 1813, was stated by Mr. Judson to be forty thousand. Some of the inhabitants were of Portuguese extraction, and had two or three churches and priests. The Armenians also had one church.

Several attempts had been made by English missionaries to establish a mission at Rangoon, but they had failed, and there was no missionary there when Mr. and Mrs. Judson arrived, except Mrs. Carey, the wife of Mr. Felix Carey, who had gone to Ava, by order of the king. Mr. Chater, one of the missionaries, had built a mission house where Mrs. Carey resided, and which Mr. and Mrs. Judson occupied on their arrival. It was in a pleasant rural spot, half a mile from the walls of the town. The house was built of teak wood, and was large and convenient for that climate, though the inside was unfinished, and the beams and joists were bare. Connected with it were gardens enclosed, containing about two acres of ground, and full of fruit-trees of various kinds.

In this quiet spot Mr. and Mrs. Judson found a home, and felt that at last they had reached a place where they could labour for the Saviour. But their situation here was, as might be expected, attended with many trials. Mrs. Judson, in a letter to her parents, dated July 30, 1813, says:—

“We felt very gloomy and dejected the first night we arrived, in view of our prospects; but we were enabled to lean on God, and to feel that he was able to support us under the most discouraging circumstances. The next morning after our arrival I prepared to go on shore, but hardly knew how I should get to Mr. Carey’s house, as there was no method of conveyance, except a horse, while I was unable to ride. It was, however, concluded that I should be carried in

an arm chair; consequently, when I landed, one was provided, through which were put two bamboos, and four of the natives took me on their shoulders. When they had carried me a little way into the town, they set me down under a shade, when great numbers of the natives gathered around, as they had seldom seen an English female. Being sick and weak, I held my head down, which induced many of the native females to come very near and look under my bonnet. At this I looked up and smiled, at which they set up a loud laugh. They again took me up to carry, and the multitude of natives gave a shout, which much diverted us. They next carried me to a place they call the custom-house. It was a small open shed, in which were seated, on mats, several natives, who were the custom-house officers. After searching Mr. Judson very closely, they asked liberty for a native female to search me, to which I readily consented. I was then brought to the mission house, where I have entirely recovered my health."

Mrs. Judson felt very happy that she was, at last, in a situation where she might do something for the benefit of the heathen. She remembered her friends and her father's house with strong feelings, but she did not wish to leave her duties and return. She says, in her journal, about two months after her arrival in Rangoon:—

"Sept. 5. I do feel thankful that God has brought me to this heathen land, and placed me in a situation peculiarly calculated to make me feel my dependence on him, and my constant need of the influences of the Holy Spirit. I enjoy more in reading the scriptures, and in secret prayer, than for years before; and the prosperity of this mission, and the conversion of this people, lie with weight on my mind, and draw forth my heart in constant intercession. And I do confidently believe, that God will visit this land with gospel

light; that these idol temples will be demolished, and temples for the worship of the living God be erected in their stead."

"Sept. 25. I feel composed and tranquil this evening, and desire to be truly thankful that we have closed another week in circumstances so comfortable, and are brought once more to the confines of holy time. I desire also to be truly thankful for the sweetness I have enjoyed in Divine things throughout the week. We have been reading, at our daily worship, the several last chapters of John, and the beginning of Acts; and I think we never enjoyed so much in reading the scriptures together, and in conversing on the sufferings and death of Christ, his instructions to the disciples as he led them through those amazing scenes, and the first formation of the christian church. I never entered so much into the feelings of the disciples, when receiving his last instructions; when deserting him through fear; when following him to the cross; when consigning him to the tomb. And I could almost participate in their joy, when they saw him risen from the dead; when he appeared in the midst of them, telling them he had all power in heaven and earth. The disciples had seen one of the darkest times the church ever realized. They were ready to give up all for lost. But light arose out of the darkness of the tomb. They felt that Jesus was indeed the Christ, the Son of God. And no longer afraid of the face of man, they announced themselves the followers of Jesus, and declared to the whole world the wonders of his dying love. How full of instruction and consolation is thy word, O blessed Jesus! How able to make the simple wise! Let the whole world hear the story of thy dying love. Let heathen nations know that thou didst dwell in flesh, and die for sinners, and art able and mighty to save.

"Oct. 8. To-day I have been into the town, and I was surprised at the multitude of people with which

the streets and bazars are filled. Their countenances are intelligent, and they appear to be capable, under the influence of the gospel, of becoming a valuable and respectable people. But at present their situation is truly deplorable, for they are given to every sin. Lying is so common and universal among them, that they say, "We cannot live without telling lies." They believe the most absurd notions imaginable. My teacher told me the other day, that when he died he would go to my country. I shook my head, and told him he would not; but he laughed, and said he would. I did not understand the language sufficiently to tell him where he would go, or how he could be saved. O thou Light of the world, dissipate the thick darkness which covers Burmah, and let thy light arise and shine. O display thy grace and power among the Burmans; subdue them to thyself, and make them thy chosen people."

Before Mr. and Mrs. Judson could hold intercourse with the natives, they were of course obliged to learn the language. They hired a teacher, an able and intelligent man. But as he did not understand English, their only method, at first, of acquiring information concerning the language, was to point to various objects, the names of which the teacher pronounced in Burman. Thus they gradually obtained some knowledge of its vocabulary and its structure; but without a grammar or a dictionary, and with so little aid from their teacher, their progress was slow and discouraging. But they prosecuted their studies cheerfully, animated by the prospect of being able, at no distant period, to communicate to these idolatrous Burmans, in their own language, the tidings of salvation through a crucified Redeemer.

Mrs. Judson describes thus her first visit to the wife of the viceroy of Rangoon:—

"I was introduced to her by a French lady, who has frequently visited her. When we first arrived at

the government house, she was not up, consequently we had to wait some time. But the inferior wives of the viceroy diverted us much by their curiosity, in minutely examining every thing we had on, and by trying on our gloves, bonnets, &c. At last her highness made her appearance, dressed richly in the Burman fashion, with a long silver pipe in her mouth, smoking. At her appearance, all the other wives took their seats at a respectful distance, and sat in a crouching posture, without speaking. She received me very politely, took me by the hand, seated me upon a mat, and herself by me. She excused herself for not coming in sooner, saying she was unwell. One of the women brought her a bunch of flowers, of which she took several, and ornamented my cap. She was very inquisitive whether I had a husband and children, whether I was my husband's first wife; meaning by this, whether I was the highest among them, supposing that Mr. Judson, like the Burmans, had many wives; and whether I intended tarrying long in the country.

"When the viceroy came in, I really trembled; for I never before beheld such a savage looking creature. His long robe, and enormous spear, not a little increased my dread. He spoke to me, however, very condescendingly, and asked if I would drink some rum or wine. When I arose to go, her highness again took my hand, told me she was happy to see me, that I must come to see her every day. She led me to the door; I made my salam, and departed. My object in visiting her was, that if we should get into any difficulty with the Burmans, I could have access to her, when perhaps it would not be possible for Mr. Judson to have an audience with the viceroy."

They were soon convinced of the wretched and unsettled state of the country. Several robberies happened near them; and the governor of a neighbouring province was assassinated in open day. The assassin

was put to death in a cruel manner, having most of his bones broken, and being left to languish in the prison five or six days in this dreadful situation.

In August, Mr. Carey, his wife, and children, embarked in a brig for Ava, having his furniture, medicine, wearing apparel, &c. on board. The brig upset in the river, and Mrs. Carey, two children, all the women servants, and some of the men servants who could not swim, were drowned. Mr. Carey endeavoured to save his little boy, three years old, but finding himself sinking, he was obliged to abandon the child.

Mr. Judson and his wife were thus left without any christian friends; but they proceeded diligently in their studies, enjoying the presence of God, and feeling an unceasing persuasion that they were in the path of duty. Mrs. Judson wrote thus to a friend:—

“As it respects ourselves, we are busily employed all day long. I can assure you that we find much pleasure in our employment. Could you look into a large open room, which we call a verandah, you would see Mr. Judson bent over his table, covered with Burman books, with his teacher at his side, a venerable looking man in his sixtieth year, with a cloth wrapped round his middle, and a handkerchief round his head. They talk and chatter all day long, with hardly any cessation.

“My mornings are busily employed in giving directions to the servants, providing food for the family, &c. At ten my teacher comes, when, were you present, you might see me in an inner room, at one side of my study table, and my teacher the other, reading Burman, writing, talking, &c. I have many more interruptions than Mr. Judson, as I have the entire management of the family. This I took upon myself, for the sake of Mr. Judson’s attending more closely to the study of the language; yet I have found, by a year’s experience, that it was the most direct way I could

have taken to acquire the language; as I am frequently obliged to speak Burman all day. I can talk and understand others better than Mr. Judson, though he knows more about the nature and construction of the language.

"A new viceroy has lately arrived, who is much beloved and respected by the people. He visited us soon after his arrival, and told us that we must come to the government house very often. We have been once or twice since, and were treated with much more familiarity and respect than are natives of the country.

"We often converse with our teachers and servants on the subject of coming to this country, and tell them if they die in their present state, they will surely be lost. But they say, 'Our religion is good for us, yours for you.' But we are far from being discouraged. We are sensible that the hearts of the heathen, as well as those of christians, are in the hands of God, and in his own time he will turn them unto him."

"We have no society, no dear christian friends, and with the exception of two or three sea-captains, who now and then call on us, we never see a European face. When we feel a disposition to sigh for the enjoyments of our native country, we turn our eyes on the miserable objects around. We behold some of them labouring hard for a scanty subsistence, oppressed by an avaricious government, which is ever ready to seize what industry has hardly earned. We behold others sick and diseased, daily begging their few grains of rice, which, when obtained, are scarcely sufficient to protract their wretched existence, and with no other habitation to cover them from the burning sun or chilly rains, than that which a small piece of cloth raised on four bamboos, under the shade of a tree, can afford. While we behold these scenes, we feel that we have all the comforts, and, in comparison, even the luxuries of life. We feel that our temporal cup of blessings is full and runneth over. But is our temporal lot so much



superior to theirs? O how infinitely superior are our spiritual blessings! While they vainly imagine to purchase promotion in another state of existence, by strictly worshipping their idols and building their pagodas, our hopes of future happiness are fixed on the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world. When we have a realizing sense of these things, we forget our native country and former enjoyments, feel contented and happy with our lot, with but one wish remaining, that of being instrumental of leading these Burmans to partake of the same source of happiness with ourselves.

“Our progress in the language is slow, as it is peculiarly hard of acquisition. We can, however, read, write, and converse with tolerable ease; and frequently spend whole evenings very pleasantly in conversing with our Burman friends. We have been very fortunate in procuring good instructors. Mr. Judson’s teacher is a very learned man, was formerly a priest, and resided at court. He has a thorough knowledge of the grammatical construction of the language; likewise of the Pali, the learned language of the Burmans.”

After the first six months of their residence in Rangoon, Mrs. Judson’s health began to decline, and as there was no medical aid in the country, she felt the necessity of going to some foreign port for its restoration. Such was the state of the mission, that she could not consent that Mr. Judson should accompany her. She therefore determined to embark alone for Madras. Before she left, she went with her husband to the viceroy, to obtain liberty to take a Burman woman with her, which is not often allowed, as it is against the law of Burmah for females to leave the country. They took a present with them agreeably to the custom when a favour is to be asked, which, when the viceroy saw, he inquired if they had any business. Upon learning what they wanted, he gave the permis-

sion she asked at once, and refused to accept their present.

Mrs. Judson sailed in January, 1814, and returned to Rangoon the April following. Everywhere she met with kindness. The captain of the vessel in which she embarked would receive nothing for her passage, although he had provided every thing necessary for one in ill health. At Madras she resided at the house of Mr. Loveless, where every kind attention was paid her. When about leaving there, she sent seventy rupees (seven pounds) to the physician who had attended her; but this was immediately returned, with a message that he was happy if he had been serviceable to her, and a refusal to receive any compensation.

During her absence, Mr. Judson had no christian with whom he could converse or unite in prayer. He however pursued his great object, the acquiring of the language; and, during this interval, was much encouraged by accounts from America of the rapid increase of a missionary spirit.

He thus expresses his feelings on receiving a copy of the proceedings of the Baptist General Convention in the United States, and letters from the Secretary of their Board of Foreign Missions:—

“These accounts from my dear native land were so interesting as to banish from my mind all thoughts of study. This general movement among the Baptist churches in America is particularly encouraging, as it affords an additional indication of God’s merciful designs in favour of the poor heathen. It unites with all the Bible Societies in Europe and America, during the last twenty years, in furnishing abundant reason to hope, that the dreadful darkness which has so long enveloped the earth, is about to flee away before the rising sun. Do not the successes which have crowned some missionary exertions, seem like the dawn of morning on the east? O that this region of Egyptian darkness may ere long participate in the vivifying beams of light!”

On the 11th of September, 1815, Mrs. Judson became the mother of a boy, whom the parents named "Roger Williams," and who was, while he lived, a great comfort to them in their lonely situation. Their little son died at the age of about eight months. His mother gave the following account of him, and of his death, in a letter to her parents:—

"He was a remarkably pleasant child; never cried, except when in pain; and, what we often observed to each other was most singular, he never, during his little existence, manifested the least anger or resentment at any thing. This was not owing to the want of intellect; for his tender feelings of sensibility were very conspicuous. Whenever I or his father passed his cradle without taking him, he would follow us with his eyes to the door, when they would fill with tears, his countenance so expressive of grief, though perfectly silent, that it would force us back to him, which would cause his little heart to be as joyful as it had been before sorrowful. He would lie hours on a mat by his papa's study-table, or by the side of his chair on the floor, if he could only see his face. When we had finished our study, or the business of the day, it was our exercise and amusement to carry him round the house or garden; and though we were alone, we felt not our solitude when he was with us. For two months before he died I observed, with much anxiety, that he had violent fits of perspiration every night, and a slight degree of fever. But as he appeared well through the day, and had a good appetite for his food, and continued to grow fleshy, I strongly hoped it would wear off, and terminate in the cutting of his teeth. But, alas! all our hopes were blasted. Tuesday morning, when I took him from his cradle, he appeared as well as usual; but not long after he was taken with a violent coughing, which continued without cessation for half an hour. This brought on a fever, which continued strong through the day and night; but Wednesday

morning it abated, and he slept quietly through the day, and took his food with as good an appetite as usual. Thursday his cough returned, and with it the fever, which again much alarmed us, and we sent for a Portuguese priest, (the only person who knows any thing about medicine in the place,) who gave him a little rhubarb and Gascoign powder. But nothing appeared to affect the distress in his throat, which was the cause of his coughing, and made him breathe so hard, that every breath could be heard some way off. Friday night, I sat by him till two o'clock, when, being much fatigued, I retired, and Mr. Judson took him. The little creature drank his milk with much eagerness, (he was weaned,) and Mr. Judson thought he was refreshed, and would go to sleep. He laid him in his cradle; he slept with ease for half an hour, when his breath stopped without a struggle, and he was gone! Thus died our little Roger.

‘Short pain, short grief, dear babe, was thine,—  
Now, joys eternal and divine.’

We buried him in the afternoon of the same day, in a little enclosure the other side of the garden. Forty or fifty Burmans and Portuguese followed, with his afflicted parents, the last remains to the silent grave. All the Burmans who were acquainted with us, endeavoured to sympathize with us, and console us under our loss. Our little Roger was the only legitimate child of foreign parents in the place; consequently he was quite a curiosity to the Burmans. But what shall I say about the improvement we are to make of this heavy affliction? We do not feel a disposition to murmur, or to inquire of our Sovereign why he has done this. We wish rather to sit down submissively under the rod and bear the smart, till the end for which the affliction was sent shall be accomplished. Our hearts were bound up in this child; we felt he was our earthly all, our only source of innocent recreation in

this heathen land. But God saw it was necessary to remind us of our error, and to strip us of our little all. O may it not be in vain that he has done it. May we so improve it, that he will stay his hand, and say, "It is enough."

Some time after this, Mrs. Judson writes, respecting the prospect of the mission, as follows:—

"You doubtless are expecting to hear by this time of the Burmans inquiring what they must do to be saved, and rejoicing that we have come to tell them how they may escape eternal misery. Alas! you know not the difficulty of communicating the least truth to the dark mind of a heathen, particularly those heathen who have a conceited notion of their own wisdom and knowledge, and the superior excellence of their own religious system. Sometimes, when I have been conversing with some of the women, they have replied, 'Your religion is good for you, ours for us. You will be rewarded for your good deeds in your way, we in our way.' At other times, when Mr. Judson had been telling them of the atonement of Christ, they would reply, that their minds were stiff, that they did not yet believe, &c. But these things do not discourage us. We confidently believe that God, in his own time, will make his truth effectual unto salvation. We are endeavouring to convince the Burmans, by our conduct, that our religion is different from theirs; and I believe we have succeeded in gaining the confidence and respect of those with whom we have any concern, so that they tell others, who know us not, that they need not be afraid to trust us, for we do not know how to tell falsehoods as the Burmans do. We are very particular to pay, at the appointed time, for whatever we purchase. The Burmans are surprised to see us always employed, particularly me, as the Burman women never think of doing any work, if they can get their rice without.

"Our present teacher is a learned man for a Bur-

man; he was once a priest, and lived at the golden feet, as they call the city of Ava. He makes every exertion possible to please us, lest he, like his predecessors, should lose his place. He is the fourth we have had, and we give him only fifteen tickals a month, which is about seven dollars."

*"Rangoon, Dec. 8, 1815.*

"My dear sisters,—In regard to the language, which sister A. wishes 'to hear how it sounds,' we feel quite at home, and can converse with ease on common subjects. We find the subject of religion by far the most difficult, on account of the want of religious terms in their language. They have not the least idea of a God who is eternal, without beginning or end. All their deities have been through the several grades of creatures, from a fowl to a deity. When their deities 'take heaven,' as they express it, they cease to exist; which, according to their ideas, is the highest state of perfection. It is now two thousand years since Gaudama, their last deity, entered on his state of perfection; and though he now ceases to exist, they still worship a hair of his head, which is enshrined in an enormous pagoda, to which the Burmans go every eighth day. They know of no other atonement for sin, than offerings to their priests and their pagodas. You cannot imagine how very difficult it is to give them any idea of the true God, and the way of salvation by Christ, since their present ideas of deity are so very low.

"Mr. Judson has obtained a tolerable knowledge of the construction of the language, and only needs time and practice to make it perfectly familiar. I can read and write, but am far behind Mr. Judson in this part, though in conversation I am his equal. Doubtless you expect, by this time, that some of the Burmans have embraced the christian religion, or, at least, are seriously inquiring respecting it. Our hopes have frequently been raised by the serious and candid attention of some, but have as frequently sunk again by beholding

their almost total indifference. At one time our hopes were quite raised by the serious attention of the son of a governor, who came to us about a year, to learn English. He at times appeared solemn and inquisitive; but about six months ago his father lost his office; he of course lost his sense of dignity, mixed with his servants, and lost, we fear, most of his seriousness. He came here his last sabbath to bid us farewell, as his father was called up to Ava. I asked him if he had forgotten the instructions he had formerly received. He said he had not, and repeated to us what we had told him concerning the character of God and of Christ. We gave him a copy of Matthew's gospel, which has been printed, and which he gladly received, saying, not a day should pass without his reading it. Mr. Judson told him, every time he read he must ask God to give him light, and enable him to understand it."

The missionaries continued to study the language. They were not yet able to preach to the natives, but they conversed with some of them, and endeavoured to teach them the christian religion. But they saw no immediate effects of their labours. Mr. Judson's health became impaired by his close application to study, and he was about to sail for Bengal; but the vessel was detained, and he continued in Rangoon. His health was improved by exercise. During the period of his illness, while incapable of reading, from the weakness of his eyes, he employed himself in preparing a grammar of the language, for the benefit of future missionaries.

Mr. Hough and his wife arrived at Rangoon, in October, 1816, with a printing press, types, and other printing apparatus, a present from the missionaries at Serampore. Their arrival was a joyful event to Mr. and Mrs. Judson, who had been labouring, for three years, without being able to perceive that they were, the mean while, conferring any direct benefit on the

natives. They were, however, preparing themselves for usefulness. They had so far become familiar with the language, that they could converse with considerable facility, and Mr. Judson had prepared two tracts, which were printed by Mr. Hough soon after his arrival.

The prospects of the mission now became brighter. The language had been acquired by Mr. and Mrs. Judson; a grammar had been prepared; two tracts were printed, the one containing a view of the christian religion, of which one thousand copies were printed, and the other a catechism, of which three thousand copies were printed. An edition of eight hundred copies of the gospel by Matthew, translated by Mr. Judson, was commenced.

In March, 1817, they were visited by a man who seemed to feel some desire to learn the religion of Christ. This was the first individual on whom any impression seemed to have been made. He had read a copy of one of the printed tracts, and came to inquire for more knowledge. Mr. Judson gave him a part of the gospel by Matthew, which had been printed. In a letter dated March, 1817, he writes thus respecting this person :—

“As I was sitting with my teacher, as usual, a Burman of respectable appearance, and followed by a servant, came up the steps, and sat down by me. I asked him the usual question, ‘where he came from;’ to which he gave me no explicit reply; and I began to suspect that he had come from the government house, to enforce a trifling request, which in the morning we had declined. He soon, however, undeceived and astonished me by asking—

“‘How long a time will it take me to learn the religion of Jesus?’

“I replied, that such a question could not be answered. If God gave light and wisdom, the religion of Jesus was soon learnt; but without God, a man



might study all his life long, and make no proficiency. But how, continued I, came you to know any thing of Jesus? Have you been here before?

“‘No.’

“‘Have you seen any writings concerning Jesus?’

“‘I have seen two little books.’

“‘Who is Jesus?’

“‘He is the Son of God, who, pitying creatures, came into this world and suffered death in their stead.’

“‘Who is God?’

“‘He is a being without beginning or end, who is not subject to old age or death, but always is.’

“I cannot tell how I felt at this moment. This was the first acknowledgment of an eternal God that I had ever heard from the lips of a Burman. I handed him a tract and catechism, both of which he instantly recognized, and read here and there, making occasional remarks to his follower, such as, ‘This is the true God, this is the right way,’ &c. I now tried to tell him some things about God and Christ, and himself; but he did not listen with much attention, and seemed anxious only to get another book. I had already told him two or three times that I had finished no other book, but that in two or three months I would give him a larger one, which I was now daily employed in translating. ‘But,’ replied he, ‘have you not a little of that book done, which you will graciously give me now?’ And I, beginning to think that God’s time was better than man’s, folded and gave him the two first half sheets, which contain the first five chapters of Matthew; on which he instantly rose, as if his business was all done; and having received an invitation to come again, took leave. Throughout his short stay, he appeared different from any Burman I have met with. He asked no questions about customs and manners, with which the Burmans tease us exceedingly. He had no curiosity, and no desire for any thing, but ‘more of this sort of writing.’ In fine, his conduct

proved that he had something on his mind, and I cannot but hope that I shall have to write about him again.

“March 24. We have not yet seen our inquirer; but to-day we met with one of his acquaintances, who says that he reads our books all the day, and shows them to all who call upon him. We told him to ask his friend to come and see us again.”

Mrs. Judson formed a society of native females, who met on the sabbath, and with whom she prayed, and read the scriptures. No immediate effects, however, were produced.

The following letter describes some of the offerings made by the Burmans at their festivals, and also contains a description of the celebrated pagoda at Rangoon:—

“This is the season for the great feast of Gaudama. It commenced yesterday, and it is to continue for three days. It is observed all over the country; but I presume the multitude collected in this place is much greater than at any other, excepting Ava. Priests and people come in boats from a great distance, to worship at the pagoda in this place, which is supposed to contain a relic of Gaudama. The viceroy, on these days, goes out in all the pomp and splendour possible, dressed and ornamented with all his insignia of office, attended by the members of government and the common people. After kneeling and worshipping at the pagoda, they generally spend the day in amusements, such as boxing, dancing, singing, theatrical exhibitions, and fireworks. Most of the older people spend the night at the pagoda, and listen to the instructions of the priests.

“Great and expensive offerings are made at this season. One, last year, presented by a member of government, cost three thousand tickals, or twelve hundred dollars. It was a kind of portable pagoda, made of bamboo and paper, richly ornamented with gold

leaf and paintings. It was a hundred feet in height, and the circumference of its base about fifty. Half way up its height, was a man ludicrously dressed, with a mask on his face, white wings on his shoulders, and artificial finger nails, two inches in length, in the posture of dancing. This offering was carried by sixty men, preceded by a band of music, and followed by the officer who made it and his suite. Other offerings presented at this festival, are various kinds of artificial trees, the branches and twigs of which are filled with cups, bowls, handkerchiefs, and garments of all descriptions; these are given to the slaves attached to the pagoda, who, the week following, have something like a fair to dispose of their offerings.

"The pagoda to which such multitudes resort, is one of the largest and most splendid in the empire.\* After having ascended a flight of steps, a large gate opens, when a wild, fairy scene is abruptly presented to view. It resembles more the descriptions we sometimes have in novels, of enchanted castles, than any thing we ever meet in real life. The ground is completely covered with a variety of ludicrous objects, which meet the eye in every direction, interspersed with the banyan, cocoa-nut, and toddy trees. Here and there are large open buildings, containing huge images of Gaudama; some in a sitting, some in a sleeping position, surrounded by images of priests and attendants, in the act of worship, or listening to his instructions. Before the image of Gaudama, are erected small altars, on which offerings of fruit, flowers, &c. are laid. Large images of elephants, lions, angels, and demons, together with a number of indescribable objects, all assist in filling the picturesque scene.

\* In 1824, this pagoda was occupied by the English troops as a fortress, and was defended by a small force against the attacks of a large Burman army who made several assaults upon it, but who were at last obliged to retire, with the loss of great numbers of men.

“The ground on which this pagoda is situated, commands a view of the surrounding country, which presents one of the most beautiful landscapes in nature. The polished spires of the pagodas, glistening among the trees at a distance, appear like the steeples of meeting houses in our American sea-ports. The verdant appearance of the country, the hills and valleys, ponds and rivers, the banks of which are covered with cattle, and fields of rice; each, in their turn, attract the eye, and cause the beholder to exclaim, ‘Was this delightful country made to be the residence of idolaters? Are those glittering spires, which, in consequence of association of ideas, recal to mind so many animating sensations, but the monuments of idolaters?’ O my friend! scenes like these, productive of feelings so various and opposite, do, notwithstanding, fire the soul with an unconquerable desire to make an effort to rescue this people from destruction, and lead them to the Rock that is higher than they.”

In December, 1817, Mr. Judson left Rangoon on a visit to Chittagong, in Arracan, for the purpose of benefiting his health, and of procuring one of the native christians, residing there, who spoke the Burman language, to assist him in his first public attempts to preach the gospel. He designed to be absent but three months; but the vessel was detained by contrary winds, and becoming unmanageable in the difficult navigation along the coast, her direction was changed for Madras, and Mr. Judson had the unspeakable anguish of being borne away from the scene of his missionary labours, to a distant part of India, which he had no wish to visit. The vessel was unable to reach Madras, and Mr. Judson was carried to a place three hundred miles from that city, to which he was obliged to travel by land. Here he endeavoured to obtain a passage to Rangoon, but was unsuccessful; and he was detained at Madras till July 20th, 1818, when he sailed for Rangoon in an English ship.

About a month after Mr. Judson had left Rangoon,

the Burman who has been mentioned as the first serious inquirer, called at the mission house. Nearly a year had elapsed since he had, with much apparent anxiety, asked, "how long a time it would take to learn the religion of Jesus." But little had been heard of him from that time, as he was appointed to an office at a considerable distance, and he had visited Rangoon but once, and was obliged, by order of the viceroy, to return immediately. Mrs. Judson asked him "if he had become a disciple of Christ?" He replied "he had not yet," but that he was thinking and reading in order to become one. He said "he could not destroy his old mind;" that when he saw a handsome article of dress he still wanted it, "but tell the great teacher (Mr. J.) when he returns, that I wish to see him, although I am not a disciple of Christ." Mrs. Judson gave him the rest of Matthew's gospel, and a catechism and tracts prepared by her husband.

During his absence very alarming incidents occurred at Rangoon, which threatened, for a while, to destroy the mission, an account of which Mrs. Judson gives as follows:—

"Mr. Hough received an order, couched in the most menacing language, to appear immediately at the court-house, to give an account of himself. This, so unlike any message we had ever before received from government, spread consternation and alarm among our teachers, domestics, and adherents, some of whom followed Mr. Hough at a distance, and heard the appalling words, from some of the petty officers, that a royal order had arrived for the banishment of all foreign teachers. As it was late when Mr. Hough arrived at the court-house, he was merely ordered to give security for his appearance at an early hour on the approaching day, when, to use their own unfeeling language, 'If he did not tell all the truth relative to his situation in the country, they would write with his heart's blood.'

"The following days, Friday and Saturday, Mr.

Hough was detained at the court-house, and under the necessity of answering, through an interpreter, the most trivial questions; such as, what were the names of his parents, how many suits of clothes he had, &c.; all which were written down in the most formal manner imaginable. The court would not allow his retiring for any refreshment; and this, together with several other petty grievances, convinced us that it was their object to harass and distress us as much as possible, feeling safe in the idea that circumstances were such that we could not appeal to the viceroy."

The object of the Burman officers was to extort money from Mr. Hough. An order had been received from the king, that the Portuguese priests, three in number, should leave the country. To ascertain who they were, the viceroy had issued an order that all the foreign priests should appear at the court-house, not intending that any but the Portuguese should be examined, further than to ascertain that they were not Portuguese. Mr. Hough and Mrs. Judson resolved to appeal to the viceroy, and Mrs. Judson's teacher drew up a petition, which she herself presented, with some of the feelings and of the intrepidity of Esther. The viceroy immediately commanded that Mr. Hough should receive no further molestation.

About this time that dreadful disorder, the cholera morbus, began to rage among the natives. It was in the hottest season of the year, and Rangoon was soon filled with consternation. The natives attributed the disease to evil spirits, who were traversing the streets; and they endeavoured to expel them by making a noise. Cannons were accordingly fired, and every one began beating his house with clubs and other instruments of uproar. But the disease continued to make frightful ravages. By the blessing of God, however, not a single individual on the mission premises died.

There was at this time, also, a report of war between England and Burmah, and the English vessels were

hastening to depart. Six months had now elapsed since Mr. Judson had been heard from. It was thought necessary that the missionaries should leave the station. Mr. and Mrs. Hough and Mrs. Judson engaged a passage to Bengal, and had actually embarked. But the vessel being detained, Mrs. Judson resolved to return, and remain at Rangoon alone, and confront all the perils which might beset her, although it was entirely uncertain whether her husband was yet alive. The event justified her courage, and rewarded her constancy.

In a few days Mr. Judson returned to Rangoon, and the apprehensions of his wife were happily dispelled. The vessel in which Mr. and Mrs. Hough had taken passage was detained several weeks; but they finally sailed for Bengal, carrying with them the press and other printing apparatus.

In April, 1818, Messrs. Colman and Wheelock, with their wives, arrived at Calcutta, from Boston, after a pleasant voyage, during which their prayers and zealous instructions were made instrumental, by the Holy Spirit, in the conversion of several of the seamen. They sailed from Calcutta, August 19, for Rangoon, where they arrived September 19, a few weeks after the return of Mr. Judson. Thus did the clouds which had recently hung over the mission disperse, and the missionaries felt the truth and beauty of the sentiment:—

“ The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night;  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.”

The mission had now been established several years, and something had been done, by private conversation and through the press, to convey the knowledge of salvation to the natives. But it was thought that the time had arrived for more public and enlarged efforts. Mr. Judson was sufficiently master of the language to

preach publicly. Tracts and portions of the scriptures were ready to be placed in the hands of inquirers. It was, therefore, resolved to erect a small building, (called a zayat,) adjoining the mission premises, near a great road leading to one of the principal pagodas, and consequently much thronged. Here it was designed to preach the gospel, and to converse with any person who might choose to visit it. This was a hazardous attempt. The missionaries had remained unmolested, because they lived retired, and had been able to obtain the favour of the viceroy. But a public attempt to preach the gospel, and to convert the natives to christianity, was likely to attract the attention and displeasure of the government. It was well known, that a renunciation of the established religion would be punished with death. But the missionaries resolved to make the attempt, and trust in the Lord for protection.

Messrs. Colman and Wheelock immediately commenced the study of the language; but their health was so impaired, particularly that of Mr. Wheelock, that their progress was slow and limited.

In April, 1819, the zayat was opened, and a new era in the mission commenced. Here Mr. Judson preached on the sabbath, and on other days conversed with such of the natives as were disposed to attend. A school was kept in a part of the building. Mrs. Judson thus describes the zayat, and the method of conducting the school.

“The zayat is situated thirty or forty rods from the mission-house, and in dimensions twenty-seven by eighteen feet. It is raised four feet from the ground, and is divided into three parts. The first division is laid entirely open to the road, without doors, windows or a partition in the front side, and takes up a third part of the whole building. It is made of bamboo and thatch, and is the place where Mr. Judson sits all the day long, and says to the passers by, ‘Ho! every one



that thirsteth,' &c. The next, and middle division, is a large airy room, with four doors and four windows, opening in opposite directions; made entirely of boards, and is whitewashed, to distinguish it from the other zayats around us.

"In this room we have public worship, in Burman, on the sabbath; and in the middle of which I am now situated at my writing table, while six of the male scholars are at one end, each with his torch and black board, over which he is industriously bending, and emitting the curious sounds of the language. The third and last division is only an entry way, which opens into the garden leading to the mission-house.

"In this apartment all the women are seated, with their lights and black boards, much in the same position and employment as the men. The black board, on which all the Burmans learn to read and write, answers the same purpose as our slates. They are about a yard in length, made black with charcoal and the juice of a leaf; and letters are clearly imprinted with a species of white stone, a little similar to our slate pencils. A lesson is written out on this board by an instructor; and when the scholar is perfect master of it, it is erased, and a new one written."

Mrs. Judson studied the Siamese language, and, with the assistance of a teacher, translated the Burman catechism, tract, and the gospel of Matthew into that language. Several thousands of Siamese lived in Rangoon. Under date of April 29, 1819, she writes,—  
"Relative to the mission, it is gaining ground slowly, but I hope surely. We have a place erected for public worship, where Mr. Judson and myself spend the day in conversing with all who call; he with the men, I with the women. On the sabbath we have regular public worship in the Burman language. The building is situated on one of the public roads, which, on account of its being lined on both sides with pagodas, is called Pagoda road.

"This last week has been a very interesting one to us, on account of having had several very hopeful inquirers, who really appeared to be a prepared people for the Lord. I have a meeting every Wednesday evening with the females, many of whom appear attentive and inquisitive."

"The 30th of April, 1819, is a memorable day in the history of this mission. On that day Moun<sup>g</sup> Nau,\* the first convert, made his first visit to the zayat. He was then silent and reserved, and excited little attention or hope. But the next day, and on several succeeding days, he repeated his visit. He soon gave conclusive evidence that God had indeed changed his heart, and made him a believer in Christ. Mr. Judson then notices some of the events in his journal.

"May 6. Moun<sup>g</sup> Nau was again with me a great part of the day. He appears to be slowly growing in religious knowledge, and manifests a teachable, humble spirit, ready to believe all that Christ has said, and obey all that he has commanded. He is thirty-five years old, no family, middling abilities, quite poor, obliged to work for his living, and therefore his coming day after day to hear the truth, affords stronger evidence that it has taken hold of his mind. May the Lord graciously lead his dark mind into all the truth, and cause him to cleave inviolably to the blessed Saviour.

"8. Burman day of worship. Thronged with visitors through the day. Had more or less company, without intermission, for about eight hours. Several heard much of the gospel, and engaged to come again. Moun<sup>g</sup> Nau was with me a great part of the day, and assisted me much in explaining things to new comers.

\* The Burmans use a number of titles, like our Mr., Miss, and Mrs., to designate individuals, with reference to their age: "Moun<sup>g</sup>," denotes a young man; "Oo," an old man; "Mee," a girl; "Mah," a young woman; "May," an old woman.

Towards night a man came in, by name of Mounng Shwa Oo, whom I think it time to mention particularly; as he has visited me several times, and though, like Mounng Nau, apparently backward at first, he appears to be really thoughtful. He is a young man of twenty-seven, of very pleasant exterior, and evidently in good circumstances.

"May 9. Lord's day. Mounng Shwa Oo came in the morning, and stayed through the whole day. Only two or three of all I conversed with yesterday came again: had, however, an assembly of thirty. After worship some warm disputation. I began to feel that the Burmans cannot stand before the truth. In the course of conversation, Mounng Nau declared himself a disciple of Christ, in presence of a considerable number; and even Mounng Shwa Oo appeared to incline the same way.

"11. Had more or less company from morning till night. Among the rest, Mounng Shwa Oo, and two or three others, who appear to be pretty well satisfied that the boodhist religion has no foundation. Conversation was very animated, and somewhat encouraging; but I wanted to see more seriousness, and more anxiety to be saved from sin.

"Heard much to-day of the danger of introducing a new religion. All agreed in opinion that the king would cut off those who embraced it, being a king who could not bear that his subjects should differ in sentiment from himself, and who has for a long time persecuted the priests of the established religion of the empire, because they would not sanction all his innovations. Those who seemed most favourably disposed, whispered me, that I had better not stay in Rangoon and talk to common people, but go directly to the 'lord\* of life and death.' If he approved of the reli-

\* The king is called the "lord of life and death," "owner of the sword," &c. and has many similar names expressive of his despotic power.

gion, it would spread rapidly; but, in the present state of things, nobody would dare to prosecute their inquiries, with the fear of the king before their eyes. I tried to set them right in some points, and encouraged them to trust in the care of an almighty Saviour; but they speak low, and look around fearfully, when they mention the name of the 'owner of the sword.'"

Many visitors attended at the *zayat*, and a number of individuals appeared to be affected by the truths of the gospel.

The hearts of the missionaries were filled with gratitude and joy at this manifestation of the grace of God towards the Burmans.

"June 6. Lord's day. After partaking of the Lord's supper in the evening, we read and considered the following letter of Mounng Nau, which he wrote of his own accord.

*"Letter of Mounng Nau to the missionaries.*

"I, Mounng Nau, the constant recipient of your excellent favour, approach your feet. Whereas my masters three have come to the country of Burmah, not for the purpose of trade, but to preach the religion of Jesus Christ, the Son of the eternal God, I, having heard and understood, am with a joyful mind filled with love.

"I believe that the Divine Son, Jesus Christ, suffered death in the place of men, to atone for their sins. Like a heavy laden man, I feel my sins are very many. The punishment of my sins I deserve to suffer. Since it is so, do you, sirs, consider that I, taking refuge in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ, and receiving baptism, in order to become his disciple, shall dwell one with yourselves, a band of brothers, in the happiness of heaven, and therefore grant me the ordinance of baptism. It is through the grace of Jesus Christ that you, sirs, have come by ship from one country and

continent to another, and that we have met together. I pray my masters three, that a suitable day may be appointed, and that I may receive the ordinance of baptism.

“Moreover, as it is only since I have met with you, sirs, that I have known about the eternal God, I venture to pray that you will still unfold to me the religion of God, that my old disposition may be destroyed, and my new disposition improved.”

“We have all, for some time, been satisfied concerning the reality of his religion, and therefore voted to receive him into church fellowship, on his being baptized, and proposed next Sunday for administering the ordinance.”

On the 27th of June, 1819, Moungh Nau was baptized, the first baptism which ever occurred in the Burman empire. It was a day of unutterable joy to the missionaries, who had so long been “going forth weeping, bearing precious seed.”

“June 27. Lord’s day. There were several strangers present at worship. After the usual course, I called Moungh Nau before me, read and commented on an appropriate portion of scripture, asked him several questions concerning his faith, hope, and love, and made the baptismal prayer; having concluded to have all the preparatory exercises done in the zayat. We then proceeded to a large pond in the vicinity, the bank of which is graced with an enormous image of Gaudama, and there administered baptism to the first Burman convert. O may it prove the beginning of a series of baptisms in the Burman empire, which shall continue in uninterrupted succession to the end of time!”

On the succeeding sabbath Mr. Judson says:—“We have had the pleasure of sitting down, for the first time, at the Lord’s table with a converted Burman; and it

was my privilege, a privilege to which I have been looking forward with desire many years, to administer the Lord's supper in two languages."

The power and grace of God thus displayed in the conversion of one Burman, the first who ever ventured publicly to profess the religion of Christ, afforded evidence of his approbation of the mission; and gave the most cheering encouragement to the missionaries. The new convert became a valuable assistant to Mr. Judson, and showed a strong desire to communicate to others the knowledge of that Saviour, who had become precious to his own heart. Mrs. Judson gives a most interesting account of him, in a letter dated the third of June.

"'In our religion,' said he, 'there is no way to escape the punishment due to sin; but according to the religion of Christ, he himself has died in order to deliver his disciples. I wish all the Burmans would become his disciples; then we should meet together as you do in your country; then we should all be happy together in heaven. How great are my thanks to Jesus Christ for sending teachers to this country! and how great are my thanks to the teachers for coming! Had they never come and built that zayat, I should never have heard of Christ and the true God. I mourn that so much of my life passed away before I heard of this religion. How much I have lost!'

It is peculiarly interesting to see with what eagerness he drinks in the truths from the scriptures. A few days ago I was reading with him Christ's sermon on the mount. He was deeply impressed, and unusually solemn. 'These words,' said he, 'take hold on my very heart; they make me tremble. Here God commands us to do every thing that is good in secret, not to be seen of men. How unlike our religion is this! When Burmans make offerings to the pagodas, they make a great noise with drums and musical instruments, that others may see how good they are. But this religion makes

the mind fear God ; it makes it of its own accord fear sin.' When I read this passage, ' Lay not up for yourselves treasures,' &c. he said, ' What words are these ! It does not mean that we shall take the silver and gold from this world and carry them to heaven ; but that by becoming the disciples of Jesus, we shall live in such a manner as to enjoy heaven when we die.' We have taken him into our employ for the present as a copyist, though our primary object was to have him near us, that we might have a better opportunity to know more of him before he received baptism, and of imparting to him more instruction than occasional visits could afford. Mornings and evenings he spends in reading the scriptures ; and when we all meet in the hall for family worship, he comes and sits with us ; though he cannot understand, he says he can think of God in his heart."

The operations of the mission proceeded, with many encouraging indications of Divine favour, and of the effect of truth on the minds of several of the Burmans. Moungh Thah-lah, Moungh E, Mah Baik, and others, appeared to be seriously intent on the salvation of their souls.

In July, Mr. Judson enlarged and revised the tract for a new edition, and added to it several prayers. Its title was, " A View of the Christian Religion, in four parts, Historical, Practical, Preceptive, and Devotional." It was sent to Serampore to Mr. Hough, and an edition of five thousand copies was printed.

Among other visitors at the zayat was a learned Burman, named Moungh Shwa-gnong : he was a man of talents, and disputed with Mr. Judson with great skill and earnestness. The grace of God changed his heart, and he at length became a firm believer, but his progress was slow ; and several others became trophies of the power of the gospel, before he was made willing to submit to its power.

Another Burman, Moungh Ing, became a sincere convert to the religion of Jesus. When Mr. Judson

stated to him the danger which would attend a profession of his belief in Christ, and asked him whether he loved the Saviour better than his own life, he replied, deliberately and solemnly, "When I meditate on this religion, I know not what it is to love my own life."

On the 7th of November, Moungh Thah-lah and Moungh Byau, who had furnished ample testimony of their true conversion, were baptized, and united to the little church.

In the mean time, Moungh Shwa-gnong had been accused to the government of a design to renounce the Burman religion. The viceroy did not then molest him, but an alarm was produced, and the zayat was deserted. The natives did not dare to visit it.

At this time the missionaries were strongly impressed with the idea that the approbation of the emperor must be obtained, or little hope could be entertained of any considerable success in preaching the gospel. Mr. Judson and Mr. Colman accordingly resolved to visit the emperor at the seat of government. They embarked in a boat on the 22d of December, 1819, and ascended the river Irrawaddy, taking with them, as a present to the emperor, a Bible, in six volumes, covered with gold leaf, in the Burman style, and each volume enclosed in a rich wrapper.

On the 25th of January, 1820, they arrived safely at Amarapura, at that time the capital of the empire, about 350 miles from Rangoon. It has since been forsaken, and the capital established at Ava, four miles below.

The missionaries visited several of the chief officers of government, and endeavoured, by presents, to secure their favour. They prepared a petition to the emperor, and were brought into his presence. The following extract is made from their account of this interview:—

"Jan. 27. We left the boat, and put ourselves under the conduct of Moungh Yo. He carried us first to Mya-daymen, as a matter of form; and there we



learnt that the emperor had been privately apprised of our arrival, and said, 'Let them be introduced.' We therefore proceeded to the palace. At the outer gate we were detained a long time, until the various officers were satisfied that we had a right to enter; after which we deposited a present for the private minister of state, Moungh Zah, and were ushered into his apartments in the palace yard. He received us very pleasantly, and ordered us to sit before several governors and petty kings, who were waiting at his levee. We here, for the first time, disclosed our character and object; told him that we were missionaries, or 'propagators of religion;' that we wished to appear before the emperor, and present our sacred books, accompanied with a petition. He took the petition into his hand, looking over about half of it, and then familiarly asking several questions about our God and our religion, to which we replied. Just at this crisis some one announced that the 'golden foot'\* was about to advance; on which the minister hastily rose up, and put on his robes of state, saying, that he must seize the moment to present us to the emperor. We now found that we had unwittingly fallen on an unpropitious time, it being the day of the celebration of the late victory over the Cassays, and the very hour when his majesty was coming forth to witness the display made on the occasion. When the minister was dressed, he just said, 'How can you propagate religion in this empire? But come along.' Our hearts sunk at these inauspicious words. He conducted us through various splendour and parade, until we ascended a flight of stairs, and entered a most magnificent hall. He directed us where to sit, and took his place on one side; the present was placed on the other, and Moungh Yo, and another officer of Mya-day-men, sat a little behind. The scene to which we were now introduced, really surpassed our expectation. The

\* One of the titles of the king.

spacious extent of the hall, the number and magnitude of the pillars, the height of the dome, the whole completely covered with gold, presented a most grand and imposing spectacle. Very few were present, and those evidently great officers of state. Our situation prevented us from seeing the farther avenue of the hall; but the end where we sat opened into the parade, which the emperor was about to inspect.

"We looked through the hall, as far as the pillars would allow, and presently caught sight of this modern Ahasuerus. He came forward unattended, in solitary grandeur, exhibiting the proud gait and majesty of an eastern monarch. His dress was rich, but not distinctive; and he carried in his hand the gold-sheathed sword, which seems to have taken the place of the sceptre of ancient times. But it was his high aspect and commanding eye that chiefly rivetted our attention. He strided on. Every head, excepting ours, was now in the dust. We remained kneeling, our hands folded, our eyes fixed on the monarch. When he drew near, we caught his attention. He stopped, partly turned towards us—'Who are these?' 'The teachers, great king,' I replied. 'What, you speak Burman?—the priests that I heard of last night?' 'When did you arrive?' 'Are you teachers of religion?' 'Are you like the Portuguese priests?' 'Are you married?' 'Why do you dress so?' These, and some other similar questions, we answered; when he appeared to be pleased with us, and sat down on an elevated seat, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and his eyes intently fixed on us. Moungh Zah, the chief officer of the king, now read the petition, in which the missionaries had respectfully asked liberty to teach their religion without any hinderance from the government.

"The emperor heard it, and stretched out his hand. Moungh Zah crawled forward and presented it. His majesty began at the top, and deliberately read it through,

In the mean time, I gave Moungh Zah an abridged copy of the tract, in which every offensive sentence was corrected, and the whole put into the handsomest style and dress possible. After the emperor had perused the petition, he handed it back without saying a word, and took the tract. Our hearts now rose to God for a display of his grace. 'O, have mercy on Burmah! Have mercy on her king!' But, alas! the time was not yet come. He held the tract long enough to read the two first sentences, which assert that there is one eternal God, who is independent of the incidents of mortality, and that, besides him, there is no God; and then with an air of indifference, perhaps disdain, he dashed it down to the ground! Moungh Zah stooped forward, picked it up, and handed it to us. Moungh Yo made a slight attempt to save us, by unfolding one of the volumes which composed our present, and displaying its beauty; but his majesty took no notice. Our fate was decided. After a few moments, Moungh Zah interpreted his royal master's will, in the following terms: 'In regard to the objects of your petition, his majesty gives no order. In regard to your sacred books, his majesty has no use for them: take them away.'

"Something was now said about brother Colman's skill in medicine; upon which the emperor once more opened his mouth, and said, 'Let them proceed to the residence of my physician, the Portuguese priest; let him examine whether they can be useful to me in that line, and report accordingly.' He then rose from his seat, strided on to the end of the hall, and there, after having dashed to the ground the first intelligence that he had ever received of the eternal God, his Maker, his Preserver, his Judge, he threw himself down on a cushion, and lay listening to the music, and gazing at the parade spread out before him.

"As for us and our presents, we were hurried away without much ceremony. We passed out of the palace

gates with much more facility than we entered, and were conducted first to the house of Mya-daymen. There his officer reported our reception, but in as favourable terms as possible; and as his highness was not apprised of our precise object, our repulse appeared probably to him not so decisive as we knew it to be. We were next conducted two miles through the sun and dust of the streets of Ava, to the residence of the Portuguese priest. He very speedily ascertained that we were in possession of no wonderful secret, which would secure the emperor from all disease, and make him live for ever; and we were accordingly allowed to take leave of the reverend inquisitor, and retreat to our boat."

Thus were the expectations of the missionaries disappointed. They returned to Rangoon, and formed the project of abandoning it, and establishing a mission in Arracan. But the native converts earnestly besought them not to abandon Rangoon, assuring them that there were several of their countrymen who were thinking and inquiring concerning the christian religion, and that some would embrace it in defiance of danger. One of the converts said that he would "follow them to any part of the world." Another, that he would "go where preaching was to be had." Another, who thought it his duty not to leave his wife, expressed his determination, if left alone, still to perform the duties of Jesus Christ's religion. "No other," said he, "will I think of."

Moung Byau came to them, with his brother-in-law, Moung Myat-yah. "Teacher," said he, "my mind is distressed; I can neither eat nor sleep, since I find you are going away. I have been round among those who live near us, and I find some who are even now examining the new religion. Brother Myat-yah is one of them, and he unites with me in my petitions. (Here Myat-yah assented that it was so.) Do stay with us a

few months. Do stay till there are eight or ten disciples. Then appoint one to be the teacher of the rest; I shall not be concerned about the event: though you should leave the country, the religion will spread of itself. The emperor himself cannot stop it. But if you go now, and take the two disciples that can follow, I shall be left alone. I cannot baptize those who may wish to embrace this religion. What can I do?' Moung Nau came in, and expressed himself in a similar way. He thought that several would yet become disciples, notwithstanding all opposition, and that it was best for us to stay awhile. We could not restrain our tears at hearing all this; and we told them, that as we lived only for the promotion of the cause of Christ among the Burmans, if there was any prospect of success in Rangoon, we had no desire to go to any other place, and would, therefore, reconsider the matter."

Thus, at the moment when ruin seemed to threaten the mission, the Lord was strengthening the hearts of the converts, and encouraging the missionaries to remain at their posts, and proceed in the work of teaching the religion of the gospel, trusting in his power for protection. It was finally resolved that Mr. and Mrs. Judson should remain at Rangoon, and that Mr. and Mrs. Colman should proceed to Chittagong, and form a station there, at which the other missionaries, and the converts, might find a refuge, should it be found impossible to remain at Rangoon, and where the gospel might be spread among a population as idolatrous and wretched as that of Burmah itself. Accordingly, in March, 1820, Mr. and Mrs. Colman embarked for Bengal, whence they proceeded to Chittagong, where they arrived in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Judson were thus again left alone at Rangoon, though their solitude was cheered by the affectionate attachment of the converted Burmans, and by the appearances of sincere inquiry in the minds

of several others. The teacher, MOUNG SHWA-GNONG, became gradually settled and firm in his faith, though he still hesitated to be baptized.

On the 20th of April, 1820, MOUNG SHWA-BA, another Burman convert, was baptized at Rangoon. He was afterwards taken into the service of the mission, and became a very useful assistant to Mr. Judson.

Mr. Judson, about this time, finished the translation of the Epistle to the Ephesians.

On the 4th of June two other converts, MOUNG MYAT-YAH, and MOUNG THAH-YAH, were baptized.

*From leaving Rangoon till her return there.*

Mrs. Judson had for some time been afflicted with the liver complaint. She went through two courses of salivation without effect, and it became necessary to visit Bengal, to obtain medical assistance. Preparations were accordingly made for sailing; but several individuals, who had renounced the religion of Gaudama and embraced christianity, were desirous to be baptized before the missionaries sailed. Three men, MOUNG MYO-DWA, MOUNG GWAY, MOUNG SHWA-GNONG, together with MAH MEN-LA, the tenth convert, and the first female, were baptized. "Now," said MAH MEN-LA, "I have taken the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ, and I have nothing to do but to commit myself, soul and body, into the hands of my Lord."

On the 19th of July, Mr. and Mrs. Judson sailed for Calcutta, where they arrived on the 8th of August. Mrs. Judson's health seemed to have derived no essential benefit from the voyage. For the advantage of a more healthful climate, she was removed to Serampore. The state of her health continued such, that it was, for a while, thought necessary that she should remain for several months in Bengal; but more favourable symptoms soon appeared, and she resolved to return with her husband to the scene of their labours. On the 5th of January, 1821, they arrived in Rangoon. As they

drew near the town, they found their friends on the wharf. The first they recognized was the teacher. Mounng Shwa-gnong, with his hands raised to his head, as he discerned them on the deck; and, on landing, they met successively with Mah Men-la, and Mounng Thah-lah, and several others, men, women, and children, who, after the usual examination at the custom-office, accompanied them to the mission-house. Soon after, Mounng Nau, and others, came in, who had not, at first, heard of their arrival. In the evening Mr. Judson took his usual seat among the disciples; and, as he expresses it, "when we bowed down in prayer, the hearts of us all flowed forth in gratitude and praise."

"January 6, 1821. In the morning Mrs. Judson went to the government-house, where the lady of the viceroy received her with the familiarity of a friend. She sat some time conversing with her. While she was sitting with her, the viceroy just made his appearance, stalking along, as usual, with his great spear. He looked down upon Mrs. Judson a moment, saying, 'Ah! you are come;' and then passed on."

They found the converts in good health, and stedfast in faith. Though they had been separated from their teachers for six months, and had been harassed and dispersed by the fear of oppression and heavy taxes from the government, not one of them had dishonoured his profession.

The occurrences during several succeeding months were similar to those which have been stated. The zayat was visited by many individuals, some of whom came to scoff, others to dispute, and a few to inquire the way to Zion. The little church dwelt amidst its enemies unharmed; owing its safety however, in part, to the great caution with which the concerns of the mission were conducted. It was not generally known at Rangoon, that any person had renounced the religion of Boodh, and embraced that of Christ.

On the 4th of March, MOUNG ING, who was the second convert, but whose absence from Rangoon had prevented his joining the church, was baptized. During his absence, however, he had endeavoured to spread the knowledge of the Saviour, by conversation with his friends.

Mr. Judson now employed MOUNG SHWA-GNONG to assist him in a thorough revision of those parts of the New Testament which had been translated, but not yet printed, namely, the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the first part of the Acts. These were sent to Serampore to be printed.

On the 15th of June MAH MYAT-LAH was baptized, and added to the little band of believers.

Mr. Judson proceeded to translate the gospel and epistles of John, and the latter part of the Acts. In this work he derived great assistance from MOUNG SHWA-BA. But he was seized with a fever, which attacked Mrs. Judson also, and for several days they were unable to help each other. Mr. Judson was restored to health, but Mrs. Judson suffered severely under the liver complaint; and it became evident that she must repair to some more propitious climate to regain her health. It was, at last, resolved that she should visit America, and on the 21st of August she embarked for Bengal. The feelings with which she parted from her husband, and from the little church, may be better conceived than described. Her own words are—

“Rangoon, from having been the theatre in which so much of the faithfulness, power, and mercy of God had been exhibited; from having been considered, for ten years past, as my home for life; and from a thousand interesting associations of ideas, had become the dearest spot on earth. Hence you will readily imagine that no ordinary consideration could have induced my departure.”

She arrived in Calcutta on the 22d of September. Her disorder increased, and she endeavoured to obtain



a passage for America. But no vessel could be found in which she could be accommodated on reasonable terms. By the goodness of God, she obtained a passage in a vessel bound to England, and commanded by a pious captain. She took charge of three children, who were passengers in the vessel, the father of whom paid the whole expense of Mrs. Judson's passage. Previous to her sailing she thus wrote to a friend:—

“If the pain in my side is entirely removed, while on my passage to Europe, I shall return to India in the same ship, and proceed immediately to Rangoon. But if not, I shall go over to America, and spend one winter in my dear native country. As ardently as I long to see my beloved friends in America, I cannot prevail on myself to be any longer from Rangoon than is absolutely necessary for the preservation of my life. I have had a severe struggle relative to my immediate return to Rangoon, instead of going to England. But I did not venture to go contrary to the convictions of reason, to the opinion of an eminent and skilful physician, and the repeated injunctions of Mr. Judson.”

On the voyage she had a severe attack of her complaint, which confined her to her cabin for several days. During her confinement, two young ladies of rank and influence frequently inquired concerning her health. She occasionally desired them to read to her such selections as she thought might have a salutary effect upon their minds. To these exercises she added much serious converse, and soon had the happiness of seeing their minds solemnly impressed. Their seriousness continued during the rest of the voyage, but what has been the issue we have had no means of ascertaining.

Having arrived in England, with health somewhat improved, she was introduced to the late excellent Joseph Butterworth, esq. of the Methodist connexion, and a member of parliament. He politely urged her to make his house her home, which invitation she accepted with the liveliest emotions. While in his

family, she was favoured with an introduction to many persons distinguished for literature and piety.

It was thought expedient that Mrs. Judson should visit Cheltenham, for the benefit of its mineral waters. She was recommended by Mr. Butterworth to an eminent physician of that place, and there spent several weeks.

About the same time she received a pressing invitation from friends in Scotland to visit them, with a kind offer to defray her expenses. Acceding to this proposal, she spent several weeks there. Here she received a request, from the American Baptist Board, to return in the New York packet. She proceeded to Liverpool for embarkation, but was persuaded to take a passage in a much more commodious vessel by a number of Liverpool ladies, who generously defrayed the expense of her passage.

In August, 1822, she took final leave of her British friends, who had become inexpressibly endeared to her by many valuable presents and innumerable acts of kindness. "Often has she mentioned," says a friend, "with the brightest glow of affection, the high-toned piety of English and Scottish christians, and the prelibations of heaven which she enjoyed in their society."

Mrs. Judson arrived in New York on the 25th of September, 1822. On account of the prevalence of yellow fever in that city, she took the steam boat for Philadelphia. During her stay in that city she resided in the family of Dr. Staughton, where she was visited by numerous individuals of piety and worth, who listened with deep interest to her animated recitals of the events and progress of the Burman mission.

But perhaps the most gratifying incident of her visit in Philadelphia, was her meeting there some friends of her early life, to whom she was warmly attached, and in whose society she could unbosom herself without reserve, assured of their sympathy in every source of sorrow or of joy. In these hours of delightful inter-

course, she appeared to enjoy unalloyed pleasure; and while the various incidents of her missionary career were reviewed, there was felt and expressed the most grateful remembrance of that Being who had protected her through every exposure, and in all her wanderings, since she left her father's house.

While in Philadelphia she attended a united meeting for prayer for the success of missions, held in Sansom street. There were probably few present who did not feel, that the interest inseparable from the occasion was greatly heightened by the presence of one who had fully proved her devotion to the cause, for the success of which they were assembled to pray.

After a few days she hastened to meet her parents and friends in Bradford. Here, in the bosom of her native home, she had hoped so far to regain her health, as to be enabled to embark again for Burmah early in the ensuing spring. But the excitement of feeling produced by this visit to the scenes and friends of her childhood, and the exhaustion of strength, resulting from the necessity of meeting and conversing with numerous visitors, added to the effect of the cold climate of New-England on a constitution so long accustomed to the tropical heat of Burmah, obliged her to leave Bradford, after a stay of six weeks, and spend the winter in Baltimore.

On Nov. 19, 1822, Mrs. Judson published the following address to females in America, relative to the situation of females in the east:—

“In the land of my birth, rendered doubly dear from the long entertained thought of never again beholding it; in the country favoured by Heaven above most others, it is with no common sensations I address my sisters and female friends on this most interesting subject. Favoured as we are from infancy with instruction of every kind, used as we are to view the female mind in its proper state, and accustomed as we are to feel the happy effects of female influence, our

thoughts would fain turn away from the melancholy subject of female degradation, of female wretchedness. But will our feelings of pity and compassion, will those feelings which alone render the female character lovely, allow us to turn away, to dismiss the subject altogether, without making an effort to rescue, to save? No! I think I hear your united voices echo the reply: 'Our efforts shall be joined with yours. Show us the situation of our tawny sisters the other side of the world, and though the disgusting picture break our hearts, it will fill us with gratitude to Him who has made us to differ, and excite to stronger exertion in their behalf.' Listen, then, to my tale of woe!

"In Bengal and Hindostan, the females, in the higher classes, are excluded from the society of men. At the age of two or three years, they are married by their parents to children of their own rank in society. On these occasions all the parade and splendour possible are exhibited; they are then conducted to their fathers' abode, not to be educated, not to prepare for the performance of duties incumbent on wives and mothers, but to drag out the usual period allotted, in listless idleness, in mental torpor. At the age of thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen, they are demanded by their husbands, to whose home they are removed, where again confinement is their lot. No social intercourse is allowed to cheer their gloomy hours; nor have they the consolation of feeling that they are viewed, even by their husbands, in the light of companions. So far from receiving those delicate attentions which render happy the conjugal state, and which distinguish civilized from heathen nations, the wife receives the appellation of 'my servant,' or 'my dog,' and is allowed to partake of what her lordly husband is pleased to give at the conclusion of his repast! In this secluded, degraded situation, females in India receive no instruction, consequently they are wholly uninformed of an eternal state. No wonder mothers consider female

existence a curse; hence their desire to destroy their female offspring, and to burn themselves with the bodies of their deceased husbands. This last circumstance might imply some attachment, were it not a well known fact, that the disgrace of a woman who refuses to burn with the corpse of her husband is such, that her nearest relations would refuse her a morsel of rice to prevent her starvation. Thus destitute of all enjoyment, both here and hereafter, are the females in Bengal. Such is their life, such their death; and here the scene is closed to mortal view! But they are amiable, say some, and destitute of those violent passions, which are exhibited among females in our own country. My beloved friends, be not deceived. Who ever heard that ignorance was favourable to the culture of amiable feelings? Their minds are in such a state of imbecility, that we might hope to find at least an absence of vicious feelings. But facts prove the contrary. Whenever an opportunity for exhibiting the malignant passions of the soul occurs, human nature never made a more vigorous effort to discover her odious deformity, than has been observed in these secluded females.

“ But let us turn our eyes from the present picture to one not less heart-rending, but where hope may have a greater influence to brighten and to cheer. The females in the Burman empire, (containing a population far above the United States of America,) are not, like the females in Bengal, secluded from all society. In this respect they are on an equality with ourselves. Wives are allowed the privilege of eating with their husbands. They engage in domestic concerns, and thus, in some respects, the Burman females deserve our particular sympathy and attention. But they enjoy little of the confidence or affections of their husbands, and to be born a female, is universally considered a peculiar misfortune. The wife and grown daughters are considered by the husband and father

as much the subjects of discipline as younger children; hence it is no uncommon thing for females, of every age and description, to suffer under the tyrannic rod of those who should be their protectors.

“Burmah, also, like her sister nations, suffers the female mind to remain in its native state, without an effort to show how much more highly she has been favoured. The females of this country are lively, inquisitive, strong, and energetic, susceptible of friendship and the warmest attachment, and possess minds naturally capable of rising to the highest state of cultivation and refinement. But, alas, they are taught nothing that has a tendency to cherish these best native feelings of the heart! That they possess strong, energetic minds, is evident from their mode of conversing, and from that inquisitive turn which is so conspicuous.

“It may not, perhaps, be uninteresting to mention a particular display of mental energy as exhibited in the early inquiries of Mah Men-la. Some time previous to our arrival in Rangoon, her active mind was led to inquire the origin of all things;—if a boodh was deity, who created all that her eyes beheld? She inquired of this person and that, visited all the teachers within the circle of her acquaintance, but none were able to give her satisfactory information on the subject. Her anxiety increased to such a degree, that her own family feared she would be deranged. She finally resolved on learning to read, that she might be able to gain the desired information from their sacred books. Her husband, willing to gratify her curiosity in this respect, taught her to read himself. After having acquired what very few Burman females are allowed to acquire, she studied the sacred books, which left her mind in the same inquisitive state as when she commenced. For ten years she had continued her inquiries, when, one day, a neighbour brought in a tract written by Mr. Judson, from which she derived her first ideas of an eternal God. Her next diffi-

culty arose from her being ignorant of the residence of the author of the tract, and it was not till after the erection of the zayat, that this difficulty was removed. By her inquiries respecting the christian religion, she evinced a mind, which, had it been early and properly cultivated, would have hardly been surpassed by females in our own country. And happy am I to add, that she not only became rationally and speculatively convinced of the truths of the gospel, but was, I trust, taught to feel their power on her heart, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, embraced them, has become an ornament to her profession, and her daily walk and conversation would shame many professors of religion in christian countries.

“ Shall we, my beloved friends, suffer minds like these to lie dormant, to wither in ignorance and delusion, to grope their way to eternal ruin, without an effort on our part to raise, to refine, to elevate, and to point to that Saviour who has died equally for them as for us? Shall we sit down in indolence and ease, indulge in all the luxuries with which we are surrounded, and which our country so bountifully affords, and leave beings like these, flesh and blood, intellect and feeling, like ourselves, and of our own sex, to perish, to sink into eternal misery? No! by all the tender feelings of which the female mind is susceptible; by all the privileges and blessings resulting from the cultivation and expansion of the human mind; by our duty to God and our fellow-creatures; and by the blood and groans of Him who died on Calvary, let us make a united effort; let us call on all, old and young, in the circle of our acquaintance, to join us in attempting to meliorate the situation, to instruct, to enlighten, and save females in the eastern world; and though time and circumstances should prove that our united exertions have been ineffectual, we shall escape at death that bitter thought, that Burman females have been lost, without an effort of ours to prevent their ruin.”

The following extracts from her letters will disclose the state of her feelings on visiting her native land, and the effects on her health:—

*“ Baltimore, Dec. 19, 1822.*

“ I had never fully counted the cost of a visit to my dear native country and beloved relatives. I did not expect that a scene which I had anticipated as so joyous, was destined to give my health and constitution a shock which would require months to repair. During my passage from England, my health was most perfect—not the least symptom of my original disorder remained. But from the day of my arrival, the idea that I was once more on American ground banished all peace and quiet from my mind; and for the first four days and nights I never closed my eyes to sleep! This circumstance, together with dwelling on my anticipated meeting with my friends, occasioned the most alarming apprehensions. Still, however, I flattered myself, that after my first meeting with my friends was over, I should gradually recover my composure, and hastened my departure for the eastward. I reached my father's in about a fortnight after my arrival in this country, and had not been able to procure a single night's sleep. The scene which ensued brought my feelings to a crisis; nature was quite exhausted, and I began to fear would sink. To be concise, my health began to decline in a most alarming manner, and the pain in my side and cough returned. I was kept in a state of constant excitement, by daily meeting with my old friends and acquaintances; and during the whole six weeks of my residence at my father's, I had not one quiet night's rest. I felt the cold most severely, and found, as that increased, my cough increased.

“ You may not, perhaps, be aware of the circumstance, that Mr. Judson's only brother is a physician of some considerable skill under government, and located for the winter in this city. During my stay at



Bradford, his letters were most frequent and urgent, relative to my removal to the south, for the purpose of salivating, as the most dangerous consequences would ensue, should I, with my Indian constitution, salivate at the north. I saw that my disorder was rapidly gaining ground; my nervous system had become so much affected, that the very sight of an old dear friend was quite distressing, and I really desired to get away from the sight of every human being, as it had become very painful to talk. Thus situated, there was no hope of my recovery, as my father's house was thronged with visitors from day to day. Painful as it was to think of leaving my beloved family, I felt convinced, since it was my only object in visiting this country, duty required that every thing should yield to endeavours to regain my health. I knew that retirement, and freedom from company and excitement, were as necessary as a milder climate, neither of which could be obtained in Bradford. My sister had made arrangements to accompany me; but meeting in Boston with a pious man going on to Washington, and knowing I should receive the kindest attention when once with my brother, I desired her to return to Bradford to comfort my parents.

"I have been in this city about a fortnight, and am very comfortably situated with my brother at a boarding house, where I refuse to see company of every description till my health is re-established. I find the climate mild and delightful; have the best medical attendance in the city, through the influence of my brother; have commenced a course of mercury, which, I trust, through the blessing of God, will perfectly restore my health; and find my nervous system so far restored to its usual state, that I am able to study four and five hours every day. This, to me, is an unspeakable comfort, as I hope my time will not be entirely lost in my endeavours to regain my health. While in England, my friends repeatedly urged my writing an

account of the Burman mission, as so little information had hitherto been communicated. On my passage I made a beginning, in a 'Series of Letters, addressed to Mr. Butterworth,' in whose house I resided during my stay in England. While at Bradford I was unable to proceed with this work; but since my arrival here, my freedom from interruption has enabled me to go on; and I find much pleasure in the consideration, that I shall be able to give to my friends, not only in England, but America, that information relative to the Burman empire, which my state of health forbids my verbally communicating. My object is, to give an account of the American Baptist mission to Burmah; its origin, progress, and success; consisting principally in a compilation of those letters and documents transmitted to friends in America, interspersed with accounts of the population, manners, and customs of the Burmans."

"Thus, my dear Mrs. Chaplin, I have been particular, and I fear tiresome, in my account of myself. But your kindness, your affectionate concern for my welfare, is all the excuse I have to offer. Your kind hint, relative to my being injured by the lavish attention of our dear friends in this country, has much endeared you to my heart. I am well aware that human applause has a tendency to elate the soul, and render it less anxious about spiritual enjoyments. But I must say, that since my return to this country, I have often been affected to tears, in hearing the undeserved praises of my friends, feeling that I was far, very far from being what they imagined; and that there are thousands of poor, obscure christians, whose excellences will never be known in this world, who are a thousand times more deserving of the tender regard of their fellow-christians than I am. Yet I trust I am grateful to my heavenly Father for inclining the hearts of his children to look on me with a friendly eye. The

retired life I now lead is much more congenial to my feelings, and much more favourable to religious enjoyment, than when in England, where I was kept in a continual bustle of company. Yes, it is in retirement that our languishing graces are revived, our affections raised to God, and our souls refreshed and quickened by the influences of the Holy Spirit. If we would live near the threshold of heaven, and daily take a glance of our promised inheritance, we must avoid not only worldly, but religious dissipation. Strange as it may seem, I do believe there is something like religious dissipation in a christian's being so entirely engrossed in religious company, as to prevent his spiritual enjoyments."

"Brother E. is absent, engaged in his official duties, nearly all day, so that I have the disposal of my time entirely. I spend about five hours in the day in arranging letters relative to the Burman mission; and feel very happy in the consideration, that in my endeavours to regain my health, my time is not all lost; for, in this publication, christians will have a more correct view of the little church in Rangoon, when they see from what materials it has been raised, than I could give them by conversing months. I have been here three weeks, but have not been out of the house, and scarcely out of my chamber, since my arrival. I have the best and most experienced medical attendance in the city. The physicians here say I should not have lived through the winter in New-England. They have thought it best to salivate me; and I am now under a course of mercury, and feel my mouth considerably affected. My cough has been very severe, until within two days past; and I trust, in consequence of the mercury, it is beginning to subside. The physicians say there is no doubt but I shall recover by spring; but I desire to leave it with Him, who seeth the end from the beginning, and who doeth all things well. Why

am I spared? O may it be to promote the cause of Christ in Burmah, and to be successful in winning souls. May we make it our great business to grow in grace, and to enjoy closet religion. Here is the place for us to prepare for usefulness. I have received several good spiritual letters since I have been here; one from Scotland."

*To her Sister.*

"Jan. 5, 1823. I have been spending part of this forenoon in prayer for myself, Mr. Judson, the Burman mission, parents and sisters, &c. and have now concluded to pass the remainder in writing to you.

"I am very comfortably situated, the weather mild, and I think my health improving. Soon after my arrival in this city, brother called a consultation of physicians, when it was decided that my cough, which had much increased, was in consequence of my liver being affected; and that in order to have it removed, I must be salivated. It is nearly three weeks since I commenced my old employment of taking mercury. I am now in a state of salivation, my cough is almost entirely removed, the pain in my side has subsided, and I begin to think my recovery is nearly completed. I continue, however, to take mercury, and shall probably be kept in this state for three weeks to come. I have not been out of the house since I arrived, and hardly out of my chamber.

*To a Lady. Feb. 17, 1823.*

"I am now much better, and once more enjoy the prospect of gaining that degree of health which will allow my return to Burmah, there to pass my remaining days, few or many, in endeavouring to guide immortal souls to that dear Redeemer, whose presence can make joyful a sick chamber, a dying bed. For

the last month I have been very ill. The disease seemed to be removed from the liver to the lungs. I have raised blood twice, which the physicians thought proceeded from the lungs, though I am inclined to think to the contrary, and believe it came only from the mouth of some vessel in the throat. I was, however, bled so frequently, and so largely, that my strength was quite reduced. At present I am free from every unfavourable symptom, but am still weak."

"Yesterday, I had a little female prayer meeting in my chamber—trust the blessed Saviour was near us. O, it is good to get near to God, to enjoy his presence, and feel, whether in life or death, we are his. 'Open your mouth wide, and I will fill it,' is a promise, of which we do not think sufficiently. How much real enjoyment we lose, by not striving more earnestly to partake largely of the influence of the Holy Spirit!"

*To a sister. Baltimore, Feb. 25.*

"Let us, my dear sister, so live, that our union to Christ, the vine, may not only be satisfactory to ourselves, but to all around us. 'On earth we serve God; in heaven, enjoy him;' is a motto I have long wished to adopt. When in heaven we can do nothing towards saving immortal souls.

"Dr. Staughton sent me yesterday Mr. Judson's journal, lately received. God is doing wonders in Rangoon, and building up his little church there. Five more have been baptized, making eighteen in all, and several others seriously inquiring. Three females have lately been baptized, who formerly attended my Wednesday meeting. They have set up, of their own accord, a female prayer meeting. Is not this encouraging? Dr. Price had received an order from the

emperor to go to Ava, on account of his medical skill; and Mr. Judson was about to accompany him, in order to make another effort for toleration. You will readily imagine my anxiety to get back to Rangoon. I yet hope that my health will enable me to return this spring. O that God would incline the heart of the emperor to favour the introduction of the christian religion, and protect the little church formed there.

"I hope to get to Bradford by the last of March. Brother E. will probably travel with me. But I must give up all idea of visiting and talking, on account of the weakness of my lungs. I have received a great many letters this winter, which have been a great consolation in my retired situation."

*To Dr. Wayland. Washington, March 16, 1823.*

"I long to be in Rangoon, and am anxiously hoping to get away this spring. Do make inquiries relative to the sailing of ships from Boston and Salem. I must not miss one good opportunity.

"It often appears to me, that I have done very little for the cause of Christ, and therefore has my health been removed. But if again I am permitted the privilege of living on heathen ground; if ever again I find myself in a situation to impart instruction to those who have never before heard of Christ, I think now I shall make a greater effort to serve God more faithfully than ever before."

*To her sister. Washington, March 27.*

"I was much gratified in receiving a visit from David Brown, the converted Indian. What cannot religion effect? To see this savage transformed into an interesting and enlightened christian, teaches us what can be done by the efforts of christians. O how

frequently I think, should I be permitted to return to Burmah again, that in communicating religious truth, I shall depend more on the influences of the Holy Spirit than ever before. Here, I believe, is the grand mistake of the missionaries, and the principal reason why they have no more success. They depend on their own exertions, not on the power of God. I think I do sometimes have a little sense of Divine things, and at such times long more than ever to return to Rangoon. My only consolation, in view of my long, tedious voyage, is, that God is my confidence; and I have his promise to direct my steps, if I commit my ways to him."

*To Dr. Wayland. Washington, April 1. 1823.*

"I have time to write a few lines only, requesting you to forward the enclosed by the ship Bengal, which I understand is to sail for India on the 15th of this month. You will, I trust, write to Mr. Judson, and give him all the information in your possession. I do hope, however, that these letters will not arrive many days before myself, for I have now nearly determined to sail in the George or Danube, if I can get a passage. I do most anxiously desire to arrive at home, for I find this unsettled kind of life, and constant exposure to company, very unfavourable to religious enjoyment and progress in the divine life, without which our existence is of little worth.

"My health is much, very much improved. I have no cough, no pain in the side, and generally sleep well. What cause for gratitude! My only fear now is, that the same cause which occasioned a relapse on my first arrival in this country, will again operate on my return to New England. I hope to be in Boston by the first of May; and should the George or Danube sail earlier than the last of May, I shall make arrangements to be there in April."

In the month of March, as appears from the date of the foregoing letters, Mrs. Judson visited Washington city, where she remained several weeks. While there, the Baptist General Convention held a session in that city. A committee was appointed to confer with her respecting the Burman mission; and at her suggestion several important measures were adopted.

About this time her "History of the Burman Mission" was published, the copy-right of which she presented to the convention. This book has been very useful both in England and in America. It was, indeed, a compilation of facts which had, for the most part, been published before; but it presented them in a brief and well digested narrative.

Mrs. Judson returned to Massachusetts early in the spring of 1823. Her health was but partially restored; and urgent solicitations were employed by her friends, to induce her to remain in this country another year. But her desire to return to Burmah was so strong, that she resisted every persuasion, and prepared to take a second, and, as she was convinced, a final farewell of her friends and her country. There was, at times, an almost prophetic foreboding in her mind, as if "coming events cast their shadows before." But she resolved to return, whatever might be the will of God respecting the mission or herself.

It was a happy circumstance that she was not to go alone. The Board of Missions had appointed Rev. Jonathan Wade, of Edinburgh, (N. Y.) and Mrs. Deborah Wade, as missionaries to Burmah; and it was resolved that they should accompany Mrs. Judson.

On Lord's day, June 21, at Boston, they went on board the ship *Edward Newton*, captain Bertody. They were accompanied by a large concourse of christian friends to the wharf, where fervent prayer, by Rev. Dr. Baldwin, was offered to Him who "rules the boisterous deep." The parting scene was peculiarly tender and



affecting to many. As the boat moved from the shore towards the ship, the company united in singing the favourite hymn,

“From whence doth this union arise,” &c.

The missionary friends manifested much composure as they receded from the land of their nativity, probably never more to return.

After a prosperous voyage they arrived in Calcutta, Oct. 19, and sailed in a few weeks for Rangoon. On the passage from Boston to Calcutta, after having recovered from sea-sickness, Mr. Wade applied himself to the study of the Burman language, under the instructions of Mrs. Judson. The captain allowed them to have worship on deck every sabbath, and expressed not only a willingness, but some anxiety, that Mr. Wade should take frequent opportunities to converse with the sailors on the important concerns of their souls.

*From her return to Rangoon to the close of the Burmese war.*

During Mrs. Judson's absence, Dr. and Mrs. Price, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hough, had arrived at Rangoon. Mr. Judson had been principally occupied in translating the New Testament, interrupted, however, by repeated attacks of sickness. A number more were baptized, making eighteen Burmans, who had become disciples of Jesus. The exercises of their minds, which the limits of this work do not allow us to state in detail, prove that the Spirit of God operates in the same manner on the minds of all who are brought to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus; producing penitence for sin, conviction of the utter ruin of the soul, reliance on the righteousness of the Son of God for justification, a peaceful hope, and a desire to obey his commandments, and to enjoy his favour.

They prove also that the gospel is every where the power of God unto salvation; and that wherever it is preached, with fidelity and prayerfulness, God honours it as the instrument of converting man from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

Soon after the arrival of Dr. Price, information concerning his medical character was conveyed to the emperor, who immediately ordered that he should visit the capital. Obedience was indispensable, and Mr. Judson resolved to accompany him, with the hope of making some favourable impressions on the mind of the monarch. On the 28th of August, 1823, they embarked in a boat for Ava, where they arrived September 27.

The emperor received Dr. Price with much favour, and made particular inquiries of Mr. Judson respecting the converts of Rangoon. He did not seem to be displeased when he learned that several Burmans had embraced the christian religion. Mr. Judson conversed with several distinguished individuals on the subject of religion. The following extract from his journal will be read with great interest:—

“Oct. 1. To-day the king noticed me for the first time, though I have appeared before him nearly every day since our arrival. After making some inquiries, as usual, about brother Price, he added—

“‘And you, in black, what are you? a medical man too?’

“‘Not a medical man, but a teacher of religion, your majesty.’

“He proceeded to make a few inquiries about my religion, and then put the alarming question, whether any had embraced it.

“‘Not here.’ He persisted—

“‘Are there any in Rangoon?’

“‘There are a few.’

“‘Are they foreigners?’

“I trembled for the consequence of an answer

which might involve the little church in ruin ; but the truth must be sacrificed, or the consequences hazarded and I therefore replied, 'There are some foreigners, and some Burmans.'

" He remained silent a few moments, but presently showed that he was not displeased, by asking a great variety of questions on religion, and geography, and astronomy, some of which were answered in such a satisfactory manner, as to occasion a general expression of approbation in all the court present.

" Oct. 3. Moved into the house ordered to be erected for us by the king. A mere temporary shed, however, it proves to be, scarcely sufficient to screen us from the gaze of the people without, or from the rain above. It is situated near the present palace, and joins the enclosure of prince M. eldest half brother of the king.

" Oct. 4. On our return from the palace, whither we go every morning after breakfast, prince M. sent for me. He wished to converse on science and religion. He is a fine young man of twenty-eight, but greatly disfigured by a paralytic affection of the arms and legs. Being cut off from the usual sources of amusement, and having associated a little with the Portuguese priests who have lived at Ava, he has acquired a strong taste for foreign science. My communications interested him very much, and I found it difficult to get away, until brother Price sent expressly for me to go again to the palace.

" Oct. 22. Brother Price went to Amarapura, to meet a gentleman just arrived from Rangoon, who we hope may have letters for us. At night brother Price returned, with a large parcel of letters, and magazines, and newspapers from our beloved, far distant, native land ; and, what was still more interesting to me, eight sheets from Mrs. Judson, on her passage towards England, the first direct intelligence I have received from her since she left Madras.

" Oct. 23. Had some pleasant conversation with

**Moung Z.** in the palace, partly in the hearing of the king. At length his majesty came forward, and honoured me with some personal notice for the second time, inquired much about my country, and authorized me to invite American ships to his dominions, assuring them of protection and offering every facility for the purpose of trade.

"Oct. 28. Spent the forenoon with prince M. He obtained, for the first time, (though I have explained it to him many times,) some view of the nature of the atonement, and cried out, 'Good, good.'

"Oct. 30. Gave his wife a copy of Mrs. Judson's Burman catechism, with which she was much pleased. They both appear to be somewhat attached to me, and say, 'Do not return to Rangoon; but, when your wife arrives, call her to Ava. The king will give you a piece of ground, on which to build a kyoung' (a house appropriated to the residence of sacred characters.)

"Nov. 1. Visited the Tset-kyah-woongyee, at his particular request, with brother Price. He made the usual inquiries, medical and theological, and treated us with marked politeness.

"After giving the prince a succinct account of my religious experience, I ventured to warn him of his danger, and urged him to make the christian religion his immediate personal concern. He appeared, for a moment, to feel the force of what I said; but soon replied, 'I am yet young, only twenty-eight. I am desirous of studying all the foreign arts and sciences. My mind will then be enlarged, and I shall be capable of judging whether the christian religion be true or not.' 'But suppose your highness changes worlds in the mean time.' His countenance again fell. 'It is true,' said he, 'I know not when I shall die.' I suggested that it would be well to pray to God for light, which, if obtained, would enable him at once to distinguish between truth and falsehood; and so we parted. O, Fountain of light! shed down one ray into the

mind of this amiable prince, that he may become a patron of thine infant cause, and inherit an eternal crown."

Mr. Judson found great difficulty in obtaining a piece of ground on which to build a house. The king gave him a lot, but the grant was soon revoked. Mr. Judson says:—

"In prosecuting this business, I had one noticeable interview with the king. Brother Price and two English gentlemen were present. The king appeared to be attracted by our number, and came towards us; but his conversation was directed chiefly to me. He again inquired about the Burmans who had embraced my religion.

"'Are they real Burmans? Do they dress like Burmans?' &c.

"I had occasion to remark, that I preached every Sunday.

"'What! in Burman?'

"'Yes.'

"'Let us hear how you preach.'

"I hesitated. An atwenwoon\* repeated the order. I began with a form of worship, which first ascribes glory to God, and then declares the commands of the law of the gospel; after which I stopped.

"'Go on,' said another atwenwoon.

"The whole court was profoundly silent. I proceeded with a few sentences declarative of the perfections of God, when his majesty's curiosity was satisfied, and he interrupted me. In the course of subsequent conversation, he asked me what I had to say of Gaudama. I replied, that we all knew he was the son of king Thog-dau-dah-nah; that we regarded him as a wise man and a great teacher, but did not call him God. 'That is right,' said Mounk K. N. an atwenwoon, who had not hitherto appeared very friendly to

\* An atwenwoon is next in rank to a woongyee, among the officers in the Burman court.

me. And he proceeded to relate the substance of a long communication, which I had lately made to him in the privy council room, about God, and Christ, &c. And this he did in a very clear and satisfactory manner, so that I had scarcely a single correction to make in his statement. Mounz Z. encouraged by all this, really began to take the side of God before his majesty, and said, 'Nearly all the world, your majesty, believe in an eternal God; all, except Burmah and Siam, these little spots!' His majesty remained silent; and after some other desultory inquiries, he abruptly arose and retired."

The emperor directed, that Dr. Price should remain at the capital, and Mr. Judson resolved to fix his residence there, as soon as Mrs. Judson should return.

Jan. 7, 1823. Before his departure Mr. Judson took leave of prince M. He desired him to return soon, and bring with him all the christian scriptures, and translate them into Burman; "for," said he, "I wish to read them all."

"Jan. 24. Went to take leave of the king, in company with Mr. L. collector of the port of Rangoon, who arrived last evening. We sat a few moments conversing together. 'What are you talking about?' said his majesty. 'He is speaking of his return to Rangoon,' replied Mr. L. 'What does he return for? Let them not return. Let them both, (that is, brother Price and myself,) stay together. If one goes away, the other must remain alone, and will be unhappy.' He wishes to go for a short time only," replied Mr. L., "to bring his wife, the female teacher, and his goods, not having brought any thing with him this time; and he will return soon." His majesty looked at me, 'Will you then come again?' I replied in the affirmative. 'When you come again, is it your intention to remain permanently, or will you go to and fro, as foreigners commonly do?' 'When I come again, it is my

intention to remain permanently.' 'Very well,' said his majesty, and withdrew into his inner apartment."

The emperor gave him a piece of land, on which to erect a house, and he returned to Rangoon in February, 1823.

Several of the disciples soon came over from Dahlah, on the opposite side of the river, whither they and some others of the disciples and inquirers had taken refuge, to escape the heavy taxations and the illegal treatment of every kind allowed under the new viceroy of Rangoon. Others of the disciples had fled elsewhere, so that there was not a single one remaining in Rangoon, except three or four with Mr. Judson. The house of some of the disciples had been demolished, and their place taken by government at the instigation of their neighbours, who hated them on account of religion. Mah Myat-la died before the removal. Her sister gave Mr. Judson the particulars of her death. Some of her last expressions were—"I put my trust in Jesus Christ; I love to pray to him; am not afraid of death; shall soon be with Christ in heaven."

In the course of this year Mr. Judson completed the translation of the New Testament, and prepared, by way of introduction, an epitome of the Old Testament, in twelve sections, consisting of a summary of scripture history, from the creation to the coming of Christ, and an abstract of the most important prophecies of the Messiah and his kingdom, from the Psalms, Isaiah, and other prophets.

On the 5th of December, 1823, Mrs. Judson, with Mr. and Mrs. Wade, arrived at Rangoon. They were informed at Calcutta that there was a great prospect of war between the English and Burmans. On this account they were urgently advised, by all the friends in Serampore and Calcutta, not to venture themselves in Rangoon. This advice was enforced by an account of the real state of things, kindly afforded for the purpose,

by the chief secretary of the government of Bengal. Notwithstanding this, they felt it their duty, if an opportunity offered, to venture, trusting in the great Arbiter of life and death for protection.

The following letter of Mrs. Judson to her parents, contains a brief account of the passage, and of the state of things at Ava. It is the last letter that she wrote before the occurrence of those dreadful events, which, for nearly two years, subjected the missionaries to sufferings and dangers, which have had few parallels in the history of missions.

*"Ava, Feb. 10, 1824.*

"My dear parents and sisters,—After two years and a half wandering, you will be pleased to hear that I have at last arrived at home, so far as this life is concerned, and am once more quietly and happily settled with Mr. Judson. When I retrace the scenes through which I have passed, the immense space I have traversed, and the various dangers, seen and unseen, from which I have been preserved, my heart is filled with gratitude and praise to that Being, who has at all times been my protector, and marked out all the way before me. Surely no one was ever more highly favoured, no being was ever under greater obligations to make sacrifices for the promotion of God's glory, than I am at this moment. And I think I feel, more than ever, the importance of being spiritual and humble, and so to cherish the influences of the Holy Spirit, that in the communication of Divine truth, powerful impressions may be made, and that I may no more wander from Him, who is deserving of all my services and affections.

"The A-rah-wah-tee (Irrawaddy) is a noble river; its banks every where covered with immortal beings, destined to the same eternity as ourselves. We often walked through the villages; and though we never received the least insult, always attracted universal attention. A foreign female was a sight never before



beheld, and all were anxious that their friends and relatives should have a view. Crowds followed us through the villages, and some who were less civilized than others, would run some way before us, in order to have a long look as we approached them. In one instance, the boat being some time in doubling the point we had walked over, we seated ourselves down, when the villagers as usual assembled, and Mr. Judson introduced the subject of religion. Several old men who were present entered into conversation, while the multitude was all attention. The apparent school-master of the village coming up, Mr. Judson handed him a tract, and requested him to read. After proceeding some way, he remarked to the assembly, that such a writing was worthy of being copied, and asked Mr. Judson to remain while he copied it. Mr. Judson informed him that he might keep the tract, on condition he read it to all his neighbours. We could not but hope the Spirit of God would bless those few simple truths to the salvation of some of their souls.

“On our arrival at Ava we had more difficulties to encounter, and such as we had never before experienced. We had no home, no house to shelter us from the burning sun by day, and the cold dews at night. We had but one alternative,—to remain in the boat till we could build a small house on the spot of ground which the king gave Mr. Judson last year. And you will hardly believe it possible, for I almost doubt my senses, that in just a fortnight from our arrival, we moved into a house built in that time, and which is sufficiently large to make us comfortable. It is in a most delightful situation, out of the dust of the town, and on the bank of the river. The spot of ground given by his majesty is small, being only one hundred and twenty feet long, and seventy-five feet wide; but it is our own, and is the most healthy situation I have seen. Our house is raised four feet from the ground, and consists of three small rooms and a verandah.

"I hardly know how we shall bear the hot season, which is just commencing, as our house is built of boards, and before night is heated like an oven. Nothing but brick is a shelter from the heat of Ava, where the thermometer, even in the shade, frequently rises to a hundred and eight degrees. We have worship every evening in Burman, when a number of the natives assemble; and every sabbath Mr. Judson preaches on the other side of the river, in Dr. Price's house. We feel it an inestimable privilege, that amid all our discouragements we have the language, and are able constantly to communicate truths which can save the soul."

Rumours of approaching war with the Bengal government had, for some time, disturbed the public mind. It had been well ascertained that the Burman emperor cherished the ambitious design of invading Bengal. He had collected, in Arracan, an army of thirty thousand men, under the command of his most successful general, Maha Bandoola. It is said, that the army was furnished with a pair of golden fetters, destined to the honourable service of being worn by the governor general of India, when he should be led as a captive to the golden feet at Ava.

The Bengal government, however, resolved to anticipate the blow, by a sudden irruption into the Burman empire. The encroachments of the Burmese government on the company's possessions had been long a subject of complaint; and all attempts to obtain redress had been met by neglect, and, at last, by preparations for invasion on the part of the Burmese.

In May, 1824, an army of about six thousand English and native troops, under the command of sir Archibald Campbell, arrived at Rangoon. So entirely unexpected was this attack, that no resistance was made, except a few shots from the fortifications along the river.

The missionaries at Rangoon were, for a while, in

imminent danger. Mr. Hough and Mr. Wade were seized, chained, and put in close confinement, as soon as intelligence arrived of the approach of the English troops. But Mr. Wade's letter best describes their extreme peril.

*"Rangoon, May 15, 1824.*

"We did not apprehend, until last Monday, that war was declared against the Burmans. The most credible information which we could obtain, assured us, that all grievances were amicably settled. But on Monday last information came, that a number of ships were at the mouth of the river. Government immediately ordered every person in Rangoon, who wears a hat, to be taken prisoner, which was accordingly done. In the course of the succeeding night, Mr. Hough and myself were chained, and put into close confinement, under armed keepers. In the morning the fleet was in sight of the town, and our keepers were ordered to massacre us the moment the first shot was fired upon the town. But when the firing commenced, our murderers were so effectually panic struck, that they all slunk away into one corner of the prison, speechless, and almost breathless. The next shot made our prison tremble and shake, as if it would be immediately down upon our heads. Our keepers now made for the prison door: we used every exertion to persuade them to remain, but all to no purpose; they broke open the door and fled. In a few moments after, the firing ceased; about fifty Burmans rushed into the prison, drew us out, stripped us of every thing but pantaloons; our naked arms were drawn behind us, and corded as tight as the strength of one man would permit; and we were almost literally carried through the streets upon the points of their spears to the seat of judgment, and were made to sit upon our knees, with our bodies bending forward, for the convenience of the executioner, who was ordered that moment to behead us. Mr. Hough requested the executioner to desist a

moment, and petitioned the yawoon to send him on board the frigate, and promised to use his influence to prevent any further firing upon the town. The linguists seconded the proposal, and pleaded that we might be reprieved for a few moments.

"The yawoon answered, 'If the English fire again, there shall be no reprieve.' At this moment several shots were sent very near us: the government people fled from the seat of judgment, and took refuge under the banks of a neighbouring tank. All the others fled from the town, but kept us before them: we were obliged to make our way as fast as possible, for the madness and terror of our attendants allowed us no compliments. We were soon overtaken by the government people, fleeing upon horseback.

"About a mile and a half from the town they halted, and we were again placed before them. Mr. Hough and the linguists renewed their petition. After a few moments' conversation his irons were taken off, and he was sent on board the frigate, with the most awful threatenings to himself and us, if he did not succeed.

"The remainder of us were obliged again to resume our march. Finally, a part of us were confined in a strong building, at the foot of the golden pagoda. I, with two others, was taken into the pagoda, and confined in a strong building, and left under the care of a door-keeper. After dark this fellow, by the promise of a present, was induced to remove us into a kind of vault, which had but a small aperture, and was without windows: it afforded only sufficient air for the purpose of respiration. The fellow himself, I believe, ran away. We were several times alarmed during the night.

"The next morning early we were searched for by our blood-thirsty enemies, who, upon finding we were not in the room where they left us, concluded that we had escaped and fled. We expected every moment we should be discovered, when, to our great relief, we

heard them cry out, 'The English are coming!' and they fled. We waited, however, in vain, to hear some sound which would assure us that it would be safe to cry out for assistance, for we soon found we were again surrounded with Burmans.

"About noon the English troops came up, and, to our inexpressible joy, relieved us from our unpleasant situation. As soon as I could be disengaged from my galling chains, I hastened to the mission-house, to learn the fate of Mrs. Wade and Hough. I found them safe and well; but though not imprisoned, they had experienced great sufferings, and escaped great dangers. Mr. Hough I also found safe at the mission-house. When we met and heard the relation of each other's dangers and escapes, we felt constrained to join in the most hearty acknowledgments of gratitude to God, by whose interposition our lives had been preserved.

"I have too little room to think of entering upon our feelings when we viewed ourselves as in one moment more to launch into eternity. Suffice it to say, I felt an assurance in the grace of God, which disarmed death of its terror. The hope of the gospel seemed to me a treasure, whose value was beyond all computation. Finally, I trust the dangers and sufferings of the past week have yielded me a rich spiritual harvest.

"All who had been taken prisoners, and ordered to be executed by the Burmans, were on Wednesday set at liberty by the English troops. All the Burmans have fled to the jungles, and have built several stockades in different directions from the town, some of which have already been taken and burned by the English troops."

Messrs. Hough and Wade, with their wives, soon after returned to Bengal, their stay in Rangoon being attended with danger, while they had no opportunity of effecting any thing for the mission. Mr. and Mrs.

Wade here continued the study of the language ; and Mr. Wade employed himself in publishing the Burman dictionary, which had been compiled by Mr. Judson : a work of great value to future missionaries.

The situation of the missionaries at Ava now became a subject of intense anxiety to all the friends of the mission. There was too much reason to fear that they had fallen victims to the hasty resentment of a vindictive and haughty government.

The war was prosecuted with more than its usual horrors, in consequence of the cruelty towards the prisoners exercised by both parties. By the Burmans no mercy was shown to the wounded ; and although the British soldiers were inclined to pass a fallen or vanquished foe, they soon found it was not safe, as they were exposed to a shot the instant their backs were turned.

No sooner was the arrival of the English expected at a town, than the governors assembled the inhabitants, and caused them to be driven off by the officers and slaves of government, in masses, into the inmost recesses of the woods. The men were then separated and formed into companies, and the unfortunate women and children strictly guarded as pledges for the good conduct of their friends, whose misconduct was punished by the barbarous sacrifice of their nearest female relatives. Disease, and famine, and cruelty, destroyed thousands of these poor victims of savage despotism. The inhabitants of Rangoon were thus forced from their abodes. Every Burman christian fled, excepting Moung Sha-ba, who continued at the mission-house throughout the whole war, and held fast to his christian faith.

When the news of the arrival of the British at Rangoon was first communicated to the emperor, it caused great indignation. Such an event was entirely unexpected, and he had boasted that " he would take such means to prevent it, that the Burmese women should

not be disturbed, even in cooking their rice." Orders were now given to "drive the strangers into the ocean," and, "lest one of the wild foreigners should escape from being destroyed and slain, the earth was to be covered with an innumerable host, to seize, crush, and kill them;" "not one was to be spared from being annihilated."

In February, 1825, after nine months' residence at Rangoon, the English force moved up the river in pursuit of Bandoola. He was found at Donoobew, a strongly fortified post on the Irrawaddy, but which was soon captured. The Burman leader was killed by a bomb, as he was reclining on a couch. He was noted for his barbarous cruelty, even to his own troops; and a short time before his death, had punished an officer of high rank, for some act of neglect or disobedience, by causing him to be sawn asunder, the body of the sufferer having been for that purpose placed between two planks. After the death of Bandoola, the command was offered to his brother, who declined it, and fled to Ava, where he was executed, by order of the emperor, within half an hour after his arrival, for this refusal.

Donoobew having fallen, the British proceeded on their march towards the capital; the defeated Burmans retiring before them, burning villages in their way, and forcing the wretched inhabitants from their homes into the thick forests. An universal panic overspread the nation, and neither officers nor soldiers could be induced to contend with an enemy always victorious. In addition to the causes of dread, from the bravery and resolute conduct of the Europeans, their fear had invested them with unnatural powers and qualities. It was said, not only that the progress of the "balus," as they called the white people, was not stopped by wounds, and that when one was killed in an assault, another immediately stepped into his place, but that they continued to press on, after their

hands were chopped off, in scrambling over the stockades, and that the arms and legs of the wounded were carefully picked up by the surgeons, who replaced them upon their proper owners.\* These accounts were probably invented by the runaways in excuse of their cowardice.

As the rainy season now approached, when it was almost impossible for the troops to act, the town of Prome, a considerable place on the river, was chosen by the English as their quarters; and here they remained, entirely undisturbed for several months. A large proportion of the inhabitants, who had been as usual forced away, soon returned and occupied their former homes, where they were uniformly treated with great kindness by the British; but it does not appear that any attempt was made to enlighten the benighted minds of these poor heathen with heavenly knowledge. There is, indeed, too much reason to fear that the example of their conquerors, belonging to a nation professedly christian, was not, in some respects, of a character calculated to exhibit the purity and holiness which the missionaries had enjoined as the proper fruits of belief in Christ.

On the 29th of December the English encamped on the river bank, opposite Melloone, where the remaining Burman forces were collected. A treaty of peace was made between the commissioners, duly authorized, but rejected by the emperor; and the consequence was the immediate capture of Melloone, attended with fresh slaughter of human beings; after which the victorious army continued its march towards the capital. Another, and the last conflict, took place at Pagahn-mew, in which the Burmans were entirely routed, with great loss. The haughty monarch was now glad to listen to the offers of sir A. Campbell, and peace was concluded

\* Mr. Judson's deposition at Rangoon, before the British resident, May, 1826.



at Yandaboo, about forty miles from Ava, the English receiving about five millions of dollars in money, and the surrender of large and important territories.\*

But it is time to return to the missionaries at Ava, over whose fate a cloud, dark and portentous, had hung for nearly two years. That suspense, which is often as dreadful as the most awful certainty, agitated the minds of their relatives, and of all the friends of missions, with alternate hopes and fears. Those who cherished the belief that the missionaries were alive, relied only on the power of that God who had so signally protected this mission, and who, by an interposition almost as visibly miraculous as that which rescued Peter from his enemies, had preserved the missionaries at Rangoon from instant and apparently inevitable death. It was, moreover, nearly certain, that if the missionaries were living, they were subjected to imprisonment, and to dreadful sufferings, both corporeal and mental.

These considerations produced anxiety in the minds of the friends of the missionaries which has seldom been witnessed, and which, it is believed, drew from many hearts continual and importunate prayer to God, that he would hear the sigh of the prisoners, and protect his servants from the rage of the heathen, and from the perils of war.

At length this painful suspense was terminated by the joyful news that the missionaries were alive, and were safe in the English camp. The emperor was, by treaty, to liberate all the English and American prisoners, and Mr. and Mrs. Judson and Dr. Price were thus rescued from the grasp of their oppressors; and on the 24th of February, 1826, they were received, with the kindest hospitality, at the British post. Mrs.

\* These ceded territories, comprising the four divisions of Arracan, the provinces of Yah, Tavoy, Mergui, and Tenasserim, are called "British Pegu," and contain about 100,000 inhabitants.

Judson wrote thus to her sister, after so long a silence, from the British camp at Yadaboo, forty miles from Ava :—

*" Feb. 25, 1826.*

" My dear sister A.—Happy indeed am I to be in a situation once more to write to you, and to find myself under the protection of a christian government. To have my mind once more relieved from those agonizing expectations and fearful apprehensions to which it has so long been subject, almost incapacitates me for writing, from excess of joy, and, I trust, sincere gratitude to Him who has afflicted and delivered us from our afflictions. I have only time to write a line or two, just to inform you of our emancipation and comfortable circumstances.

" Four or five days ago, my hopes of being released from the Burman yoke were faint indeed; but through the kindness of sir Archibald Campbell, who demanded us of the Burman government, we obtained our liberty, and are now under his protection, and receive from him every possible attention. He has provided us with a tent near his own, during our stay on the banks of the Irrawaddy, and one of the largest gun boats to convey us to Rangoon. Peace was ratified yesterday, and in a few days we shall proceed down the river.

" We have a little daughter, born seven months after the imprisonment of her father; she is a lovely child, and now more than a year old. We call her Maria Eliza Butterworth. Maria's nurse, together with two little Burman girls, Mary and Abby, I have brought with me, and shall now have it in my power to take them with me wherever I go. My health is now good, having just recovered from a dreadful fever, during the height of which I was delirious for several days, and, in the absence of Mr. Judson, without any person to look after me, excepting servants. Perhaps no person was ever brought so low, and recovered. It

appeared a miracle to every one, and I could only say, It is the Lord who has done it. So entirely exhausted was my strength, that I could not move a limb for some time, or stand on my feet for six weeks after; and even now, three months since my fever left me, I have hardly strength to walk alone, though I am perfectly well in other respects.

"We shall probably continue in the Burman empire, but in some part under British protection. God has been with us through all sufferings, and intermingled mercies all the way. Bless his holy name, for he is a prayer-hearing God, and will not forsake his people in their distress. Remember us in your prayers.

"P.S. This is the first letter I have written for nearly two years."

The sufferings of the missionaries, during this long and disastrous period, were great indeed. Of the dreadful scenes at Ava, a minute account was written by Mrs. Judson to Dr. Elnathan Judson, her husband's brother:—

*"Rangoon, May 26, 1826.*

"My beloved brother,—The first certain intelligence we received of the declaration of war by the Burmese, was on our arrival at Tsen-pyoo-kywon, about a hundred miles this side of Ava, where part of the troops, under the command of the celebrated Bandoola, had encamped. As we proceeded on our journey, we met Bandoola himself, with the remainder of his troops, gaily equipped, seated on his golden barge, and surrounded by a fleet of gold war boats, one of which was instantly despatched to the other side of the river to hail us, and make all necessary inquiries. We were allowed to proceed quietly on, when we had informed the messenger that we were Americans, not English, and were going to Ava in obedience to the command of his majesty.

"On our arrival at the capital, we found that Dr.

Price was out of favour at court, and that suspicion rested on most of the foreigners then at Ava. Your brother visited at the palace two or three times, but found the king's manner towards him very different from what it formerly had been; and the queen, who had hitherto expressed wishes for my speedy arrival, now made no inquiries after me, nor intimated a wish to see me. Consequently I made no effort to visit at the palace, though almost daily invited to visit some of the branches of the royal family, who were living in their own houses, out of the palace enclosure. Under these circumstances, we thought our most prudent course lay in prosecuting our original intention of building a house, and commencing missionary operations as occasions offered; thus endeavouring to convince the government that we had really nothing to do with the present war.

"For several weeks nothing took place to alarm us, and we went on with our school. Mr. Judson preached every sabbath; all the materials for building a brick house were procured, and the masons had made considerable progress in raising the building.

"On the 23d of May, 1824, just as we had concluded worship at the doctor's house, the other side of the river, a messenger came to inform us that Rangoon was taken by the English. The intelligence produced a shock, in which was a mixture of fear and joy.

"The government were now all in motion. An army of ten or twelve thousand men, under the command of the Kyee-woon-gyee, were sent off in three or four days, and were to be joined by the Sakyer-woon-gyee, who had previously been appointed viceroy of Rangoon, and who was on his way thither when the news of its attack reached him. No doubt was entertained of the defeat of the English; the only fear of the king was, that the foreigners, hearing of the advance of the Burmese troops, would be so alarmed, as to flee on board their ships and depart, before there

would be time to secure them as slaves. 'Bring for me,' said a wild young buck of the palace, 'six kala pyoo, (white strangers,) to row my boat; and 'to me,' said the lady of a woon-gyee, 'send four white strangers to manage the affairs of my house, as I understand they are trusty servants.' The war boats, in high glee, passed our house, the soldiers singing and dancing, and exhibiting gestures of the most joyous kind. Poor fellows! said we, you will probably never dance again. And it so proved; for few, if any, ever saw again their native home

"As soon as the army were despatched, the government began to inquire the cause of the arrival of the strangers at Rangoon. There must be spies in the country, suggested some, who have invited them over. And who so likely to be spies, as the Englishmen residing at Ava? A report was in circulation that captain Laird, lately arrived, had brought Bengal papers which contained the intention of the English to take Rangoon, and it was kept a secret from his majesty. An inquiry was instituted. The three Englishmen, Gouger, Laird, and Rogers, were called and examined. It was found they had seen the papers, and were put in confinement, though not in prison. We now began to tremble for ourselves, and were in daily expectation of some dreadful event.

"At length Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were summoned to a court of examination, where strict inquiry was made relative to all they knew. The great point seemed to be whether they had been in the habit of making communications to foreigners of the state of the country, &c. They answered, they had always written to their friends in America, but had no correspondence with English officers or the Bengal government. After their examination they were not put in confinement, as the Englishmen had been, but were allowed to return to their houses. In examining the accounts of Mr. Gouger, it was found that Mr. Judson

and Dr. Price had taken money of him to a considerable amount. Ignorant as were the Burmese of our mode of receiving money by orders on Bengal, this circumstance, to their suspicious minds, was a sufficient evidence that the missionaries were in the pay of the English, and very probably spies. It was thus represented to the king, who, in an angry tone, ordered the immediate arrest of the 'two teachers.'

"On the 8th of June, just as we were preparing for dinner, in rushed an officer, holding a black book, with a dozen Burmans, accompanied by one, whom, from his spotted face, we knew to be an executioner, and a 'son of the prison.' 'Where is the teacher?' was the first inquiry. Mr. Judson presented himself. 'You are called by the king,' said the officer; a form of speech always used when about to arrest a criminal. The spotted man instantly seized Mr. Judson, threw him on the floor, and produced the small cord, the instrument of torture. I caught hold of his arm; 'Stay, (said I,) I will give you money.' 'Take her too,' said the officer; 'she also is a foreigner.' Mr. Judson, with an imploring look, begged they would let me remain till further orders. The scene was now shocking beyond description. The whole neighbourhood had collected; the masons at work on the brick house threw down their tools and ran; the little Burman children were screaming and crying; and the hardened executioner, with a kind of hellish joy, drew tight the cords, bound Mr. Judson fast, and dragged him off I knew not whither. In vain I begged and entreated the spotted face to take the silver, and loosen the ropes; but he spurned my offers, and immediately departed. I gave the money, however, to Mounng Ing to follow after, to make some further attempt to mitigate the torture of Mr. Judson; but instead of succeeding, when a few rods from the house, the unfeeling wretches again threw their prisoner on the ground, and drew

the cords still tighter, so as almost to prevent respiration.

‘The officer and his gang proceeded on to the court-house, where the governor of the city and officers were collected, one of whom read the orders of the king to commit Mr. Judson to the death prison, into which he was soon hurled, the door closed, and Moungr Ing saw no more. What a night was now before me! I retired into my room, and endeavoured to obtain consolation from committing my case to God, and imploring fortitude and strength to suffer whatever awaited me. But the consolation of retirement was not long allowed me, for the magistrate of the place had come into the verandah, and continually called me to come out, and submit to his examination. But previously to going out, I destroyed all my letters, journals, and writings of every kind, lest they should disclose the fact, that we had correspondents in England, and had minuted down every occurrence since our arrival in the country. When this work of destruction was finished, I went out and submitted to the examination of the magistrate, who inquired very minutely of every thing I knew; then ordered the gates of the compound to be shut, no person to be allowed to go in or out, placed a guard of ten ruffians, to whom he gave a strict charge to keep me safe, and departed.

“It was now dark. I retired to an inner room with my four little Burman girls, and barred the doors. My unprotected, desolate state, my entire uncertainty of the fate of Mr. Judson, and the dreadful carousings and almost diabolical language of the guard, all conspired to make it by far the most distressing night I had ever passed.

“The next morning I sent Moungr Ing to ascertain the situation of your brother, and give him food, if still living. He soon returned, with the intelligence, that

Mr. Judson and all the white foreigners were confined in the death prison, with three pair of iron fetters each, and fastened to a long pole, to prevent their moving! The point of my anguish now was, that I was a prisoner myself, and could make no efforts for the release of the missionaries. I begged and entreated of the magistrate to allow me to go to some member of government to state my case; but he said he did not dare to consent, for fear I should make my escape. I next wrote a note to one of the king's sisters, with whom I had been intimate, requesting her to use her influence for the release of the teachers. The note was returned with this message, she 'did not understand it,' which was a polite refusal to interfere; though I afterwards ascertained, that she had an anxious desire to assist us, but dared not on account of the queen.

"On the third day I sent a message to the governor of the city, who has the entire direction of prison affairs, to allow me to visit him with a present. This had the desired effect; and he immediately sent orders to the guards to permit my going into town. The governor received me pleasantly, and asked me what I wanted. I stated to him the situation of the foreigners, and particularly that of the teachers, who were Americans, and had nothing to do with the war.

"I procured an order for my admittance into prison; but the sensations produced by meeting your brother in that wretched, horrid situation, and the affecting scene which ensued, I will not attempt to describe. Mr. Judson crawled to the door of the prison, for I was never allowed to enter, gave me some directions relative to his release; but, before we could make any arrangement, I was ordered to depart by those iron-hearted jailers, who could not endure to see us enjoy the poor consolation of meeting in that miserable place. In vain I pleaded the order from the governor for my admittance; they again harshly repeated, 'Depart, or we will pull you out.' The same evening the mission-



aries, together with the other foreigners, who paid an equal sum, were taken out of the common prison, and confined in an open shed in the prison enclosure. Here I was allowed to send them food, and mats to sleep on; but was not permitted to enter again for several days.

"My next object was to get a petition presented to the queen; but no person being admitted into the palace who was in disgrace with his majesty, I sought to present it through the medium of her brother's wife. I had visited her in better days, and received particular marks of her favour. But now times were altered. Mr. Judson was in prison, and I in distress, which was a sufficient reason for giving me a cold reception. I took a present of considerable value. She was lolling on her carpet as I entered, with her attendants around her. I waited not for the usual question to a suppliant, 'What do you want?' but in a bold, earnest, yet respectful manner, stated our distresses and our wrongs, and begged her assistance. She partly raised her head, opened the present I had brought, and coolly replied, 'Your case is not singular; all the foreigners are treated alike.' 'But it is singular,' said I; 'the teachers are Americans; they are ministers of religion, have nothing to do with war or politics, and came to Ava in obedience to the king's command. They have never done any thing to deserve such treatment; and is it right they should be treated thus?' 'The king does as he pleases,' said she; 'I am not the king, what can I do?' 'You can state their case to the queen, and obtain their release,' replied I. 'Place yourself in my situation: were you in America, your husband, innocent of crime, thrown into prison, in irons, and you a solitary, unprotected female; what would you do?' With a slight degree of feeling, she said, 'I will present your petition; come again to-morrow.' I returned to the house with considerable hope that the speedy release of the missionaries was at hand. But the next day Mr.

Gouger's property, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, was taken and carried to the palace. The officers, on their return, politely informed me, they should visit our house on the morrow. I felt obliged for this information, and accordingly made preparations to receive them, by secreting as many little articles as possible, together with considerable silver, as I knew, if the war should be protracted, we should be in a state of starvation without it. But my mind was in a dreadful state of agitation, lest it should be discovered, and cause my being thrown into prison.

"The following morning the royal treasurer, prince Tharyawadees, chief Woon, and kOUNG-TONE, MYOO-TSA, who was in future our steady friend, attended by forty or fifty followers, came to take possession of all we had. I treated them civilly, gave them chairs to sit on, tea and sweetmeats for their refreshment; and justice obliges me to say, that they conducted the business of confiscation with more regard to my feelings than I should have thought it possible for Burmese officers to exhibit. The three officers, with one of the royal secretaries, alone entered the house; their attendants were ordered to remain outside. They saw I was deeply affected, and apologized for what they were about to do, by saying, that it was painful for them to take possession of property not their own, but they were compelled thus to do by order of the king. 'Where is your silver, gold, and jewels?' said the royal treasurer. 'I have no gold or jewels; but here is the key of a trunk which contains the silver, do with it as you please.' The trunk was produced and the silver weighed. 'This money,' said I, 'was collected in America, by the disciples of Christ, and sent here for the purpose of building a kyoung, (the name of a priest's dwelling,) and for our support, while teaching the religion of Christ. Is it suitable that you should take it?' The Burmans are averse to taking what is offered in a religious point of view, which was the cause of my making the inquiry.

'We will state the circumstance to the king,' said one of them, 'and perhaps he will restore it. But is this all the silver you have?' I could not tell a falsehood. 'The house is in your possession,' I replied; 'search for yourselves.' 'Have you not deposited silver with some persons of your acquaintances?' 'My acquaintances are all in prison; with whom should I deposit silver?' They next ordered my trunk and drawers to be examined. The secretary only was allowed to accompany me in this search. Every thing nice or curious which met his view was presented to the officers for their decision whether it should be taken or retained. I begged they would not take our wearing apparel, as it would be disgraceful to take clothes, partly worn, into the possession of his majesty, and to us they were of unspeakable value. They assented, and took a list only, and did the same with the books, medicines, &c. My little work table and rocking chair, presents from my beloved brother, I rescued from their grasp. They left also many articles which were of inestimable value during our long imprisonment.

"As soon as they had finished their search, and departed, I hastened to the queen's brother, to hear what had been the fate of my petition; when, alas, all my hopes were dashed by his wife's coolly saying, 'I stated your case to the queen, but her majesty replied, "The teachers will not die; let them remain as they are."' My expectations had been so much excited, that this sentence was like a thunderclap to my feelings. For the truth at one glance assured me, that if the queen refused assistance, who would dare to intercede for me? With a heavy heart I departed, and on my way home attempted to enter the prison gate, to communicate the sad tidings to your brother, but was harshly refused admittance; and for the ten days following, notwithstanding my daily efforts, I was not allowed to enter. We attempted to communicate by writing, and after being successful for a few days, it was discovered; the

poor fellow who carried the communications was beaten and put in the stocks; and the circumstance cost me about ten dollars, besides two or three days of agony, for fear of the consequences.

"About this period, I was one day summoned to the Thowtdau in an official way. What new evil was before me I knew not, but was obliged to go. When arrived, I was allowed to stand at the bottom of the stairs, as no female is permitted to ascend the steps, or even to stand, but sit on the ground. Hundreds were collected around. The officer who presided, in an authoritative voice, began: 'Speak the truth in answer to the questions I shall ask. If you speak true, no evil will follow; but if not, your life will not be spared. It is reported that you have committed to the care of a Burmese officer a string of pearls, a pair of diamond ear-rings, and a silver tea-pot. Is it true?' 'It is not,' I replied; 'and if you or any other person can produce these articles, I refuse not to die.' The officer again urged the necessity of 'speaking true.' I told him I had nothing more to say on this subject, but begged he would use his influence to obtain the release of Mr. Judson from prison.

"I returned to the house with a heart much lighter than I went, though conscious of my perpetual exposure to such harassments. Notwithstanding the repulse I had met in my application to the queen, I could not remain without making continual effort for your brother's release, while there was the least probability of success. Time after time my visits to the queen's sister-in-law were repeated, till she refused to answer a question, and told me by her looks I had better keep out of her presence. For the seven following months hardly a day passed that I did not visit some one of the members of government, or branches of the royal family, in order to gain their influence in our behalf; but the only benefit resulting was, their encouraging promises preserved us from despair, and induced a

hope of the speedy termination of our difficulties, which enabled us to bear our distress better than we otherwise should have done. I ought, however, to mention, that by my repeated visits to the different members of government, I gained several friends, who were ready to assist me with articles of food, though in a private manner, and who used their influence in the palace to destroy the impression of our being in any way engaged in the present war. But no one dared to speak a word to the king or queen in favour of a foreigner, while there were such continual reports of the successes of the English arms.

“During these seven months, the continual extortions and oppressions to which your brother and the other white prisoners were subject, are indescribable. Sometimes sums of money were demanded, sometimes pieces of cloth, and handkerchiefs; at other times an order would be issued, that the white foreigners should not speak to each other, or have any communication with their friends without. Then, again, the servants were forbidden to carry in their food, without an extra fee. Sometimes, for days and days together, I could not go into the prison till after dark, when I had two miles to walk in returning to the house. O how many, many times, have I returned from that dreary prison at nine o'clock at night, solitary, and worn out with fatigue and anxiety, and thrown myself down in that same rocking chair which you and deacon L. provided for me in Boston, and endeavoured to invent some new scheme for the release of the prisoners. Sometimes, for a moment or two, my thoughts would glance toward America, and my beloved friends there; but for nearly a year and a half, so entirely engrossed was every thought with present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava.

“You, my dear brother, who know my strong at-

tachment to my friends, and how much pleasure I have hitherto experienced from retrospect, can judge from the above circumstances how intense were my sufferings. But the point, the acme of my distress, consisted in the awful uncertainty of our final fate. My prevailing opinion was, that my husband would suffer a violent death; and that I should, of course, become a slave, and languish out a miserable, though short existence, in the tyrannic hands of some unfeeling monster. But the consolations of religion, in these trying circumstances, were neither 'few nor small.' It taught me to look beyond this world, to that rest, that peaceful happy rest, where Jesus reigns, and oppression never enters. But how have I digressed from my relation! I will again return.

"The war was now prosecuted with all the energy the Burmese government possessed. New troops were continually raised and sent down the river, and as frequent reports returned of their being all cut off. But that part of the Burmese army stationed in Arracan, under the command of Bandoola, had been more successful. Three hundred prisoners, at one time, were sent to the capital, as an evidence of the victory that had been gained. The king began to think that none but Bandoola understood the art of fighting with foreigners; consequently his majesty recalled him, with the design of his taking command of the army that had been sent to Rangoon. On his arrival at Ava, he was received at court in the most flattering manner, and was the recipient of every favour in the power of the king and queen to bestow. He was, in fact, while at Ava, the acting king. I was resolved to apply to him for the release of the missionaries, though some members of the government advised me not, lest he, being reminded of their existence, should issue an immediate order for their execution. But it was my last hope, and, as it proved, my last application.

"Your brother wrote a petition privately, stating

every circumstance that would have a tendency to interest him in our behalf. With fear and trembling I approached him, while surrounded by a crowd of flatterers; and one of his secretaries took the petition, and read it aloud. After hearing it, he spake to me in an obliging manner, asked several questions relative to the teachers, said he would think of the subject, and bade me come again. I ran to the prison to communicate the favourable reception to Mr. Judson; and we both had sanguine hopes that his release was at hand. But the governor of the city expressed his amazement at my temerity, and said he doubted not it would be the means of destroying all the prisoners. In a day or two, however, I went again, and took a present of considerable value. Bandoola was not at home, but his lady, after ordering the present to be taken into another room, modestly informed me that she was ordered by her husband to make the following communication: that he was now very busily employed in making preparations for Rangoon; but that when he had retaken that place and expelled the English, he would return and release all the prisoners.

"Thus again were all our hopes dashed; and we felt that we could do nothing more, but sit down and submit to our lot.

"Some months after your brother's imprisonment, I was permitted to make a little bamboo room in the prison enclosures, where he could be much by himself, and where I was sometimes allowed to spend two or three hours. It so happened that the two months he occupied this place, was the coldest part of the year, when he would have suffered much in the open shed he had previously occupied. After the birth of your little niece, I was unable to visit the prison and the governor as before, and found I had lost considerable influence previously gained; for he was not so forward to hear my petitions when any difficulty occurred, as he formerly had been. When Maria was nearly two

months old, her father one morning sent me word that he and all the white prisoners were put into the inner prison, in five pairs of fetters each, that his little room had been torn down, and his mat, pillow, &c. been taken by the jailers. This was to me a dreadful shock, as I thought at once it was only a prelude to greater evils. The English army had left Rangoon, and were advancing towards Prome, when these severe measures were taken with the prisoners.

"I went immediately to the governor's house. He was not at home, but had ordered his wife to tell me, when I came, not to ask to have the additional fetters taken off, or the prisoners released, for it could not be done. I went to the prison gate, but was forbidden to enter. All was still as death: not a white face to be seen, or a vestige of Mr. Judson's little room remaining. I was determined to see the governor, and know the cause of this additional oppression; and for this purpose I returned into town the same evening, at an hour I knew he would be at home. He was in his audience room, and, as I entered, looked up without speaking, but exhibited a mixture of shame and affected anger in his countenance. I began by saying, Your lordship has hitherto treated us with the kindness of a father. Our obligations to you are very great. We have looked to you for protection from oppression and cruelty. You have in many instances mitigated the sufferings of those unfortunate, though innocent beings, committed to your charge. You have promised me particularly, that you would stand by me to the last, and though you should receive an order from the king, you would not put Mr. Judson to death. What crime has he committed to deserve such additional punishment? The old man's hard heart was melted, for he wept like a child. 'I pity you, Tsa-yar-ga-dau, (a name by which he always called me,) I knew you would make me feel; I therefore forbade your application. But you must believe me when I say, I do



not wish to increase the sufferings of the prisoners. When I am ordered to execute them, the least that I can do is, to put them out of sight. I will now tell you, continued he, what I have never told you before, that three times I have received intimations from the queen's brother to assassinate all the white prisoners privately; but I would not do it. And I now repeat it, though I execute all the others, I will never execute your husband. But I cannot release him from his present confinement, and you must not ask it.' I had never seen him manifest so much feeling, or so resolute in denying me a favour, which circumstance was an additional reason for thinking dreadful scenes were before us.

"The situation of the prisoners was now distressing beyond description. It was the commencement of the hot season. There were above a hundred prisoners shut up in the room, without a breath of air except from the cracks in the boards. I sometimes obtained permission to go to the door for five minutes, when my heart sickened at the wretchedness exhibited. The white prisoners, from incessant perspiration and loss of appetite, looked more like the dead than the living. I made daily applications to the governor, offering him money, which he refused; but all that I gained was, permission for the foreigners to eat their food outside, and this continued but a short time.

"It was at this period that the death of Bandoola was announced in the palace. The king heard it with silent amazement, and the queen, in eastern style, smote upon her breast, and cried, ama! ama! (alas! alas!) Who could be found to fill his place? who would venture, since the invincible Bandoola had been cut off? At length the Pakan Woon, who a few months before had been so far disgraced by the king as to be thrown into prison and irons, now offered himself to head a new army, that should be raised on a different plan from those which had hitherto been

raised; and assured the king, in the most confident manner, that he would conquer the English, and restore those places that had been taken in a very short time. His offers were accepted by the king and government, and all power immediately committed to him. The whole town was in alarm, lest they should feel the effects of his power; and it was owing to the malignant representation of this man, that the white prisoners suffered such a change in their circumstances as I shall soon relate.

“After continuing in the inner prison for more than a month, your brother was taken with a fever. I felt assured he would not live long, unless removed from that noisome place. To effect this, and in order to be near the prison, I removed from our house, and put up a small bamboo room in the governor’s enclosure, which was nearly opposite the prison gate. Here I incessantly begged the governor to give me an order to take Mr. Judson out of the large prison, and place him in a more comfortable situation; and the old man, being worn out with my entreaties, at length gave me the order in an official form; and also gave orders to the head jailer to allow me to go in and out, all times of the day, to administer medicines, &c. I now felt happy indeed, and had Mr. Judson instantly removed into a little bamboo hovel, so low that neither of us could stand upright, but a palace in comparison with the place he left.

“Notwithstanding the order the governor had given for my admittance into prison, it was with the greatest difficulty that I could persuade the under jailer to open the gate. I used to carry Mr. Judson’s food myself, for the sake of getting in, and would then remain an hour or two, unless driven out. We had been in this comfortable situation but two or three days, when one morning, having carried in Mr. Judson’s breakfast, which in consequence of fever he was unable to take, I remained longer than usual, when the governor in

great haste sent for me. I promised him to return as soon as I had ascertained the governor's will, he being much alarmed at this unusual message. I was very agreeably disappointed when the governor informed me that he only wished to consult with me about his watch, and seemed unusually pleasant and conversable. I found afterwards that his only object was, to detain me until the dreadful scene, about to take place in the prison, was over. For when I left him to go to my room, one of the servants came running, and, with a ghastly countenance, informed me, that all the white prisoners were carried away. I would not believe the report, and instantly went back to the governor, who said he had just heard of it, but did not wish to tell me. I hastily ran into the street, hoping to get a glimpse of them before they were out of sight; but in this was disappointed. I ran first into one street, then another, inquiring of all I met; but no one would answer me. At length an old woman told me the white prisoners had gone towards the little river; for they were to be carried to Amarapura. I then ran to the banks of the little river, about half a mile, but saw them not, and concluded the old woman had deceived me. Some of the friends of the foreigners went to the place of execution, but found them not. I then returned to the governor, to try to discover the cause of their removal, and the probability of their future fate. The old man assured me that he was ignorant of the intention of government to remove the foreigners till that morning. That since I went out he had learned that the prisoners were to be sent to Amarapura; but for what purpose he knew not. 'I will send off a man immediately,' said he, 'to see what is to be done with them. You can do nothing more for your husband,' continued he, 'take care of yourself.' With a heavy heart I went to my room, and having no hope to excite me to exertion, I sunk down almost in despair. For several days previous, I had been actively engaged in

building my own little room, and making our hovel comfortable. My thoughts had been almost entirely occupied in contriving means to get into the prison. But now I looked towards the gate with a kind of melancholy feeling, but no wish to enter. All was the stillness of death; no preparation of your brother's food; no expectation of meeting him at the usual dinner-hour; all my employment, all my occupations seemed to have ceased, and I had nothing left but the dreadful recollection that Mr. Judson was carried off, I knew not whither. It was one of the most insupportable days I ever passed. Towards night, however, I came to the determination to set off the next morning for Amarapura; and for this purpose was obliged to go to our house out of town.

"Never before had I suffered so much from fear in traversing the streets of Ava. The last words of the governor, 'Take care of yourself,' made me suspect there was some design with which I was unacquainted. I saw, also, he was afraid to have me go into the streets, and advised me to wait till dark, when he would send me in a cart, and a man to open the gates. I took two or three trunks of the most valuable articles, together with the medicine chest, to deposit in the house of the governor; and after committing the house and premises to our faithful Mounng Ing and a Bengalee servant, who continued with us, (though we were unable to pay his wages,) I took leave, as I then thought probable, of our house in Ava for ever.

"The next morning I obtained a pass from government, and with my little Maria, who was then only three months old, Mary and Abby Hasseltine, (two of the Burman children,) and our Bengalee cook, who was the only one of the party that could afford me any assistance, I set off for Amarapura. The day was dreadfully hot, but we obtained a covered boat, in which we were tolerably comfortable, till within two

miles of the government house. I then procured a cart; but the violent motion, together with the dreadful heat and dust, made me almost distracted. But what was my disappointment on my arriving at the court house, to find that the prisoners had been sent on two hours before, and that I must go in that uncomfortable mode four miles further, with little Maria in my arms, whom I held all the way from Ava. The cartman refused to go any further; and after waiting an hour in the burning sun I procured another, and set off for that never-to-be-forgotten place, Oung-pen-la. I obtained a guide from the governor, and was conducted directly to the prison yard. But what a scene of wretchedness was presented to my view! The prison was an old shattered building, without a roof; the fence was entirely destroyed; eight or ten Burmese were on the top of the building, trying to make something like a shelter with leaves; while under a little low projection, outside of the prison, sat the foreigners, chained together two and two, almost dead with suffering and fatigue. The first words of your brother were, 'Why have you come? I hoped you would not follow, for you cannot live here.' It was now dark. I had no refreshment for the suffering prisoners, or for myself, as I had expected to procure all that was necessary at the market of Amarapura, and I had no shelter for the night. I asked one of the jailers if I might put up a little bamboo house near the prison; he said No, it was not customary. I then begged he would procure me a shelter for the night, when on the morrow I could find some place to live in. He took me to his house, in which there were only two small rooms, one in which he and his family lived, the other, which was then half full of grain, he offered to me; and in that little filthy place I spent the next six months of wretchedness. I procured some half boiled water, instead of my tea, and, worn out with fatigue,

laid myself down on a mat spread over the paddy, and endeavoured to obtain a little refreshment from sleep. The next morning your brother gave me the following account of the brutal treatment he had received on being taken out of prison.

“As soon as I had gone out, at the call of the governor, one of the jailers rushed into Mr. Judson’s little room, roughly seized him by the arm, pulled him out, stripped him of all his clothes, excepting shirt and pantaloons; took his shoes, hat, and all his bedding; tore off his chains, tied a rope round his waist, and dragged him to the court house, where the other prisoners had previously been taken. They were then tied two and two, and delivered into the hands of the lamine woon, who went on before them on horseback, while his slaves drove the prisoners, one of the slaves holding the rope which connected two of them together. It was in May, one of the hottest months in the year, and eleven o’clock in the day, so that the sun was intolerable indeed. They had proceeded only half a mile, when your brother’s feet became blistered; and so great was his agony, even at this early period, that as they were crossing the little river, he ardently longed to throw himself into the water to be free from misery. But the sin attached to such an act alone prevented. They had then eight miles to walk. The sand and gravel were like burning coals to the feet of the prisoners, which soon became perfectly destitute of skin; and in this wretched state they were goaded on by their unfeeling drivers. Mr. Judson’s debilitated state, in consequence of fever, and having taken no food that morning, rendered him less capable of bearing such hardships than the other prisoners. When about half way on their journey, as they stopped for water, your brother begged the lamine woon to allow him to ride his horse a mile or two, as he could proceed no farther in that dreadful state. But a scornful, malignant look, was all the reply that was made. He then requested

captain Laird, who was tied with him, and who was a strong, healthy man, to allow him to take hold of his shoulder, as he was fast sinking. This the kind-hearted man granted for a mile or two, but then found the additional burden insupportable. Just at that period Mr. Gouger's Bengalee servant came up to them, and seeing the distresses of your brother, took off his head dress, which was made of cloth, tore it in two, gave half to his master, and half to Mr. Judson, which he instantly wrapt round his wounded feet, as they were not allowed to rest even for a moment. The servant then offered his shoulder to Mr. Judson, and was almost carried by him the remainder of the way. Had it not been for the support and assistance of this man, your brother thinks he should have shared the fate of the poor Greek, who was one of their number, and when taken out of prison that morning was in perfect health. But he was a corpulent man, and the sun affected him so much that he fell down on the way. His inhuman drivers beat and dragged him until they themselves were wearied, when they procured a cart, in which he was carried the remaining two miles. But the poor creature expired in an hour or two after their arrival at the court house. The lamine woon seeing the distressing state of the prisoners, and that one of their number was dead, concluded they should go no further that night, otherwise they would have been driven on until they reached Oung-pen-la the same day. An old shed was appointed for their abode during the night, but without even a mat, or pillow, or any thing to cover them. The curiosity of the lamine woon's wife induced her to make a visit to the prisoners, whose wretchedness considerably excited her compassion, and she ordered some fruit, sugar, and tamarinds, for their refreshment; and the next morning rice was prepared for them, and, as poor as it was, it was refreshing to the prisoners, who had been almost destitute of food the day before. Carts were also provided for their

conveyance, as none of them were able to walk. All this time the foreigners were entirely ignorant of what was to become of them; and when they arrived at Oung-pen-la, and saw the dilapidated state of the prison, they all immediately concluded that they were there to be burnt, agreeably to the report which had previously been in circulation at Ava. They all endeavoured to prepare themselves for the awful scene anticipated; and it was not until they saw preparations making for repairing the prison that they had the least doubt that a cruel lingering death awaited them.

“At this place my personal bodily sufferings commenced. While your brother was confined in the city prison, I had been allowed to remain in our house, in which I had many conveniences left, and my health had continued good beyond all expectations. But now I had not a single article of convenience, not even a chair or seat of any kind, excepting a bamboo floor. The very morning after my arrival, Mary Hasseltine was taken with the small pox, the natural way. She, though very young, was the only assistant I had in taking care of little Maria. But she now required all the time I could spare from Mr. Judson, whose fever still continued in prison, and whose feet were so dreadfully mangled, that for several days he was unable to move. I knew not what to do, for I could procure no assistance from the neighbourhood, or medicine for the sufferers, but was all day long going backwards and forwards from the house to the prison with little Maria in my arms. Sometimes I was greatly relieved by leaving her, for an hour, when asleep, by the side of her father, while I returned to the house to look after Mary, whose fever ran so high as to produce delirium. She was so completely covered with the small pox, that there was no distinction in the pustules. As she was in the same little room with myself, I knew Maria would take it; I therefore inoculated her from another



child, before Mary's had arrived at such a state as to be infectious. At the same time I inoculated Abby, and the jailer's children, who all had it so lightly as hardly to interrupt their play. But the inoculation in the arm of my poor little Maria did not take; she caught it of Mary, and had it the natural way. She was then only three months and a half old, and had been a most healthy child; but it was above three months before she perfectly recovered from the effects of this dreadful disorder.

"The jailer's children having had the small pox so lightly, in consequence of inoculation, my fame was spread all over the village, and every child, young and old, who had not previously had it, was brought for inoculation. And although I knew nothing about the disorder, or the mode of treating it, I inoculated them all with a needle, and told them to take care of their diet, all the instruction I could give them. Mr. Judson's health was gradually restored, and he found himself much more comfortably situated than when in the city prison.

"The prisoners were at first chained two and two; but as soon as the jailers could obtain chains sufficient, they were separated, and each prisoner had but one pair. The prison was repaired, a new fence made, and a large airy shed erected in front of the prison, where the prisoners were allowed to remain during the day, though locked up in the little close prison at night. All the children recovered from the small pox; but my watchings and fatigue, together with my miserable food, and more miserable lodgings, brought on one of the diseases of the country, which is almost always fatal to foreigners. My constitution seemed destroyed, and in a few days I became so weak as to be hardly able to walk to Mr. Judson's prison. In this debilitated state, I set off in a cart for Ava, to procure medicines, and some suitable food. I reached the house in safety, and for two or three days the disorder seemed

at a stand; after which it attacked me so violently, that I had no hopes of recovery left; and my only anxiety now was, to return to Oung-pen-la to die near the prison. It was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained the medicine chest from the governor, and then had no one to administer medicine. I however got at the laudanum, and by taking two drops at a time for several hours, it so far checked the disorder, as to enable me to get on board a boat, though so weak that I could not stand, and again set off for Oung-pen-la. The last four miles was in that painful conveyance, the cart, and in the midst of the rainy season, when the mud almost buries the oxen. You may form some idea of a Burmese cart, when I tell you their wheels are not constructed like ours, but are simply round thick planks, with a hole in the middle, through which a pole that supports the body is thrust.

“I just reached Oung-pen-la when my strength seemed entirely exhausted. The good native cook came out to help me into the house; but so altered and emaciated was my appearance, that the poor fellow burst into tears at the first sight. I crawled on to the mat in the little room, to which I was confined for more than two months, and never perfectly recovered until I came to the English camp. At this period, when I was unable to take care of myself, or to look after Mr. Judson, we must both have died, had it not been for the faithful and affectionate care of our Bengalee cook.

“Our dear little Maria was the greatest sufferer at this time, my illness depriving her of her usual nourishment, and neither a nurse nor a drop of milk could be procured in the village. By making presents to the jailers, I obtained leave for Mr. Judson to come out of the prison, and take the emaciated creature around the village, to beg a little nourishment from those mothers who had young children. Her cries in the

night were heart-rending, when it was impossible to supply her wants.

“It was some time after our arrival at Oung-pen-la, that we heard of the execution of the Paken Woon, in consequence of which our lives were still preserved. For we afterwards ascertained, that the white foreigners had been sent to Oung-pen-la for the express purpose of sacrificing them, and that he himself intended witnessing the horrid scene. We had frequently heard of his intended arrival at Oung-pen-la, but we had no idea of his diabolical purposes. He had raised an army of fifty thousand men, (a tenth part of whose advanced pay was found in his house,) and expected to march against the English army in a short time, when he was suspected of high treason, and instantly executed without the least examination. Perhaps no death in Ava ever produced such universal rejoicings as that of the Paken Woon. We never, to this day, hear his name mentioned, but with an epithet of reproach or hatred.”

The time at length arrived for their release from this detested prison. Mr. Judson's services were required by the Burmese army at Melloone, as translator, whether he was sent upon a few hours' notice, leaving Mrs. Judson at the house in Ava. About a fortnight after his departure, she was seized with the spotted fever, the progress of which she thus describes:—

“I knew the nature of the fever from its commencement; and from the shattered state of my constitution, together with the want of medical attendants, I concluded it must be fatal. The day I was taken with the fever, a Burmese nurse came and offered her services for Maria. This circumstance filled me with gratitude and confidence in God; for though I had so long and so constantly made efforts to obtain a person of this description, I had never been able; when at the very time I most needed one, and without any exertion,

a voluntary offer was made. My fever raged violently and without any intermission. I began to think of settling my worldly affairs, and of committing my dear little Maria to the care of a Portuguese woman, when I lost my reason, and was insensible to all around. At this dreadful period Dr. Price was released from prison, and hearing of my illness, obtained permission to come and see me. He has since told me that my situation was the most distressing he had ever witnessed, and that he did not then think I should survive many hours. My hair was shaved, my head and feet covered with blisters, and Dr. Price ordered the Bengalee servant who took care of me, to endeavour to persuade me to take a little nourishment, which I had obstinately refused for several days. One of the first things I recollect was, seeing this faithful servant standing by me, trying to induce me to take a little wine and water. I was, in fact, so far gone, that the Burmese neighbours who had come in to see me expire, said, 'She is dead; and if the King of angels should come in, he could not recover her.'

"The fever, I afterwards understood, had run seventeen days when the blisters were applied. I now began to recover slowly; but it was more than a month after this before I had strength to stand. While in this weak, debilitated state, the servant who had followed your brother to the Burmese camp came in, and informed me that his master had arrived, and was conducted to the court house in town. I sent off a Burman to watch the movements of government, and to ascertain, if possible, in what way Mr. Judson was to be disposed of. He soon returned with the sad intelligence, that he saw Mr. Judson go out of the palace yard, accompanied by two or three Burmans, who conducted him to one of the prisons; and that it was reported in town, that he was to be sent back to the Oung-pen-la prison.

"If I ever felt the value and efficacy of prayer, I

did at this time. I could not rise from my couch; I could make no efforts to secure my husband; I could only plead with that great and powerful Being who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;' and who made me at this time feel so powerfully this promise, that I became quite composed, feeling assured that my prayers would be answered.

"In the meantime the governor of the north gate presented a petition to the high court of the empire, offered himself as Mr. Judson's security, obtained his release, and took him to his house, where he treated him with every possible kindness, and to which I was removed as soon as returning health would allow.

"The rapid strides of the English army towards the capital at this time, threw the whole town into the greatest state of alarm, and convinced the government that some speedy measures must be taken to save the golden city. They had hitherto rejected all the overtures of sir Archibald Campbell, imagining, until this late period, that they could, in some way or other, drive the English from the country. Mr. Judson and Dr. Price were daily called to the court-house and consulted; in fact, nothing was done without their approbation. It was finally concluded that Mr. Judson and a British officer, who was a prisoner, should be sent immediately to the English camp, in order to negotiate. The danger attached to a situation so responsible, under a government so fickle as the Burmese, induced your brother to use every means possible to prevent his being sent. Dr. Price was not only willing, but desirous of going; this circumstance Mr. Judson represented to the members of government, and begged he might not be compelled to go, as Dr. Price could transact the business equally as well as himself. After some hesitation and deliberation, Dr. Price was appointed to accompany Dr. Sanford, one of the English officers, on condition that Mr. Judson would stand

security for his return ; while the other English officer, then in irons, should be security for Dr. Sanford.

“ At length the boat in which the ambassadors had been sent was seen approaching a day earlier than was expected. As it advanced towards the city, the banks were lined by thousands, anxiously inquiring their success. But no answer was given : the government must first hear the news. The palace gates were crowded, when Dr. Price made the following communication : ‘ The general and commissioners will make no alteration in their terms, except the hundred lacks (a lack is a hundred thousand) of rupees may be paid at four different times. The first twenty-five lacks to be paid within twelve days, or the army will continue their march.’ In addition to this, the prisoners were to be given up immediately. The general had commissioned Dr. Price to demand Mr. Judson and myself and little Maria. This was communicated to the king, who replied, ‘ They are not English, they are my people, and shall not go.’

“ In this interval the fears of the government were considerably allayed by the offers of a general, by name Layar-thoo-yah, who desired to make one more attempt to conquer the English and disperse them. He assured the king and government that he could so fortify the ancient city of Pagan, as to make it impregnable ; and that he would there defeat and destroy the English. His offers were heard, he marched to Pagan with a very considerable force, and made strong the fortifications. But the English took the city with perfect ease, and dispersed the Burmese army ; while the general fled to Ava, and had the presumption to appear in the presence of the king, and demand new troops. The king being enraged that he had ever listened to him for a moment, in consequence of which the negotiation had been delayed, the English general provoked, and the troops daily advancing, ordered the general to be immediately executed ! The poor fellow

was soon hurled from the palace, and beat all the way to the court-house, when he was stripped of his rich apparel, bound with cords, and made to kneel and bow towards the palace. He was then delivered into the hands of the executioners, who, by their cruel treatment, put an end to his existence before they reached the place of execution.

“The king caused it to be reported, that this general was executed, in consequence of disobeying his commands, ‘not to fight the English.’

“Dr. Price was sent off the same night, with part of the prisoners, and with instructions to persuade the general to take six lacks instead of twenty-five. He returned in two or three days, with the appalling intelligence that the English general was very angry, refused to have any communication with him, and was now within a few days’ march of the capital. The queen was greatly alarmed, and said the money should be raised immediately, if the English would only stop their march. The whole palace was in motion, gold and silver vessels were melted up, the king and queen superintended the weighing of a part of it, and were determined, if possible, to save their city. The silver was ready in the boats by the next evening; but they had so little confidence in the English, that after all their alarm, they concluded to send down six lacks only, with the assurance that if the English would stop where they then were, the remainder should be forthcoming immediately.

“The government now did not even ask Mr. Judson the question whether he would go or not; but some of the officers took him by the arm, as he was walking in the street, and told him he must go immediately on board the boat, to accompany two Burmese officers, who were going down to make peace. The general and commissioners would not receive the six lacks, neither would they stop their march; but promised, if the sum complete reached them before they should arrive

at Ava, they would make peace. The general also commissioned Mr. Judson to collect the remaining foreigners, of whatever country, and ask the question before the Burmese government, whether they wished to go or stay. Those who expressed a wish to go should be delivered up immediately, or peace would not be made.

“ Mr. Judson reached Ava at midnight, and had all the foreigners called the next morning. The remainder of the money was soon collected; the prisoners at Oung-pen-la were all released, and either sent to their houses, or down the river to the English; and in two days from the time of Mr. Judson's return, we took an affectionate leave of the good-natured officer who had so long entertained us at his house, and who now accompanied us to the water side, and we then left for ever the bank of Ava.

“ It was on a cool, moonlight evening, in the month of March, that with hearts filled with gratitude to God, and overflowing with joy at our prospects, we passed down the Irrawaddy, surrounded by six or eight golden boats, and accompanied by all we had on earth.

“ We now, for the first time, for more than a year and a half, felt that we were free, and no longer subject to the oppressive yoke of the Burmese. And with what sensations of delight, on the next morning, did I behold the masts of the steam-boat, the sure presage of being within the bounds of civilized life. As soon as our boat reached the shore, brigadier A. and another officer came on board, congratulated us on our arrival, and invited us on board the steam-boat, where I passed the remainder of the day; while your brother went on to meet the general, who, with the detachment of the army, had encamped at Yandaboo, a few miles further down the river. Mr. Judson returned in the evening, with an invitation from sir Archibald, to come immediately to his quarters, where I was the next morning introduced, and received with the greatest kindness by



the general, who had a tent pitched for us near his own, took us to his own table, and treated us with the kindness of a father, rather than as strangers of another country.

"We feel that our obligations to general Campbell can never be cancelled. Our final release from Ava, and our recovering all the property that had there been taken, was owing entirely to his efforts. The subsequent hospitality, and kind attention to the accommodations for our passage to Rangoon, have left an indelible impression on our minds. We daily received the congratulation of the British officers, whose conduct towards us formed a striking contrast to that of the Burmese. I presume to say, that no persons on earth were ever happier than we were during the fortnight we passed at the English camp. For several days, this single idea wholly occupied my mind, that we were out of the power of the Burmese government, and once more under the protection of the English. Our feelings continually dictated expressions like these : What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits towards us?

"The treaty of peace was soon concluded, signed by both parties, and a termination of hostilities publicly declared. We left Yandaboo, after a fortnight's residence, and safely reached the mission house in Rangoon, after an absence of two years and three months.

"We now consider our future missionary prospects as bright indeed ; and our only anxiety is, to be once more in that situation where our time will be exclusively devoted to the instruction of the heathen."

At the close of this affecting narrative, we may appropriately introduce the following tribute to the benevolence and talents of Mrs. Judson, written by one of the English prisoners, who were confined at Ava with Mr. Judson. It was published in a Calcutta paper, after the conclusion of the war.

“Mrs. Judson was the author of those eloquent and forcible appeals to the government, which prepared them by degrees for submission to terms of peace, never expected by any, who knew the hauteur and inflexible pride of the Burman court.

“And while on this subject, the overflowings of grateful feelings, on behalf of myself and fellow-prisoners, compel me to add a tribute of public thanks to that amiable and humane female, who, though living at a distance of two miles from our prison, without any means of conveyance, and very feeble in health, forgot her own comfort and infirmity, and almost every day visited us, sought out and administered to our wants, and contributed in every way to alleviate our misery.

“While we were all left by the government destitute of food, she, with unwearied perseverance, by some means or other, obtained for us a constant supply.

“When the tattered state of our clothes evinced the extremity of our distress, she was ever ready to replenish our scanty wardrobe.

“When the unfeeling avarice of our keepers confined us inside, or made our feet fast in the stocks, she, like a ministering angel, never ceased her applications to the government, until she was authorized to communicate to us the grateful news of our enlargement, or of respite from our galling oppressions.

“Besides all this, it was unquestionably owing, in a chief degree, to the repeated eloquence, and forcible appeals of Mrs. Judson, that the untutored Burman was finally made willing to secure the welfare and happiness of his country, by a sincere peace.”

Upon the release of the missionaries, they found the Burmese converts, and inquirers, had been dispersed in all directions, by the events of the war. Several were dead; several were found by Mr. and Mrs. Judson on their passage down the river; and some were in Rangoon, waiting for their determination where to

settle. Moung Shwa-gnong died of the cholera, on his way from Ava, after the peace. Mah Men-la, the first female convert, was found with her sister, at Prome, living in boats; and they both resolved to accompany the christian teachers to Rangoon.

*From the close of the war to her death.*

Mrs. Judson, now thought that her trials were past, and that she might anticipate a long and uninterrupted course of toil for the conversion of the heathen. The severe sufferings and appalling dangers which she had experienced, did not abate her love for the souls of the Burmans, nor diminish her desire to go onward with the mission. She had devoted her life to this service; and she was ready to die whenever the sacrifice should be needful for the welfare of the heathen.

Alas! her fond anticipations were soon disappointed. The mission is indeed, we trust, to go on, until Burmah shall be converted to God. But she who had assisted in its establishment, who had largely shared in its trials and joys; and to whose firmness, intrepidity, ready presence of mind, and devoted affection, her husband and Dr. Price were indebted, under God, for the preservation of their lives, during their imprisonment at Ava, was soon to be summoned away from her toils and sufferings on earth, to the presence of her Saviour.

On the first of April, Mr. Judson left Rangoon, in company with Mr. Crawford, the commissioner of the governor-general of India, on an exploring expedition, to a part of the territories ceded by the Burmese to the British. They proceeded to the mouth of the Salwan, or Martaban river, about sixty miles east of Rangoon, where they fixed on the site of a town, on the eastern bank, which they called Amherst, in honour of the British governor-general. On this occasion, the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah was read by Mr. Judson, and a prayer offered. The British flag was hoisted, and

other ceremonies signalized the occupation of this spot, as the seat of the English government in the newly-ceded territories.

On the 9th of April, Mr. Judson returned to Rangoon, and made immediate preparations to proceed to Amherst, whither the native converts were also removing. He conveyed Mrs. Judson and family thither, and then accompanied Mr. Crawford, the English commissioner, to Ava, with the hope of being able to procure an article in the new treaty about to be formed, by which toleration might be secured to missionary operations in the Burman empire. This attempt, however, proved to be entirely unavailing.

It was during the absence of Mr. Judson, that Mrs. Judson was seized with the fatal disorder, which terminated her life, on the 24th of October 1826. The shocks which her constitution had received from previous attacks of disease, and during the scenes at Ava, rendered her incapable of withstanding the violence of this last attack. She died—died in a strange place—and surrounded by strangers. Such was God's will. It would be consoling to know more of the state of her mind, during her sickness, and of her feelings in prospect of death. But she is gone. Her life was a series of proofs that she loved the Saviour; and we may believe, with entire confidence, that she entered into the joy of her Lord.

The following extracts of letters from her husband, contain a statement of all the particulars which could be obtained concerning her last sickness and death. His feelings we will not attempt to describe.

*To Mrs. Hasseltine, of Bradford, (Mass.) dated Ava,  
Dec. 7, 1827.*

“ Dear Mother,—This letter, though intended for the whole family, I address particularly to you; for it

is a mother's heart that will be most deeply interested in its melancholy details. I propose to give you, at different times, some account of my great, irreparable loss, of which you will have heard before receiving this letter.

"I left your daughter, my beloved wife, at Amherst, the 5th of July last, in good health, comfortably situated, happy in being out of the reach of our savage oppressors, and animated in prospect of a field of missionary labour opening under the auspices of British protection.

"We had been preserved through so many trials and vicissitudes, that a separation of three or four months, attended with no hazards to either party, seemed a light thing. We parted therefore, with cheerful hearts, confident of a speedy re-union, and indulging fond anticipations of future years of domestic happiness. After my return to Rangoon, and subsequent arrival at Ava, I received several letters from her, written in her usual style, and exhibiting no subject of regret or apprehension, except the declining health of our little daughter Maria. Her last was dated the 14th of September. She says, 'I have this day moved into the new house, and, for the first time since we were broken up at Ava, feel myself at home. The house is large and convenient, and if you were here I should feel quite happy. The native population is increasing very fast, and things wear rather a favourable aspect. Moun-Ing's school has commenced with ten scholars, and more are expected. Poor little Maria is still feeble. I sometimes hope she is getting better; then again she declines to her former weakness. When I ask her where papa is, she always starts up and points towards the sea. The servants behave very well, and I have no trouble about any thing excepting you and Maria. Pray take care of yourself, particularly as it regards the intermittent fever at Ava. May God pre-

serve and bless you, and restore you in safety to your home, is the prayer of your affectionate Ann.'

"On the 18th October, captain F. writes, 'I can hardly think it right to tell you, that Mrs. Judson has had an attack of fever, as before this reaches you, she will, I sincerely trust, be quite well, as it has not been so severe as to reduce her.'—My next communication was a letter with a black seal, handed me by a person, saying he was sorry to inform me of the death of the child. I know not whether this was a mistake on his part, or kindly intended to prepare my mind for the real intelligence. I went into my room, and opened the letter with feelings of gratitude and joy, that at any rate the mother was spared. It was from Mr. B—, assistant superintendant of Amherst, dated the 26th of October, and began thus:—

"'My dear sir, to one who has suffered so much and with such exemplary fortitude, there needs but little preface to tell a tale of distress. It were cruel indeed to torture you with doubt and suspense. To sum up the unhappy tidings in a few words—Mrs. Judson is no more.'

"At intervals, I got through with the dreadful letter, and proceed to give you the substance as indelibly engraven on my heart.

"'Early in the month she was attacked with a most violent fever. From the first she felt a strong presentiment that she should not recover; and on the 24th, about eight in the evening, she expired. Dr. R— was quite assiduous in his attentions, both as friend and physician. Capt. F— procured her the services of a European woman from the forty-fifth regiment; and be assured all was done that could be done, to comfort her in her sufferings, and to smoothe the passage to the grave. We all feel deeply the loss of this excellent lady, whose shortness of residence among us was yet sufficiently long to impress us with a deep sense of her

worth and virtues. It was not until about the 20th that Dr. R. began seriously to expect danger. Before that period, the fever had abated at intervals, but its last approach baffled all medical skill. On the morning of the 23d, Mrs. Judson spoke for the last time. The disease had then completed its conquest, and from that time, up to the moment of dissolution, she lay nearly motionless, and apparently quite insensible. Yesterday morning, I assisted in the last melancholy office of putting her mortal remains in the coffin; and in the evening her funeral was attended by all the European officers now resident here. We have buried her near the spot where she first landed; and I have put up a small rude fence around the grave, to protect it from incautious intrusion.'

"You perceive, that I have no account whatever of the state of her mind, in view of death and eternity, or of her wishes concerning her darling babe, whom she loved most intensely. I hope to glean some information on these points from the physician who attended her, and the native converts who must have been occasionally present.

"I will not trouble you, my dear mother, with an account of my own private feelings—the bitter heart-rending anguish, which for some days would not admit of mitigation, and the comfort which the gospel subsequently afforded, the gospel of Jesus Christ, which brings life and immortality to light. Blessed assurance, and let us apply it afresh to our hearts, that while I am writing and you perusing these lines, her spirit is resting and rejoicing in the heavenly paradise,

'Where glories shine, and pleasures roll,  
That charm, delight, transport the soul  
And every panting wish shall be  
Possessed of boundless bliss in thee.'

And there, my dear mother, we also soon shall be,

uniting and participating in the felicities of heaven with her, for whom we now mourn. 'Amen—even so, come, Lord Jesus.'"

*To the same. Amherst, Feb. 4, 1827.*

"Amid the desolation that death has made, I take up my pen once more to address the mother of my beloved Ann. I am sitting in the house she built—in the room where she breathed her last—and at a window from which I see the tree that stands at the head of her grave, and the top of the 'small rude fence,' which they have put up 'to protect it from incautious intrusion.'

"Mr. and Mrs. Wade are living in the house, having arrived here about a month after Ann's death; and Mrs. Wade has taken charge of my poor motherless Maria. I was unable to get any accounts of the child at Rangoon; and it was only on my arriving here, the 24th ult. that I learned she was still alive. Mr. Wade met me at the landing-place; and as I passed on to the house, one and another of the native christians came out, and when they saw me, they began to weep. At length we reached the house; and I almost expected to see my love coming out to meet me, as usual; but no, I saw only in the arms of Mrs. Wade, a poor little puny child, who could not recognize her weeping father, and from whose infant mind had long been erased all recollections of the mother who loved her so much.

"She turned away from me in alarm, and I, obliged to seek comfort elsewhere, found my way to the grave; but who ever obtained comfort there? Thence I went to the house, in which I left her, and looked at the spot where we last knelt in prayer, and where we exchanged the parting kiss.

"The doctor who attended her has removed to another station, and the only information I can obtain, is such as the native christians are able to communicate.



"It seems that her head was much affected during her last days, and she said but little. She sometimes complained thus—'The teacher is long in coming, and the new missionaries are long in coming: I must die alone, and leave my little one; but as it is the will of God, I acquiesce in his will. I am not afraid of death, but I am afraid I shall not be able to bear these pains. Tell the teacher that the disease was most violent, and I could not write; tell him how I suffered and died; tell him all that you see; and take care of the house and things until he returns.' When she was unable to notice any thing else, she would still call the child to her, and charge the nurse to be kind to it, and indulge it in every thing, until its father should return. The last day or two, she lay almost senseless and motionless, on one side, her head reclining on her arm, her eyes closed; and at eight in the evening, with one exclamation of distress in the Burman language, she ceased to breathe.

"Feb. 7. I have been on a visit to the physician who attended her in her illness. He has the character of a kind, attentive, and skilful practitioner; and his communications to me have been rather consoling. I am now convinced that every thing possible was done; and that had I been present myself, I could not have essentially contributed to avert the fatal termination of the disease. The doctor was with her twice a day, and frequently spent the greater part of the night by her side. He says, that, from the first attack of the fever, she was persuaded she would not recover; but that her mind was uniformly tranquil and happy in the prospect of death. She only expressed occasional regret at leaving her child, the native christians, and the schools, before her husband or another missionary family could arrive. The last two days she was free from pain. On her attention being roused by reiterated questions, she replied, 'I feel quite well, only very weak.' These were her last words."

But there was yet in reserve another trial, to add bitterness to the cup of his sorrow. The poor motherless child survived but a few months. Her father thus announced her death.

*To Mrs. Judson's Mother. Amherst, April 26, 1827.*

"Dear Mother Hasseltine,—My sweet little Maria lies by the side of her fond mother. The complaint, to which she was subject several months, (an affection of the bowels,) proved incurable. She had the best medical advice; and the kind care of Mrs. Wade could not have been, in any respect, exceeded by that of her own mother. But all our efforts, and prayers, and tears, could not propitiate the cruel disease. She ceased to breathe, on the 24th inst. at three o'clock, P. M., aged two years and three months, and we folded her little hands, the exact pattern of her mother's, on her cold breast. The next morning we made her last bed, in the small enclosure which surrounds her mother's lonely grave. Together they rest in hope, under the hope tree, (hopia,) which stands at the head of the graves; and together, I trust, their spirits are rejoicing, after a short separation of precisely six months.

"Thus I am left alone in the wide world. My father's family, and all my relatives, have been, for many years, separated from me by seas that I shall never re-pass. They are the same to me as if buried. My own dear family I have actually buried: one in Rangoon, and two in Amherst. What remains for me, but to hold myself in readiness to follow the dear departed, to that blessed world—

'Where my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
Where God, my Saviour reigns?'

"How happy should I be to find myself once more in the bosom of the family in Bradford, and tell you ten thousand things that I cannot put on paper! But this will never be. Nor is it of much consequence. A few

more rolling suns, and you will hear of my death, or I of your's. Till then, believe me your most affectionate son. And when we meet in heaven, when all have arrived, and we find all safe, for ever safe, and behold our glorious Saviour, and in him all his beloved, oh, shall we not be happy, and ever praise Him who has endured the cross to wear and confer such a crown!"

The habitual piety of Mrs. Judson is the most lovely and important trait. It was not a form of devotion assumed on particular occasions. It was not a flame which blazed up brightly at rare and uncertain intervals. She was every where, and at all times, the christian and missionary. She walked with God. Her secret journals in which she recorded her thoughts, with no witness but the Searcher of hearts; her most private letters, in which she poured out her feelings without reserve, are marked by even more of fervent and humble piety than her public writings. Religion was the chosen theme of her conversation; and it is known that she spent much time in secret devotion. The hopes of religion supported her in her appalling sufferings; and the love of Christ constrained her to persevere unto death, in her efforts to lead the poor wanderers of Burmah to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls.

Her unwearied perseverance is another characteristic. We have seen her, amid perplexities, disease, and danger, pressing steadily onward towards the great object to which her life was devoted. The state of her health repeatedly forced her away from the scenes of her labours; but she returned as soon as her recruited strength would permit.

Of her intellectual powers, it is needless to say any thing. Her actions, and her writings, furnish ample evidence of superior talents.

It would be proper to say something in this place of her person, her manners, and her private character.

On these points, however, we can say little from personal knowledge, as the author had but once the pleasure of an interview with her. In her manners, there was much unaffected dignity: but she was affable; and there was an attractive grace in her conversation, resulting from the union of mental strength with feminine affections. Her dispositions were kind, and her benevolence warm, active and unwearied. We appeal with confidence to the course of her life, to her journals, and letters, and to those persons of kindred minds and feelings, who have conversed with her, for ample testimony to the warmth of her affections, to her affability, modesty, and meekness, as well as to the strength of her intellect, and the activity of her zeal for the welfare of mankind. Envy, with its acute vision, and calumny, with its open ear and ready tongue, although they have assailed her, have never insinuated a doubt of the purity of her life. She was a mark for malice, aimed not at her alone, but at the cause of her Saviour. The reproaches which were meant for him, fell on her; but she was content to suffer for his sake. She felt, too, that she was imperfect. Her journals and letters exhibit numerous proofs of her acquaintance with her own heart, and of her deep grief for her deficiency in holiness. But she is perfect now; and doubtless she looks back upon her life on earth, with adoring wonder, and with gratitude for the grace of her Saviour, who pardoned her sins, and made her useful in his service, and conducted her, at last, by many a rough path, and through deep waters, to the rest which remaineth for the people of God.

She had not lived in vain. Five converted Burmans had gone before her to heaven. Her name will be remembered in the churches of Burmah, in future times, when the pagodas of Gaudama shall have fallen; when the spires of christian temples shall gleam along the waters of the Irrawaddy, and the Salwen; and when the "golden city" shall have lifted up her gates, to let

the King of glory in. Let us hope, meanwhile, that her bright example will inspire others with the generous resolution to toil and to die, like her, for the salvation of the heathen.

A marble, with the following inscription, was sent from Boston, in July, 1830, to be placed over Mrs. Judson's grave at Amherst. This was procured at the expense of some female friends.

Erected to the Memory  
of  
ANN H. JUDSON,  
Wife of Adoniram Judson,  
Missionary  
of the  
Baptist General Convention in the United States,  
to the  
Burman Empire.  
She was born at Bradford,  
In the state of Massachusetts, North America,  
Dec. 22, 1789.  
She arrived with her husband at Rangoon,  
in July, 1813 :  
And there commenced those  
Missionary Toils,  
which she sustained with such  
Christian Fortitude, Decision and Perseverance,  
Amid scenes of  
Civil Commotion, and Personal Affliction,  
As won for her  
Universal Respect and Affection.  
She died at  
Amherst, Oct. 24, 1826.

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# CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

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## LIFE OF MISS ANNA JANE LINNARD, OF PHILADELPHIA.

BY THE REV. ROBERT BAIRD.

*ABRIDGED.*

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LONDON:  
RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY:  
*Instituted 1799;*  
SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS.



# LIFE OF

## MISS ANNA JANE LINNARD.

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*Her early life, education, conversion, &c.*

ANNA JANE LINNARD was born at Philadelphia, in the United States of America, on the 8th of May, 1800, and was the youngest, but one, of eleven children. Her father, colonel William Linnard, was an officer in the American army. Her mother was a godly woman, and deeply interested in the spiritual and eternal welfare of her children. She was, however, removed from this world whilst the subject of this memoir was quite a child. But her instructions and prayers were not in vain. Almost all her children, it is believed, have been brought to the knowledge of the Saviour; and several of them have followed her to a brighter and better world.

The annals of the church are filled with facts which prove the blessed influence of faithful, judicious, and pious maternal instruction. The heavenly counsels, persuasive appeals, the sweet tones of the endeared voice, and the affecting and irresistible eloquence of the beloved countenance of a devoted mother, cause impressions to be made in the hearts of her offspring which time cannot efface. "I should have been an infidel of the French school," said a distinguished statesman, recently deceased, "had it not been for the remembrance of my mother, who died during my childhood, but who used to make me kneel down by her side, and placing my little hands in hers, taught me to say 'Our Father which art in heaven.'"



And although this great, but unhappy man, gave no satisfactory evidence of having experienced the saving power of religion, yet his history shows the amazing influence of a mother's instruction and prayers, enforced by a mother's love, upon the heart of childhood, which lasted until the latest years of life.

But, although Miss Linnard lost her mother in her childhood, she was not wholly without that guidance and training which a mother alone can fully give. God, in his goodness, had made a provision, for which she never ceased to be grateful, after she had arrived at an age which enabled her to appreciate it. Her eldest sister, with more than a sister's care and affection, watched over her and the members of the family who were younger than herself, and confirmed them in the pious instructions which had been commenced by their excellent mother: whilst their worthy and greatly respected father was assiduous in the discharge of the duties of his station. Although he was not a communicant with any religious body, yet he lived a most exemplary life, and was careful to bring up his children in the fear of God, and in the strictest regard for the holy sabbath, and all the other duties of religion.

Col. Linnard and his family for many years attended the third presbyterian church; afterwards they worshipped at the sixth. During the greater part of the first twelve years of her life, Miss Linnard enjoyed the privilege of living under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Alexander, now professor of theology in the seminary at Princeton. His sermons and catechetical instructions made an impression on her mind. And although they did not lead to a saving change of heart, yet they probably formed a part of that mysterious chain of influences, which, under the guidance and teaching of the Holy Spirit, our Sanctifier, afterwards gradually enlightened her mind in the knowledge of God; her relations to him as her Creator, Benefactor, and Re-

deemer; her sinful and lost estate; and the way of salvation by a simple reliance on the righteousness, blood, and intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nor was the knowledge which she thus early obtained on these subjects only theoretical. From her earliest years she had, at times, many and distressing convictions of sin. But no saving change of heart appears to have taken place until she was about twenty years of age.

The following remarks are taken from a small memorandum book which she kept, and were written partly when she was on a visit in the country, and partly when she was at home. They were made at the close of the sabbath, and show that at the age of fifteen her mind was sometimes occupied with serious reflections.

"July 6, 1815. Sabbath. How pleasant it would be, if, at retiring for the night, we could exclaim, "A well spent day." Very few are they who can thus speak. In the solitude of our chambers ought this day, in particular, to be spent. Do we thus spend it? Oh, no! It is too often trifled away in frivolous amusements, levity, and folly. For all these things we shall really be called to judgment.

"In the silence of the country, the duties of the sabbath, it might be supposed, would be performed. So thought I. But that day, at least here, is the grand visiting day, a holiday for all sorts and sexes; and is by some spent in mirth and jollity. This morning I was determined to withstand all temptations. I repaired alone to my room, taking a book of sermons with me, studied them attentively, and I hope with profit. In the midst of it, a young girl came up begging me to go with her to hunt for berries. I refused her earnest solicitations. How I wanted to impute it to a new principle! But, alas! All my endeavours were vain. Indolence must at last be the cause of the refusal.

"Hard it is to confine the mind to any thing good. Our thoughts continually wander from one idle thing to another, but most from what is good. It is so, at least, with myself. I can think of any thing else rather than religion. O Lord, renew my heart; pour down thy grace, I beseech thee, on my poor unworthy soul, that I may love and serve thee."

"August 16. Sabbath. A trifling circumstance detained me from church. That, generally, is no cause of regret to me. Any pretext is sufficient to keep me from the house of God. Miserable depravity of heart! How should I employ myself in heaven through an endless eternity? The society of the good is disagreeable here; how shall I bear that of angels and saints? Oh, never; till the Lord is pleased to renew my heart. Hasten the time, Almighty Father, when thou wilt be pleased to receive me as thy servant. Keep me through the remainder of this day, and to thee shall be the glory for ever."

At a very early period of her life, Miss Linnard displayed indications of more than ordinary talent, and a remarkable desire for knowledge. And as soon as she had learned to read, and had acquired the terms by which things are expressed, she made rapid progress. She enjoyed for a number of years the instructions of an excellent teacher. And although she ceased to attend school at the age of fourteen, yet such were her indefatigable industry, and perseverance in her efforts to obtain knowledge, that few females in America have acquired a larger amount of truly valuable information, united with real discipline of mind. Every faculty—memory, taste, judgment, &c., became matured and strengthened to an uncommon degree, before she reached her twentieth year.

When she was quite young, she read, in an attentive manner, the Universal History, consisting of twenty octavo volumes. Having much leisure, and access to her father's valuable library, she devoted a very large

portion of her time, from her fifteenth year, to reading and study. Even before that period, she had read a large number of books. Her reading was not confined to historical works, but included the whole circle of what are called the English classical authors.

From her fifteenth to her twentieth year, Miss Linnard's seriousness of feeling was probably much less than during the earlier portion of her life. She then began to mingle much with the world. Her attention appears to have been absorbed by her studies, and by fashionable society. She became fond of dress and display, and indulged in them as far as her circumstances allowed.

Such was Miss Linnard's course of life before the occurrence of that gracious change, which turned her thoughts and feelings into a new and heavenly channel, transformed her entire character, and made her a monument of the power of religion. Until that event, her whole life, although free from what is censurable in the view of the world, was one of hostility to her God and Saviour. Whilst there was much in her conduct to excite the admiration of the world, yet there was no real spirituality of feeling. The love of the world, and the things of the world, held undivided sway over her affections.

Her case strikingly illustrates a fact which is constantly witnessed in the conduct of thousands who have been brought up under religious instruction, and which would be truly astonishing, were we not so familiar with its occurrence; namely, an extensive acquaintance with the great and awful truths of the Bible, united with an almost total want of interest in the subject of religion, as a personal affair. She knew well the theory of religion. She acknowledged its vast importance. When addressed on the subject, she uttered not a cavil, made not an objection, and admitted that she believed the Bible to be true. She knew that she must die; that this life is only one of

probation, or rather preparation for eternity. She was aware of the coming judgment day, and its overwhelming transactions. She doubted not the statements which the scriptures make in regard to the glory of heaven, and the blessedness of the righteous. Nor did she less believe in the approaching awful revelation of the doom of the ungodly, "When the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel." All these thrilling truths she not only acknowledged, but, in a sense, truly believed. But still her heart remained unaffected and unmoved, at least as it regards any effort to seek, in earnest, eternal life.

But, in the year 1820, an event occurred, which, by the blessing of God, aroused her from the state of comparative insensibility in which she had been living, and proved, ultimately, to be the most important crisis in her life. This was the sickness and death of her beloved sister Susan, who was but a year or two older than herself.

The circumstances of that afflictive event were truly affecting. She had enjoyed, until within a very short time before her decease, uncommonly good health and spirits, and was in the full bloom of life. She had been married but a little longer than a year, and was surrounded by circumstances which promised as much felicity as usually falls to the lot of mortals. But, in an hour when he was not expected, the Son of man came. And although she had always been a most amiable and serious person, and had felt much deep concern respecting her spiritual state, yet she had not given satisfactory evidence, previously to her last sickness, that she had become reconciled unto God. As might be expected, her friends were most tenderly alive to her danger. No pains were spared by her skilful physicians to arrest her disease. It was all, however, in vain.

But the solicitude of her friends for her soul was far greater than for her body. Her beloved pastor, the Rev. Dr. Neill, then settled in the sixth presbyterian church, and other religious friends, were constant in imparting instruction, and in commending her case to God in earnest supplication. And through his mercy she died with a good degree of composure, and, it is believed, in the hope of eternal life through the merits of the blessed Redeemer.

This scene of suffering and death made a very deep impression on the mind of Anna. When apprised of her sister's dangerous state, she hastened to her bedside, and manifested to her last hour the deepest concern for her salvation; so greatly did she feel the importance of religion in the critical hour of death, and so anxious was she that one so dear to her should not fail of seeing the glory of God. Her tears, her exhortations and entreaties, addressed to her dying sister, and her anxious days and nights, spent at her sick-bed, testified to her strong conviction of the transcendent value of religion, in view of the judgment-seat of Christ, and the realities of the eternal world.

The result of this providential dispensation was, in Miss Linnard's case, well worthy of a distinct notice. She was aroused by it, as it were, from a profound and long continued dream. Her eyes were, in some measure, opened to see the danger of delaying repentance until a dying hour. She felt that the great work of preparing to meet God was not even commenced. The consequence was, that she began to peruse the Bible with some degree of diligence, but with little real delight in the duty. On the contrary, within a few days after her sister's decease she began to cavil at the truth which she read. She objected to almost every statement of doctrine and facts, until her scepticism became truly alarming. She continued day after day to read the scriptures, and quarrel with them at every step. The pride of her understanding was not

willing to bow to the simple declarations of God. Nothing in the arrangements of his economy of law, grace, or providence pleased her. She disliked, exceedingly, the doctrine of the fall and total depravity of man, justification by faith in the merits of Christ alone, &c. In short, the enmity of her heart was singularly stirred against every distinctive feature of christianity.

This state of feeling was occasioned by her attempting to bring the subject of religion home to her heart as a personal and practical matter. Hitherto, religion had been chiefly viewed as a subject of speculation. But when she was led, by the influence of the Spirit of God, to bring his claims before her mind with a view to action, the "carnal mind, which is enmity against God," rebelled against them, and refused to yield an entire subordination of heart to their sway. The great obstacles which opposed the reception of the gospel were her pride of intellect, natural independence, and ceaseless aspiration after greatness and distinction in this world.

But God, who is rich in mercy, did not suffer the good work which had been commenced to cease. The sudden and awful death of a cousin, which occurred about this period, probably had some effect to lead her to a greater thoughtfulness, though it is not known that this providence had a very marked degree of influence. But by the operation of the Spirit, through the truth which she read, and which she heard in the faithful sermons of her pastor and other ministers of the gospel, her mind was more and more enlightened to see her great sinfulness in the sight of a holy God. Her religious friends watched over this state of things with trembling solicitude. For the opposition, which her unrenewed heart made to the claims of the gospel, was great and long protracted. But when her eyes were opened to see more clearly her true character, she "abhorred herself," and fell prostrate before the throne

of God, as a humble, contrite suppliant for his unmerited favour, through Jesus Christ. Her distress became exceedingly great, and she was brought to the borders of despair. This state of things lasted a long time. At length she was brought to a humble reliance on the merits of Christ as the sole ground of her hope before God.

She now began to entertain, in some degree, a comfortable belief of her having become truly reconciled to God. It was not, however, a hope full of joy and peace. On the contrary, it was weak and trembling. This change occurred in the latter part of the year 1820. In May, 1821, Miss Linnard was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Neill.

Not long after she had made a profession of religion, she fell into a state of distressing darkness and doubt respecting her spiritual state. The feeble hope, and the comparative peace which she, in a measure, had enjoyed, were lost. After passing several weeks in this state of mind, she ventured to address a letter to her greatly respected pastor, in which she fully stated all her difficulties. As the letter was anonymous, he had no other means of giving the desired and needed counsel, than to preach a sermon on the case as stated. The blessing of God evidently accompanied this discourse. It gave her great and permanent consolation, directed her into the path of peace and holiness, and taught her how to meet the temptations and difficulties which every young convert has to encounter. From this time she set out in the christian course, with sounder views of the manner in which the "life and walk of faith" are to be maintained. And during the whole of her subsequent life she was uniformly one of the happiest christians whom the author of this memoir has ever known.

When she fell into a state of darkness and doubt, she knew where to seek for light and peace. When she felt conscious of having wandered from God and



lost the light of his countenance, it was her practice to pause immediately in her course, and take time for special prayer, and self-examination, united often with fasting. She was not willing to live in a state of habitual doubt respecting her prospects for eternity. She went forthwith to the throne of grace, confessed the sins which had been keeping her from God, and did not cease until she obtained a sense of forgiveness. This has ever been found to be the true and only way to recover lost hope and comfort. This was the course which David pursued. "I thought," says he, "on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies. I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments."

Pursuing her way to heaven, with cheerful and steady steps, Miss Linnard became not only a happy christian, but also, eminently, a useful one. And it may be asserted that she was indebted for much of her usefulness to her possessing, almost habitually, a full assurance of eternal life. This is a fact which every reader of her life is entreated to remember and ponder well. The energies and usefulness of many christians are greatly impaired by their living in sinful doubts respecting the state of their own souls. These doubts can be removed. They are not acceptable, but exceedingly dishonouring, to God. And they are often occasioned by a criminal want of faith, arising from not reflecting sufficiently on the promises of God, nor reasoning on the gracious declarations which he has made in his word, and which are calculated to enlarge and strengthen our confidence in Him.

Miss Linnard was accustomed, during all her subsequent life, to take frequent and self-humbling retrospects of the long portion of her life which was spent in alienation of heart from God. For although many would deem the first twenty years of life a short period to be given to what they call pleasure, yet she thought very differently. And when reviewing all the

way by which the Lord has led her, the sacrifice made for her redemption, his great forbearance, the striving of his long-resisted Spirit, and his claims to her entire affections, she was ready to exclaim, in the language of an eminently great and good man, lately deceased;\*

“ My dear Redeemer and my God,  
Take thou the purchase of thy blood :  
The price was paid that I might be  
A living sacrifice to Thee.”

### *Her Religious Character.*

When Miss Linnard devoted herself to the service of her Saviour, it may be truly said of her, that she did it without reservation, and with a deliberate and decided determination to be wholly His, for time and for eternity. The private diary which she kept, and which was never read by any human eye until after her death, gives decisive proof of this fact.

The author of this memoir has never conversed with an individual who was better acquainted with the true nature and object of the christian religion, than this devoted young lady. Her mind was naturally of a very high order, and it was well informed on this important subject, by the perusal of many of the best religious works in the English language, and above all, by a most diligent study of the word of God ; a study which she habitually maintained until the day of her death.

She set out in the christian course, and persevered in it, with the conviction that, much as she needed pardon, which she sought in the way made known in the Bible, namely, by repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ ; she also needed the renovation of her heart, and its entire sanctification by the Spirit and grace of God. And she sought this with her whole heart. To become conformed to the

\* Rev. Rowland Hill.

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standard of holy obedience which God has required in his laws, and above all, has given in the life of his blessed Son, appeared to her to be the most desirable object in the world.

She sought this growth in grace and conformity to the will of God, as the grand object and business of life. To become holy as God is holy, was, in her view, the only end at which an intelligent and accountable being should aim. She used the appropriate means to approximate, and finally reach this desirable consummation. For this purpose, she was much in prayer, fasting, reading the word of God, meditation and reflection, watchfulness, hearing the word dispensed in the sanctuary, &c. She believed that if she would make progress in holiness, she must constantly, humbly, and, in reliance upon the grace of God, use the divinely appointed means through which, with the aid of God's Spirit, she might, and did obtain those measures of knowledge, peace, purity, and love, which elevate and refine the affections, enlighten the understanding, and sweetly and delightfully bring the will into a blessed coincidence with the will of God. And whilst she rejected one error, namely, that religion consists entirely in the pardon of sin, she did not less abhor another error, namely, that progress in holiness is the mere sovereign gift of God, bestowed, as the rain of heaven, without any connexion with human effort to obtain it. She held no such doctrine as this. She believed that it was her duty to seek eminent attainments in piety; not as a matter of boasting, or a ground of dependence, but as a duty, a privilege, not less commanded by her heavenly Father, than required by the very nature of the human soul, which can only find happiness in proportion to its approximation to a blessed conformity to the image of its Maker, portrayed in his word, and exemplified in the life of Jesus Christ

With such views of religion and of duty, did Miss

Linnard commence her christian course, and in them she persevered to the end. Religion, personal religion, was the business of every day. It is not intended to assert that she did not come short very often, indeed, daily and hourly, of what she knew she ought to be. This fact she constantly lamented. She felt that she did not by any means come up to that holy and reasonable rule of duty which God has given in his moral law. She had the most exalted ideas of the perfection which it requires of us, and she was humbled in the dust in view of her deficiency. In her diary she notes down, with much particularity, her defects, with the view, undoubtedly, of holding them up to her own contemplation, in order to confess them before God, and to seek His grace to enable her to overcome them. Some extracts will be given, which will show to every reader the great faithfulness, and even severity, with which she examined herself, and noted her failures in duty, as well as the intimate knowledge which she had of the deceitfulness and depravity of the human heart.

On the 18th of March, 1823, she wrote in her diary as follows:—

“Suffered self-indulgence to defraud me of half an hour this morning, and when I did rise, was cold and stupid. Contrary to expectation, had a gracious audience at the throne of grace. Some life whilst reading the scriptures, and felt its influence on my heart through the day. Committed to memory a part of a chapter of the epistle to Titus. Felt some tenderness of spirit during the day, but no fixedness of mind. O that my heart were not so wandering, but were entirely abstracted from the things of this world, and set on things above!”

On another day she wrote as follows:—

“Rose as usual, stupid, and felt entirely destitute of spiritual life or strength. In prayer, endeavoured to give myself away to God in an unreserved manner.

Read the scriptures with very little improvement, and again implored a portion of the children's bread. Went down stairs humbled, and laboured during the morning to fix my thoughts on heavenly things, but found it difficult to do it for any length of time. The passage committed to memory on Tuesday, afforded me some affecting ideas; yet, for want of retaining them, lost much of the benefit. Contrary to my intention, engaged in conversation not of the most profitable kind. I lament my backwardness to introduce religious conversation, yet seldom feel resolution to engage in it, particularly in the family. 'Out of thy mouth shalt thou be judged.' Oh, what will become of such a creature as I am! Lost time in loitering after dinner. Evening.—Have not had a warm sense of God's goodness in temporal and spiritual mercies. What an ungrateful heart is mine, and what wonderful long-suffering is exercised toward me!"

On another page of her diary is the following notice of her feelings. It was intended to be a memorandum of her deficiencies, when her heart and conduct were weighed in the "balance of the sanctuary." "Felt drowsy this morning, and lost so much time in sleep that I had not time for my devotions before breakfast. Resolved to make more exertion in this respect. After breakfast read a portion of Hezekiah's history, with some improvement. Was enabled to feel some earnest desires in prayer. Felt willing, I think, to yield myself entirely up to God. Endeavoured to watch against a trifling spirit, and was in some measure successful. In company, desirous of guarding against vain conversation; but whilst conversing on serious things, felt the risings of self-complacency. For a few moments had considerable freedom at the throne of grace. Walking out, lost the sense of God in my soul. O for a heart lifted up above the power of worldly things to distract me. Drank tea at S—— B——. Could not enter upon spiritual conversation by reason of my

backward heart. Attended prayer-meeting. I seldom attain to any fixedness of mind in these duties, but am generally troubled with vain, wandering thoughts and imaginations, owing, in a great degree, I believe, to my want of watchfulness, prejudices, nicety of taste, &c. O my God, have mercy upon me for these sins. I felt deeply guilty, yet not broken-hearted. Had been indulging in self-complacency during the evening: had also felt happy in believing the work of sanctification progressing. But how am I taught my own vileness! After having thus mocked God, I felt little disposed to secret duty, and was tempted to omit it. But it occurred to me, that to keep me from the place of pardon, would be all that Satan could desire; and while persevering, I felt some melting of heart in pleading for forgiveness. Observation:—That sin has a surprising tendency to harden the heart: I find myself always harder when conscience has been grieved.”

Miss Linnard was in the habit of frequently setting apart special days for fasting and prayer, besides observing those which were appointed by the civil or ecclesiastical authorities. The observance of such days she found to be a source of rich blessing to her soul. Respecting one of them (the 3d of September, 1823) she wrote as follows, and it is only quoted as containing a statement of the motives which led her to the observance of such days. “I have set apart this day for humbling myself before God, by fasting and prayer. I have for some weeks been oppressed with a sense of guilt which has weighed me down. The remembrance of my sins has been grievous, and the burden of them too intolerable to be borne. And in looking into my heart, I felt that there was a call for some deep expression of penitence and sorrow. For several months, instead of making progress in spiritual life, I fear I have been declining. I have backslidden with a perpetual backsliding.”

In addition to this, it was her practice to devote the

first day of every year to special prayer, and sometimes she made memoranda of her feelings on those solemn occasions. The following is a specimen.

January 1, 1828. "Another year has flown rapidly, oh how rapidly, away. Yet I am still in the land of the living, in the land of hope, and of mercy. Here let me look back on the days that are past, and let my soul impartially answer the question, 'How is it with thee?' Alas! how melancholy is the review! What do I see, but days of sin, and months of guilt!

"The state of mind spoken of in the beginning of the year, (referring to the last annual record,) continued some time; and yet I did long earnestly for reviving influences, and seemed to feel, in some measure, my need of them. My mind was a good deal absorbed in a little work which I then commenced, so that, though I mourned my state, I was not led to those means which might have been instrumental in awakening my slumbering soul until March, when, on hearing of the work of God in W—, I, by invitation, repaired thither.

"I cannot exactly describe the state of feeling which succeeded, because I was then, and am still now, at a loss to decide whether it was the result of spiritual influences, or mere animal excitement. At any rate, I began to feel more deeply, more intensely anxious for the conversion of sinners, and the revival of religion in our own city, than I had done."

She proceeds to remark, that she fell into what, we apprehend, is a very common error with christians during revivals of religion, and which is one cause both of the shortness of the blessed work, and of their own loss of spirituality and comfort, namely, that of "being too much in public duties, and too little in those of the closet." She also gives an account of the efforts which she and a number of others made for the promotion of religion in Philadelphia, upon her return from W. And whilst she approves of what was

done, yet laments that there was so much dependence upon a human arm, instead of God alone; a remark which throws some light upon a fact which she goes on to state.

She then proceeds to describe the state of coldness and destitution of spiritual enjoyment which succeeded, and the manner in which she found relief from it.

“My own mind, during the summer, seemed again to sink into its old apathetic state. I felt much distressed about it at times. One day, in August, after having suffered my thoughts to run after vanity, towards evening I was led to reflect on my present unprofitableness and folly. Conscience awoke and stung me to the very soul. My distress became great, and yet it was not a godly sort of sorrow, an ingenuous melting of soul, but a kind of hard, remorseful feeling, which I am not a stranger to. I endeavoured to come to Christ afresh, to throw myself again on his mercy, and take a new hold of his covenant, but in vain. It seemed as though I could have as soon removed a mighty mountain, as to have put forth one act of faith.

“This state of feeling continued a day or two. One evening I repaired to my chamber, determined, if possible, to get rid of my burden before leaving it. My mind was as distressed and hardened as ever. Then commenced a mighty struggle. My spirit grappled with unbelief and sin. I felt as if my eternal all was at stake. I prayed in an agony. And yet I obtained no relief. It seemed as if a wall of iron was between me and Christ, and as though it was impossible either to surmount it, or break through it. But, blessed be God, I was at last, after perhaps an hour and a half, enabled to take new hold by faith of Christ as my Saviour, to throw myself once more at the foot of his cross, and lay my guilty soul under its droppings. My burden was removed, and a measure of peace was restored. The way of access to God seemed clear and



plain, and I rejoiced in it with joy unspeakable. The grace of God in making such a provision, and the love of Christ, seemed so to draw forth my admiration, that self was entirely forgotten. The more I looked, the more I loved and praised. And in the increased transport of my soul I praised God aloud. I do not remember ever having had just such a season.

"I did not know, afterwards, whether I had not suffered myself to rise to too great a pitch of animal excitement; and whether my joy would not have proved more salutary and permanent, if the expression of it had been calmer and less tumultuous."

The only other extracts which it is proposed to give from her diary, are the following. They were written at different times, as the dates will show.

"Saturday evening, April 26, 1828. I can scarcely ascertain, or describe the present state of my soul. There seems that sort of indistinctness in my feelings and exercises, that it is difficult to come at a knowledge of their true character. Of one thing I am certain, that mine is a very sad state of declension. I am not what I once was: and oh, from what have I fallen, and to what! The spirit of slumber seems to have taken possession of me. I feel an overpowering lethargy of soul from which I cannot arouse. I am motiveless, and almost, as to any spiritual action, motionless. If there is any grace in me, it has the feebleness of infancy, or rather, the weakness of expiring age. As to my faith in regard to the presence of God, oh, how exceedingly weak it is! I have not that habitual, realizing sense of his presence that I once had. He has scarcely an existence, as to any consciousness which I have of it. At times it is not so: but generally I do not feel God near. What an atheist I am!"

"August, 1828. I have been spending two months in Maryland, and returned much recruited in health, and, consequently, in spirits. The state of my mind

was owing greatly to that of my body; and yet I feel criminal, as the bodily affection was induced, in a measure, if not wholly, by mental depression. My "gourd" withered, and, like Jonah, because I could not have my will, I sat down grieved and vexed, and caring for nothing but my own disappointment. Oh, what a heart!

"I found a change in scene and air beneficial: enjoyed many seasons of sweet refreshment in the country, in communion with the God of nature and of grace. Whilst there, from want of watchfulness, fell into sin, which grieved my conscience very much, and, what is worse, grieved the blessed Spirit, and provoked him to depart for a season. But He who, I trust, loved me from the beginning, brought me back in the old covenant way, and a blessed way it is! The rod and stripes are among those provisions by which the people of God are kept, through his power, from final apostacy and ruin."

"Jan 8, 1831. In rather a dull frame, I opened the Bible at Mark. Whilst meditating on that miracle,\* and the faith that was required of the parent of the child, I was led to feel, in a deeper manner than I ever did before, the importance of faith, the necessity of faith in prayer. I knelt down and felt that Christ was really, though spiritually, present. Preferred my request and essayed to exercise faith, a belief that he had power, and would grant my requests. One was the poor trembling father's petition, 'Help my unbelief.' Another was for more sanctification. Another, the conversion of dear relatives. Ah me, it is no easy thing to cast all into the hands of Christ, simply believing. We are hardly aware of the degree of our unbelief, till we make the attempt to obey Christ's word—Only believe. So I found it. It seems to me that He will answer my prayers. He did, in a

\* The miracle referred to is related in Mark ix. 17—30.

manner, answer one. Oh, if my faith were stronger, less mixed, what might not I receive!"

The extracts which have been given from Miss Linnard's diary, were written at different times, through a period of nearly ten years, being almost the whole period of her life after conversion. A remark may be here made, which has probably occurred to the reader who has regularly read these extracts, which is, that there is a very perceptible evidence of an advance, not only in the knowledge of the art of living a holy life, but in the attainment, to a good degree, of a steady, calm, sustaining faith in the promises and merits of the Redeemer, and of her consequent victory, in a considerable measure, over her besetting sins, which so much perplexed her in her early christian course.

It would, however, be a very imperfect way of ascertaining Miss Linnard's religious character and attainments, to consult only her private diary. For although that is an important document, yet it is mainly a record of her short-comings in duty, and of her self-abasement before God for them; and it also displays great knowledge of the depravity and deceitfulness of the human heart, deep penitence for sin, and earnest desires after holiness. But if we wish to know her religious character more fully, we must not only contemplate her in the closet, but also in the various relations of busy life. And when examined by both tests, we are sure that her attainments in religion, not simply its theory, if we may so speak, though few persons have a more thorough knowledge of the doctrines of christianity, but the experienced subordination of the heart and life to its sway, will be considered as deserving of a holy emulation on the part of every one.

But the remark which we chiefly wish to make in this place, respecting the religious character of Miss Linnard, is, that she attained to an uncommon degree of entireness or completeness of christian character. By this we mean, that every christian grace and attri-

bute of character, not only existed in her, but was cultivated to a good degree. This constituted, in a great measure, the moral beauty of her character. And this is an excellence which is by no means common in the religious world at this day. For if there is any one thing in the church, at this time, in which there is a greater deficiency than another, it is this, that there is so little completeness of christian character, or perfection, if any one chooses to use that word, among christians. Religion does not seem to pervade and influence the whole character, and effect the cultivation, in a proper proportion, of all the christian virtues. There is but little symmetry of religious character. For instance, what is more common in these days of exertion and excitement, than to see many christians who are remarkably zealous, but not humble and spiritual in all their conversation; liberal, but not devout; active in doing good, but yet appearing to have little solid piety. And there is so little of true spirituality, and subordination of the passions and natural feelings of the heart, that many, who profess the christian name, act so much like the children of this world, that they can scarcely be recognized as the subjects of a heavenly kingdom. It would seem that there is less depth of piety, and less holiness of character, among christians now, than existed in the churches one hundred and fifty, or two hundred years ago. This may be owing, in part, to the style of preaching which now prevails. It is not like that of Owen, and Baxter, and Howe, and Bates, and Charnock, and Elliot, and Edwards, &c. They may have gone somewhat to the extreme of labouring disproportionately for the edification of believers, to the neglect of enforcing christian activity. It was, perhaps, unavoidable, considering the then state of the times. We are likely to go to the opposite extreme, in preaching, out of proper proportion, to christians, on the duty of christian effort for the conversion of the world, to the neglect of growth

in personal piety. We are not, indeed, in danger of urging the one duty too much, but of enforcing the other too little.

Now, it was the crowning excellence of the religion of Miss Linnard, that it reached, and shed its hallowed influence on every feature and lineament of her character. She was zealous, but also humble, and meek, and lovely: active abroad, but also incessant in her daily perusal and study of the word of God, and in the duties of her closet, at home: indefatigable in her efforts to save others, beginning with her family, and extending her influence as widely as possible, and yet not neglecting her own soul. Cheerful, without levity, holding very strict views of christian duty, and the requirements of the gospel, but not censorious in her judgment of the religious character of others. And, in a word, there was, we may say, an unction, not only in her conversation, but also in her intercourse with others, which gave the most delightful impression of the reality and the heavenly character of her piety.

In reading the extracts which have been given from Miss Linnard's diary, the idea has occurred to the mind of the writer of this book, that there was probably a slight error in her mode of prosecuting the work of self-examination: and yet it exists in a less degree than in the diary of any other person which he has ever read. It is that of looking into the heart, as it were, to see evidences of piety, or gracious exercises and feelings, and at the same time attempting to exclude all other thoughts, and so call forth holy affections, when there is no object presented to the contemplation of the mind to excite them. Now, self-examination is a most important duty, and ought to be frequently performed. It may be a retrospective view of what have been the feelings which predominated in our minds during a given portion of past time, as far as we can remember them. It may also be an examination of the character of our religious feelings at the present time, when, by

“spiritual meditation,” (as Miss Linnard denominated it, and very properly considered it to be of great importance,) we bring some duty or religious object before our minds. In both modes, it is not only a duty, but a most profitable exercise.

The error which I have mentioned above, is very commonly committed by young converts, and is often the occasion of great trouble, perplexity, and despondency. Some old English divines have given directions on the subject of self-examination, which have a tendency to lead into this mistake. If we wish to know the character of the feelings of our hearts, we must watch those feelings when the objects calculated to excite them into activity and conscious exercise are presented to us; and not attempt, by a simple act of turning the mind in upon itself, to ascertain the existence, or the character of affections which cease to be perceptible to us by the very act of calling off the mind from contemplating the objects which alone can excite or call them forth.

A writer in the “Spirit of the Pilgrims,” justly observes, “Many christians, who doubt and fear concerning the existence of spiritual life in their souls, sit down with heavy heart and downcast eye, to feel their own feeble pulse; and while they sit inactive, and almost breathless, to catch the slow and feeble stroke, it always will be feeble; for vigorous action is as indispensable to a vigorous spiritual life, as it is in the animal system, to a vigorous tone. If a man were doubtful whether his vital organs were sound, how would he ascertain the fact? Let him not sit down, to watch with hesitation and fear, the throbbings of the vital organ; but rather do with his might what his hand findeth to do, and action itself will bring its own evidence. The powerful throbbing of the great organ of life will soon convince him that the central energies are in order, by the blush of health, and muscular tone which their powerful action will send

through the system. In like manner, let feeble, down-cast, doubting christians shake off their sloth, and rouse up to action. Let them read, and pray, and act for God with all their might, and the spiritual pulsation will rise, and a spiritual vigour will diffuse itself through the soul. If christians would act for God with more decision, they would not need a microscope to make their graces visible."

If any one supposes, that the great care and watchfulness which Miss Linnard bestowed upon the subject of personal religion, rendered her gloomy in her feelings, he is utterly mistaken. She was almost always cheerful, and even playful, though not foolishly trifling. Indeed, she had a fine flow of spirits, naturally; and as she advanced in the divine life she became more and more habitually sustained by the consolations of religion. She often realized what is meant by the "full assurance of hope." It is true, that she shed many a tear over the remaining corruptions of her heart, and over the deplorable state of poor sinners, whom she saw going down to ruin without heeding the warning given to save them from it. And the distractions, imperfections, apathy, and worldliness of professors of religion caused her daily to go to the throne of grace with a heavy heart, to spread all before the Lord, and to implore his merciful interposition.

She was uncommonly fond of natural scenery, and when on visits to the country, made in quest of her own health, or that of some beloved relative or friend, she richly enjoyed the "works of God," and made them, as they ought ever to be, means of promoting growth in gracious feelings and views. An extract from her letters will fully confirm this assertion.

In a letter written on a visit to the "Pines" in New Jersey, dated July 14th, 1825, addressed to her youngest sister, she says, "We are in the Pines, dear K., and I wish you were here a little while, and I would take you to a window and bid you extend your

furthest view, and you should see nothing but a few poor fields which the art of man can never enrich, skirted by a low forest of pines. I would take you to another, and you should look up and down and around, and the same dull prospect should meet your eye; or with some such exception as this—that to the south, the dark, thickly matted trees of a cedar swamp may be seen beyond some thinly scattered pines. Before the door runs a heavy sandy road, that whitens and glares in the sun, and so solitary, that not a carriage, horse, or traveller, save one labouring man, has passed since we have been here.

“We board with a family of the name of P——. The man can read, but ‘don’t;’ the woman says she would, but ‘can’t.’ The rest of the family are ‘a help,’ that sits and sews, or sleeps, or any thing else; whilst Mrs. P—— bustles, and heats and fatigues herself, doing the work; a woman hired to spin; and a little grand-child, and, a part of the time, a son who assists in farming. All ignorant, and I would say perfectly uninteresting, but their very ignorance makes them objects of so much the deeper interest. Alas, it is not of human science only that they are ignorant, but of the things that belong to their everlasting peace. They have no Bible, and never go to a place of worship, though there is one within three miles distance. So much for the ‘Pines.’

“I have not enjoyed many sun-sets since I left home. Last night, however, I had a rich treat, in as beautiful a sky, I think, as nature’s pencil ever painted. Towards the east, the dark clouds, in large broken masses, lay piled upon one another; whilst above them rose hills of yellow flame that seemed to throw a soft light all over the rocks below. Farther along, some were of a dark red colour, and appeared to shine through a thin misty veil; still farther south, there were others that looked like heaps of drifted snow, driven by the wind along the sides of some dark



mountain. In the west, the sun lay buried beneath an even bank of deep blue. Above, long narrow islands of dark gray, sailed round; while higher, quite in the upper sky, the light clouds, blown into fanciful forms, and of delicate saffron, floated peacefully on the clear blue air. I cannot describe it to you; it was too sublimely grand for my pen to reach. I stood till near dark, at a distance from the house, gazing at the glorious scene, with inexpressible pleasure, thankful that my Creator, when he gave me being, did not deprive me of sight; and more thankful, that he has given me a disposition to rise, from observing nature, to nature's God. I would be a christian, were it but to possess a christian's eyes: to have that pure and holy pleasure which the mind enjoys, that through all His works can see and feel, a present God: that every where can perceive the 'shining foot-prints of his Deity.' They who can say, 'My Father made them all,' know an enjoyment which the worldling, however refined and intellectual he may be, can never reach."

*Her character as a daughter, sister, more remote relative, and friend.*

Those who knew Miss Linnard most intimately had the highest opinion of her piety. It is believed there is not a relative, whether of her immediate family, or of a more remote connexion, who had not the most decided belief, that she was a sincere christian. She enjoyed the respect of all the family circle in which she moved, and, indeed, the whole circle of her acquaintance. It was a respect which partook largely of the nature of veneration, as well as of the purest affection. Such was the exemplary, holy, affectionate, meek, gentle, lovely example portrayed in her conduct and conversation, that her life was a living epistle of the power and excellence of the religion of Jesus Christ, in whose footsteps she humbly attempted to walk.

## HER FILIAL PIETY.

At a very early period of her life, Miss Linnard lost her excellent mother. But she had the duty and privilege of honouring and rendering comfortable and happy, an aged father, who still survives. And no one ever, probably, fulfilled the duties of a daughter with a heart more influenced by true filial affection, than she did after her conversion. She had always, before that event, manifested great respect for her father. But when she experienced the power of the grace of God in the renovation of her heart, the principle of filial love received a degree of strength, tenderness, and depth, which nothing but the religion of Jesus can create. From that time, until the day of her death, she was one of the most remarkable specimens of the loveliness of a christian daughter's character. No service that she could render for the comfort of her aged and, in the latter period of her life, very infirm father, was left unperformed.

Many facts of the most interesting character might be stated to prove this, if it were proper to invade the sacred privacy of the domestic circle. One simple fact shall be mentioned as a specimen. It is this. During a highly interesting protracted meeting in the Rev. Dr. S.'s church, in the winter of 1831-32, the writer of this memoir accompanied her home, from one of the evening meetings, long before its close. On the way, she stated, by way of apology for leaving the meeting at that early hour, "that she had for some time been in the habit of returning home as soon as possible after nine o'clock; that her aged father had long suffered from a distressing debility in his feet and ancles; and that it was her practice to be at home at that hour, in order that she might bathe, rub, and bandage his feet, and see that he retired to rest comfortably." This duty, it may be added, she performed, morning and

evening, until the failure of her own health rendered her unable to perform it. Frequently a whole hour was devoted to this filial service, and with as much alacrity as she ever attempted any other duty. And what could be more consistent with christian principles, than to behold a highly accomplished and lovely woman, daily and cheerfully, for years, rendering such acts of filial piety, sustaining the infirmities and soothing the sorrows of a parent's old age?

#### HER CHARACTER AS A SISTER

Her whole intercourse with her brothers and sisters was endeared, exalted, and sanctified by her elevated attainments in religion. She was eminently faithful to their souls, as all of them will testify. Her conversations with them on the subject of personal religion, were frequent and close. Such was her affection for them, that she could not endure the idea of an eternal separation from any one of them. It may be added, that such was her whole life, and such her conversation—so cheerful, pleasant, affectionate, yet consistent and spiritual—that she possessed the sincere affection and profound regard of all the members of her family, whether professors of religion or not.

#### HER CHARACTER AS A MORE REMOTE RELATIVE.

This was precisely similar to what we have just described as having been exhibited in the narrower domestic circle. She was beloved by every relative that knew her. And her hallowed influence extended, it is believed, in a good degree, to the remotest circles of her kindred. By her conversations, by her letters, enforced, as all she said was, by her holy example, she exerted a most happy influence far and wide. Many facts might be mentioned to show how great was the esteem in which she was held by her relatives; her christian fidelity towards them; and the happy fruits of it.

## HER CHARACTER AS A FRIEND.

The influence which she exerted over a very large circle of friends and acquaintances, was of the most happy and beneficial nature. Her exemplary conduct, her devoted piety, her cheerful and buoyant spirits, her meek and gentle manners, united with a determination to serve God faithfully in all circumstances, rendered her influence salutary to a very high degree. To profit, as well as to gratify and please, was the noble motto which characterized all her social intercourse. Wherever she went, it seemed to be her great object to do and to obtain good. In all sorts of company she seemed to be on her guard, to do or say as little as possible which would not be for the honour of God. And it is believed, that there were few, if indeed any, whose conduct and conversation, more habitually adorned the profession of the gospel. Although the author of this memoir knew her well for several years, he does not recollect having heard her say a syllable that was calculated to injure the character or impede the usefulness of any one. Indeed, she was remarkably free from censoriousness, and seemed always to have a heart to overlook the faults of others, and speak little of them; and to pity and pray for those who erred. How greatly it would be for the peace, happiness, and prosperity of the church, if her spirit, or rather that of her blessed Master, were universal!

The following extracts from a memorandum which she made of the topics upon which she had resolved to examine herself, during a day of fasting and prayer, will show how conscientiously she cultivated the relative duties of life.

"I resolve to set this day apart for serious self-examination, humiliation, fasting, and prayer. And to aid me in this work, I will consider, first, my conduct towards man, in the several relations of life.

"To my parent; have I been a dutiful child, giving that honour and respect which are due? Have I manifested at all times a proper temper of submission and affection, seeking his eternal interests by all proper suitable means? Do I seek his comfort, and attend cheerfully to his wants?

"Am I kind and affectionate to my brothers and sisters, not engaging in bickerings or disputes, but living peaceably, giving up my own will or pleasure for their benefit?

"To children;\* do I govern them in love? Do I set an example of meekness, do I bear with them patiently, instruct them in religion and virtue, praying with and for them?

"What do I as a neighbour? Is my neighbourhood benefited by me in any way? Am I kind? Do I set a good example? What do I for their salvation? Am I of any use in my connexions?

"What has become of several resolutions made in time past? And what is my progress in Divine things? Do I grow in humility? Have I advanced any in self-knowledge? Do I gain any mastery over my besetting sins? Am I more self-denying? Under what regulations are my passions? Am I subject to their control, or do I in any degree command them? Am I diligent in business? Do I improve my time? Do I strive against sloth?"

She corresponded by letter, more or less, with many friends. She considered it an excellent means of doing good. How greatly it is to be desired, that the same opinion were held and acted upon by all who can write! A portion of time might be spent in writing a few lines which, under the blessing of God, might benefit some distant friend or acquaintance. How important it is that all should strive to arrive at such

\* Referring to the children of her sister and her two brothers, who were often, and some of them for weeks, at their grandfather's.

a degree of diligence in the service of God, as to act upon the principle of employing every talent, and devoting every hour to the advancement of his glory and the best interests of their fellow-men!

This chapter shall be closed with extracts from a few of Miss Linnard's letters, addressed to various individuals, with whom she was intimately acquainted. From them will be perceived the spirit which pervaded her entire correspondence, after she became a christian.

*To Miss M.K.*

*Philadelphia, September, 1822.*

"I have been reading to-day a little book lent me by Mr. E——, that I have been very much pleased with; the "Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm." It is written in the old-fashioned style, by Thomas Watson, one of the non-conforming divines of Charles the Second's time. If you have never read it, I think you would be pleased with it; there is a great deal of quaintness, and sometimes a coarseness in his manner of expressing himself, but, as in many of the works of the old writers, there is a vigour and originality of thought, which more than compensate for the peculiarities of style.

"Ah me! how little do christians of the present day seem to know of this warfare! We act as if we thought heaven was to be gained on easier terms than formerly; as though our enemies were all subdued, and we had nothing to do but to take our rest. How cold and lifeless are we in our Master's service! How little engaged in his cause! How little engaged, either for our own souls, or the souls of others!

"The salvation of the Redeemer's people was dearly purchased; it cost Him tears, and agonies, and blood. 'We have not been bought with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ;' and this consideration ought to excite us to

more energy and zeal in his dear cause. We ought to strive after greater holiness of life, and more conformity to his blessed image; to be crucified unto the world, and to have the world crucified unto us. Let us, my dear cousin, stir up one another to enter upon this heavenly warfare, remembering who has said, 'My grace shall be sufficient for thee,' and, 'To him that overcometh I will give a crown of life.'"

*To Miss C. M'K.*

*"Philadelphia, April 15, 1823.*

"Dear C ———, — So much for dress. Alas! what care, what expense, what time is spent, by more than half the world, in clothing and adorning these poor frail bodies, while the everlasting interests of the soul are either entirely neglected, or at best, occupy but very little thought or attention. If we could but have realizing views of eternity, and could, with the eye of faith, see things invisible to sense, as present, how little would it concern us, of what the robe which covered our bodies, was composed. We should then, indeed, 'take no thought wherewithal we should be clothed,' save with that 'meek and quiet spirit which is, in the sight of God, of great price.'" But oh, how trifling and grovelling are the pursuits, even of christians! A christian! one, whose privilege it is to soar above this world, through regions of immortality, whose professed home is heaven—God's glory his aim! How ought a christian to live! I once met with an idea that struck me as forcible: speaking of the pursuits of christians, the writer asked, what would be thought of the man who was travelling to a far country, to receive the inheritance of a great kingdom, where honour, glory, and power, awaited him, who should be seen to stop at every step to gather chips and pebbles?

"Dear C ———, let us seek to live above this vain, dying world, to crucify it, and be crucified unto it, to deny ourselves, and bear the cross, always keeping in

mind that solemn saying of our Lord, 'Whosoever doth not deny himself, and bear his cross, cannot be my disciple.' The conflict will soon be over with us: a little more striving and praying, a little more sighing and sorrow, and then, when this mortal shall have put on immortality, 'Oh, how sweet will be the conqueror's song.' If our names are indeed written in the Lamb's book of life, what a delightful hope is ours, to be for ever with the Lord; to behold his glory, and to be made like him, to join that blessed company of glorified spirits, 'who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb,' 'who cast their crowns at His feet, and ascribe glory, dominion, and praise, to Him who hath loved them and given himself for them.' I feel as though I could dwell long on such a heavenly subject, but I must return again to earth."

*To Mrs. A. M. J.*

*"Philadelphia, Saturday Evening.*

"I am alone this evening, and have been thinking of my dear friends in W——, who are, probably, now taking sweet counsel together, uniting their hearts and voices, and pouring out their souls before their God and mine. Peace be upon my sisters in Christ! The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, be theirs! May they feel to-night how sweet and awful is the place! May He who dwelleth between the cherubim shine forth, and fill their souls with his glory! And may their petitions, winged with faith and love, ascend before the mercy-seat, as a cloud of sweet incense!

"O my dear sister, have you been tuning your harps anew, and raising a higher, and still higher note of praise, to Zion's victorious King? I have been ready to sing 'Glory' to-night, on hearing of one soul bowing to his sceptre; but you, oh! you, what strains should you raise! Mr. E—— tells us, that God is still with



you, that he is still inspiring your prayers, and granting you the desires of your hearts; that sinners are still waking out of their guilty slumbers, and fleeing from the wrath to come. Oh, my heart would join with you now, while you are pleading for yet larger blessings, for more abundant manifestations of his glorious power and presence. My anxiety to hear how the work of the Lord was prospering, has prompted me several times to use my pen, but I have for three weeks past been so unwell, (and am too much so now to go out at night,) that I felt as though I could not sit down to write a letter. A little imprudence in going out on a wet evening, after taking calomel, has deprived me of several pleasant meetings. But enough of the body, you say; how is the soul? 'Have you as much humility and love as you want?' said Mr. E—— to me, yesterday. I told him, No: that in respect to the degree of those graces, I felt like a person at the foot of a towering hill, whose summit was almost beyond his sight. All I want of any grace is a measureless amount.

"You ask, perhaps, 'Does the revival spirit increase?' I think I can say it does. My feelings are very different from what they were when with you; I am more absorbed, more intensely anxious, more prayerful, and, I think, more believing. For several years, I think, I have often felt, in pleading for my own soul, the Spirit making intercession within, with groanings which could not be uttered; but now, my own interest, or the interests of my friends, seem to have but a small proportion of my prayers; it is for Zion's sake I cannot hold my peace, for Jerusalem's sake I cannot be silent.

"I had written thus, my beloved sister, when I was interrupted. I was about to tell you of our brightening prospects, of our increasing hopes; how our pastor was roused, and how a few christians were beginning to burnish their lamps, and how careless sinners were

beginning to look around them ; but the precious sabbath has intervened, and my thoughts and feelings have been drawn into a somewhat different current. Charles Samuel Stewart, and his Harriet, are in town, and have been relating what would move your very soul. Oh, what views have they given me of missionary life ! Missionary life, connected with a thousand romantic associations, and seen through the medium of a highly excited imagination, or even as exhibited in the beautifully written and interesting journals of missionaries, is a very different thing from what it is in sober reality. The innumerable difficulties, the petty vexations, the trials of faith, and love, and patience, and even temper, which they describe in conversation, are such as my mind had not even conceived. And yet it seems a glorious path to tread in ; to follow through suffering the footsteps of apostles and martyrs, of Swartz, of Brainerd, of Martyn ; like them to live, to labour, even to die for Jesus ; oh, how sweet ! What a noble, honourable, what a delightful employment is it, to win souls to Christ ! Oh, who would not be willing to sacrifice life, and all that is dear in life, for such a glorious object ! What are the privation of comforts, the trials, the difficulties, during a few working-days, to the joy unspeakable of saving souls from death, and of studding an immortal crown with shining jewels ! How the thought, as I write, fires my spirit ! Dear Mrs. J——, is it wrong to be ambitious here ? Is it wrong to grasp, within our soul's enlarged desires, multitudes of our ruined, dying fellow men ; wrong to long to be ourselves the instruments of their restoration to the life, image, and favour of God ? But I am digressing too far ; I must bring my piece-meal letter to a close."

*To Mrs. J. M'A.*

*"Philadelphia, 16th Nov. 1830.*

*"My dear J——, I did not learn of your afflictive*

bereavement, until ten or twelve days afterward, and then I felt as though I could scarcely believe that this last dear object of your affections had indeed been riven from you. I have been intending to write every day since, but have been prevented, until an unoccupied hour this evening gives me an opportunity.

"But what shall I say? Alas! I feel as though I hardly knew how to offer you any consolation. I would only remind you, that your dear meek mother is now a sainted spirit; that she has for ever laid aside her weak frail body, and that her purified soul, free from the shackles of mortality and sin, is now at rest in the bosom of God. Oh, think what she has escaped! No more tears to shed; no more sighing, or sorrow; no more conflicts, no more sin. Ah! while we are mourning here below, she is enjoying the presence of Him, whom, though unseen, she loved. Hers is now the palm of victory, and the crown of rejoicing, and on the heights of Zion she is tuning her golden harp to Him who hath washed her from her sins in his own blood. And would you, my dear friend, recall her back to earth? Would you have her tread the same path that you are now walking, and bear the same 'bitter trials?' Assuredly not. Endeavour to anticipate the hour when your day of probation shall be over, and your trial ended, and you, too, be admitted into the joy of your Lord.

"Do not think, dear J—, that I consider this, and other afflictions with which Divine Providence has visited you, as other than very, very severe. No: having experienced the pain of parting from dear friends myself, I can conceive of the bitter anguish you must feel, in the view of those repeated bereavements you have been called to suffer. But, suffer me to ask you, what I have asked myself, Has there not been a 'needs be' for all this? Have not these much and deservedly loved objects entwined themselves too closely around our hearts, and engrossed those affections which He,

who only has a right to them, demands? I feel that I am too prone to commit those two dreadful evils charged upon Israel, 'forsaking the fountain of living water, and hewing out broken cisterns that can hold no water,' and if it be so with you, is it not wise, and even kind, in your heavenly Father to dry up these streams, and thus lead you to himself? He seems now as if he were determined to have your heart, your whole heart. He took from you your sweet child; still there was a dearer being left, and you clung to him. He was withdrawn; and then you turned, and fastened with a stronger hold, upon another creature. Now all are gone, and 'what have you more?' Dear J——, you have God, the ever living, unchanging God. Yes, he is willing to fill the void he himself has made. He will come into your broken, bleeding heart, and fill it with his peace. Now is the time for a whole dedication, now for an entire consecration of body, soul, and spirit to Him who has redeemed you, and who, by his disciplinary measures, would draw you to this reasonable service. Your reeds have all broken under your weight, let me affectionately urge you to be careful how you lean upon others. Go, dear J——, to God for comfort, and to him alone. Go to him for grace and strength, and he will sustain you."

*'To Mrs. A. M. J——, of W——, Del.*

*Philadelphia, March 13, 1832.*

"It was very kind in you, my beloved friend, to write to me so soon. It was the more grateful, because it was neither expected nor deserved: indeed, after I heard that you had still sickness in your family, I felt as if it were not right to have introduced any subject into my letter which would seem to ask an answer. I thank you for your 'honest questions,' and feel no less indebted for your fidelity than your promptness. True christian faithfulness is very rare, and

therefore the more precious. It is love's most delicate, difficult, yet important duty, and the highest proof she can give of the strength of her regard.

" I took your letter with me to my chamber, and there bowed before the great heart Searcher, and determined to review this whole subject, which I acknowledge to be deeply important, and even momentous. I asked myself the question, whether I was willing to give up the matter, unconditionally, into the hands of God; to do just what he would have me, let it be what it might? I confess this question excessively agitated me, as my mind glanced rapidly at many of the circumstances of the case; there was a struggle, but it was only for a moment. Oh! it seemed better, infinitely better, to sacrifice the dearest desire of my heart, rather than that the wise and holy, just and good, and precious will of God should not be done. Perhaps I was deceived, but I thought I could surrender my will to his. I then begged that my mind might be enlightened as to duty, and my will inclined to embrace whatever should appear such. With this preparation, I took up the subject in all the different aspects in which you had presented it. I tried to be impartial, and as I proceeded, step by step, my convictions deepened, that in the proposed measure I had nothing left but to go forward.

" If I have done wrong, I must lay this, with all my other errors, on the head of the great Sacrifice, and look for pardon through the merits of his blood."

*Her character as a student of the word of God; as a sabbath-school teacher, &c.*

One of the most interesting features in the character of Miss Linnard, before her conversion, was her unquenchable thirst for knowledge. She read a great number of valuable books which treat of various branches of knowledge, and read them with deep attention, and great advantage. And when she became

a christian, this desire for knowledge was not abated, but only elevated, purified, and regulated. It had God, and the things relating to Him, as its blessed object.

As might be expected, the Bible became emphatically her book, and was perused and studied daily, with untiring industry. And she soon attained to an uncommon acquaintance with it. She read it through often in regular course, besides studying its devotional portions, constantly, during the twelve years which she lived, after her mind had been illumined by the truth. It was her practice, for years, to spend two or three hours every evening, in reading the sacred scriptures, generally with Scott's or Henry's Commentary. In this retirement it was that she found those delightful seasons of communion with God, which she so often enjoyed. Here it was, too, that she poured forth her heart before him, in intercession for her family, her friends, the church of Jesus Christ, and a dying world.

Nor did she read the Bible in a superficial manner. She studied it, with all the helps and appliances which are now, so abundantly, within the reach of all who desire them. She studied it in a systematic manner. For this purpose, she attended, for years, the Bible classes which were maintained in the church to which she belonged. During several of the last years of her life, she but seldom attended, on account of her numerous engagements; and, finally, the state of her health. It was a very rare thing, (if, indeed, it ever did occur,) that she went to her class unprepared. The pains which she took to become thoroughly prepared, were very great, and would appear incredible to careless readers of the word of God. She felt, however, that the Bible is a rich mine of divine knowledge which can never be searched too diligently. And she found a rich reward for all her labour in this diligent investigation. She always derived profit from the instructions

of her teachers, and never reckoned the hour or two which she weekly spent in the Bible class, as lost, or even spent with little profit. She went expecting to be benefited, nor was she often disappointed.

In this respect, she set an example which all our youth ought to imitate. She often expressed her wonder, that any professor of religion, old or young, should be willing, or allow themselves upon any, except most imperative considerations, to lose the opportunity of securing instruction, in the thorough manner in which they might obtain it in a well conducted Bible class. And she looked forward in expectation, with much delight, to that day when this subject will be seen in its true importance, and all the members of the churches, and even of the congregations, be enlisted in the regular and careful study of the word of God.

As to Miss Linnard's attainments in the knowledge of all that relates to religion, they were truly surprising, when it is remembered that she only lived about twelve years after she became a professor of religion. And yet in that time, besides the valuable religious works of a lighter character, (such as those in biography, narrative, &c., which were numerous,) she read a large number of the most important religious works in the English language, such as those of president Edwards, archbishop Leighton, Newton, Law, Baxter, Alleine, Gray, Scougal, Doddridge, Ridgely, Hopkins, Paley, Fletcher, Wesley, Dick, Chalmers, Jay, Owen, Bates, Milner's Church History, and Horne's Introduction.

The knowledge which Miss Linnard acquired she laid at the feet of her blessed Master. However desirable in itself, its chief value, in her estimation, was, that it might be rendered useful to the cause of Christ; and well did she prove this in her own case. It was owing to this fact that her attainments did not excite and cherish pride, or lead to an ostentatious display, as is the case, ordinarily, with persons who possess little or no religion. Her deep piety always kept her

humble, so that she was remarkable for her unassuming manners, although she always considered pride and vanity, naturally, as her besetting sins; but, through the grace of God, she gained the victory over them.

Miss Linnard was well acquainted with the doctrines, form of government, and discipline of the church to which she belonged, and preferred them to those of any other. Yet she was no bigot. She was a frequent worshipper in the episcopal and methodist churches, at those times when there was no service in the church of which she was a member. She delighted to feel that she belonged to the general church of Christ on earth, embracing all who truly believe in Him and "work righteousness," by whatever name they are called.

We would here remark, that although Miss Linnard read much, yet it was seldom, after her conversion, that she read any book which was not obviously calculated to improve her religious knowledge, or to qualify her for greater usefulness. Before she became pious, she was extravagantly fond of reading novels; but, after she "had apprehended God, or rather had been apprehended of him," and had known his grace and truth, she renounced decidedly, and for ever, this species of reading, seldom ever looking into a book of this kind, unless to ascertain its character, in order that she might be better enabled to guard those over whom she had influence. And it was her decided opinion, that all such books are exceedingly injurious in their influence upon real spirituality of mind. It did not affect her opinions, on this subject, to be told that many persons of high standing, but who do not profess to know any thing about religion by having experienced its power, approved of the reading of such books. Nor did she regard the opinions of many professors of religion, whose religion, however, allows them to enter into



what are called fashionable amusements. She never thought either class capable of deciding what is, or is not, really injurious to true spirituality of mind. It was enough for her that the word of God forbids, in its scope, all things which have a tendency to make christians "conformed to this world," instead of being "transformed by the renewing of their minds;" to strengthen the influence of the "world, the flesh, and the devil;" and which promote instead of repressing the disposition which is naturally so powerful in every heart, to indulge in "foolish jesting," and "things which are not convenient" to the christian character and the glory of God. And she found, from her own experience, that the influence of this species of reading is to give a distaste for substantial reading, and for serious and spiritual exercises; that it quenches the monitions of the Spirit and of conscience; that, by powerfully exciting the passions of the human heart, it absorbs the attention and time which ought to be bestowed on the care of the soul; that it leads to wrong ideas of real life, and, through the romantic hopes of the future, which it excites in the minds of ardent and inexperienced young persons, unfits them for the trials and disappointments of real life.

It may well be supposed, that when Miss Linnard embraced the gospel, she was ready to take a part in every good work. It was so. And one of the first objects in which she felt a deep interest, was the Sunday-school. She soon became a teacher, and, until the state of her health prevented, she was one of the most indefatigable and successful Sunday-school teachers in the city. She spared no pains to interest her class, and to keep up its number, by constant and faithful visitation. And such was her success, that she was seldom without a good class. During the twelve years in which she was engaged in this good work, she taught several successive sets of scholars.

And such was her faithfulness, united with a most skilful mode of giving instruction, and earnest prayer, that her labours were greatly blessed.

She also laboured with great diligence to qualify herself for giving instruction. By careful study she made herself well acquainted with the lessons which she taught her pupils. She embraced every opportunity of hearing instruction which was calculated to have a bearing upon her work as a Sunday-school teacher.

In giving instruction to her class, which was a Bible class, composed of girls, nearly or quite grown up, she used often to read or relate to them some interesting incident, or anecdote, or historical event, to illustrate some principle of duty which she had been inculcating. Sometimes she clothed this instruction in an interesting allegory for that purpose.

The following interesting extract from a letter, which the author of this memoir has received from a young woman in this city, who adorns the profession of religion which she has made, will give some highly interesting views of Miss Linnard as a Sunday-school teacher. She was once a member of a class which she taught. This letter bears a just testimony to the faithful manner in which Miss Linnard instructed her class. The good which is here mentioned, as having been done by her, relates to only one set of pupils. Many others, who were once under her care, will for ever bless God for her instructions.

“ Dear Sir,—In writing of my dear friend, I fear I shall not be able to do justice to her character as a sabbath-school teacher, for, as such, she was worthy of imitation by all those who endeavour to lead the young and rising generation to Jesus Christ. Her manner toward her class was, at all times, kind, affectionate, and engaging; always manifesting great interest in whatever concerned their welfare. She met

us each sabbath with pleasure beaming in her countenance, and bade us welcome.

“ Before she commenced teaching, she would always invite us to be silent, for a few moments, and join with her in asking the blessing of God upon the instruction we were about to receive. In teaching from the scriptures, she was very plain, and easily understood, and would never tire us with unnecessary words, but her explanations of all things were given in the shortest way possible, which tended to fix them upon the mind. Her favourite theme was redeeming love. On this she loved to dwell. This was the principal topic of her instruction. Here she loved to stop and linger, and gather the thoughts of her scholars around the cross of the spotless Son of God, and view him bleeding and dying for them, until the tears would drop from her eyes, and many of the scholars would weep also at the bitter sufferings of Jesus Christ. In beseeching her scholars to attend to the concerns of their souls, she was exceedingly importunate; she would invite them, by all that was pure and lovely in the life of Jesus Christ, by all that was tender and affecting in his death, by all the mercies that God was continually bestowing upon them, and by the solemnities of death, judgment, and eternity, to seek the mercy of God.

“ Her instructions were not confined to the sabbath alone, but whenever she met them in the streets, or wherever else it might be, if she had but one minute to speak to them, that short time was spent in persuading them to repent of their sins. She had meetings also for her class, during the week, at her own house. At these meetings she prayed with them, conversed with them on the subject of religion, read to them tracts, or explained to them the scriptures. In her prayers, she prayed for each by name, and as their several cases required.

“ But I feel that I cannot do justice to her character as a teacher of a Bible class. Her many tender and

affecting instructions and admonitions, I hope never to forget, but to bind them to my heart; and they will be a guide and support to my soul, by the blessing of God, in every event in life. And when it shall please God to call me from time to eternity, I hope, through the infinite riches of grace in Jesus Christ, to join with many others in praising Father, Son, and Spirit, that we were ever under the instructions of Anna J. Linnard."

Miss Linnard wrote a book for the American Sunday-school Union, which has gone through several editions, and has been read by some thousands of youth. The title of this work is, "Helen Maurice."

In addition to this, it ought to be stated, that Miss Linnard had sketched two other works for Sunday-schools; but her last illness prevented her from going on with them. One of these works related to Greece. The following beautiful hymn was intended to be introduced into one of these projected books.

" Sleeper ! awake, and sing,  
The shades of night are gone ;  
Sleeper ! awake, and sing,  
The sun is hast'ning on.  
He rises from his ocean bed,  
Sleeper ! arouse ! lift up thy head.

" Behold his glorious beams,  
Spread o'er the mountain top,  
And now, like golden streams,  
Pour down its rocky slope.  
The fields and trees are bathed in light,  
The verdant earth with joy is bright.

" The birds are on the wing,  
They warble forth their lays;  
How sweet the notes they sing  
To their Creator's praise !  
Sleeper ! and canst thou silent be ?  
Has God, thy God, no claims on thee ?

“ He watched thy slumb’ring hour,  
He guarded thee from ill ;  
His arm of love and power  
Is cast around thee still.  
O, come, thy grateful off’ring bring ;  
Awake ! awake ! his goodness sing.  
“ Each day its duty brings ;  
Arise, and seek his face ;  
In Him are all thy springs  
Of life, and strength, and grace.  
Awake ! awake ! His love adore,  
His mercy seek, His aid implore.”

*Her efforts in behalf of various benevolent societies,  
visits to the poor, &c.*

From her entrance upon her religious life until its close, the principle which governed Paul’s life seemed to be truly that which governed hers—“to me to live is Christ.” And she did devote every talent, and faculty of soul and body, time, property, and influence, to the promotion of the honour of Christ, by endeavouring to bring others to the knowledge of his salvation.

The writer of this memoir has never seen a person who evinced, habitually, a greater interest in all the efforts which the church is now making to extend the kingdom of Christ throughout the world, than did Miss Linnard. She had a heart which could comprehend in its feelings all the various enterprizes which are prosecuted for the accomplishment of this grand object—an object for which this world is continued in existence, for which the Son of God died, and for which, in part, his church was established. Deeply convinced of the importance of the religion of Christ, by having herself felt both her need of it and its efficacy, she looked with a sympathizing eye upon earth’s benighted millions, and longed to send to every creature the blessed gospel of the Son of God.

For many years she was secretary of the Auxiliary Female Bible Association of the south-eastern section of the city of Philadelphia, and one of its most efficient officers. She distributed, with her own hand, many copies of the sacred scriptures. The reports which she wrote of the operations of this association were always interesting. Some of them, indeed, are of a character, for beauty of language, as well as for abundance of touching incidents, truly remarkable.

Miss Linnard was also, for several years, secretary of the Female Domestic Missionary Association, which has laboured for many years in the noble work of providing religious instruction for thousands who live in the suburbs of the city. This association is confined to the presbyterian churches. Through its labours, no less than three churches have been planted in different quarters of the city, which bid fair to be permanent blessings to the neighbourhoods in which they have been established.

Her efforts in behalf of the tract cause were very great. She was one of the most indefatigable distributors which this city ever possessed; and, whilst circulating tracts, she often made the occasion one of earnest exhortation to those whom she visited, on the subject of their salvation. In this way hundreds have heard the messages of mercy and of warning from her lips. And, in many cases, it is believed, her admonitions and instructions, accompanied, as was always the case where practicable, with prayer, have been blessed to their conversion, or their growth in grace. This duty she always performed in a most conscientious manner; earnest prayer always, and often fasting, preceding her setting out on these errands of mercy.

She also took a deep interest in the efforts which were made to benefit the seamen, as well as in all the other religious enterprizes of the day. She was a warm friend to the American Sunday-school Union,

and was much interested in the efforts which that important institution is making to establish Sunday schools throughout all parts of our land, and to supply them with suitable libraries.

But in no cause was she more interested than in that of sending the gospel to the heathen. Her religion was truly missionary in its character. With her, the field was the world. She surveyed this wretched world, peopled with more than eight hundred millions of immortal souls, by far the greater part of whom are ready to perish for "lack of knowledge," with a heart filled with holy compassion.

On the subject of missions, Miss Linnard was well informed. She read with intense interest the religious papers. Those relating to missionary efforts, and which give an account of the spiritual wants, and the peculiar condition, history, manners, and customs, religious opinions and rites of the different nations of the earth, were read with very great interest.

From her conversion until her death, no object was half so desirable to her heart, as the complete and speedy establishment of Christ's kingdom on the earth. For this she prayed day and night; for this she literally exhausted life itself. And in all the plans which were adopted in Philadelphia during that time, to raise money to send the gospel to the heathen, in which female hands could do any thing, her co-operation was always to be found. No toil or sacrifice was shunned. Time, and money, and effort were cheerfully given to forward the good work: and at the monthly meeting for prayer, for the conversion of the world, she was always present. No inclemency of weather, nor company prevented her, when in health, from enjoying those delightful seasons, when "those who feared the Lord, and thought upon his name," met to unite their supplications for the coming of his reign upon the earth.

With several of the missionaries in the East Indies,

and in the Sandwich Islands, she was well acquainted, and kept up a correspondence.

The following paragraphs, on the subject of missionary efforts in behalf of the mohammedan nations, are extracted from her sketch book, and were written in 1821. They display a mind capable of examining subjects in a very able manner.

"If ever I felt inclined to be a missionary, it was the other day, when reading the alcoran. My patience did not extend through one-third of it; and nothing but the great desire to judge of the book on which the belief of so many thousands is founded, prevented me from throwing it aside after the first or second chapter. I was greatly disappointed. I had expected that that great deceiver, in misleading so large a part of the world, had employed all the beauty of eastern allegory, and the glowing colouring of eastern imagery. But, on the contrary, I found the lowest ideas, the poorest language, the greatest string of absurdities and nonsense. I really felt all the sympathies of my nature excited in pity for the wretchedness of beings, whose hopes of eternal happiness have no better foundation than that book; for which they have rejected the pure word of life. Oh, how does our Bible rise in comparison with the koran of Mohammed! Taking it merely as a human production, there is so much purity and sublimity in it, and such a moral beauty is diffused over its pages, it is astonishing that irreligious persons of genius and taste, who are always on the search for the beautiful and sublime, do not delight in the study of it on that account alone. There is a touching simplicity and pathos in the historical parts of the Old Testament, unequalled by authors of ancient or modern times. I have been so much struck on reading the psalms, with the grandeur and dignity of the ideas, and the beauty of expression, that I have sometimes entirely lost sight of their devotional intention, in admiration of the



composition. But the Bible is not the work of man. Every page bears the impress of Divinity, where the purest precepts, and the most important lessons, are conveyed in the simplest, yet most sublime language. 'It is a lamp to our feet, and a light to our path.' The evidences for its genuineness and authenticity are strong and clear. And whether we take the power of its miracles, or remarkable fulfilment of its prophecies, itself a never-ceasing miracle, we must acknowledge the Bible to be the true, unerring word of the living God."

But we wish to call the attention of the reader of this memoir, to what we consider by far, if we may be allowed to make a comparison between them, the most important of Miss Linnard's efforts to do good. We mean her visits to the poor and ignorant in Philadelphia, during the twelve years that elapsed after her conversion, until she was prevented by disease from prosecuting her benevolent work. She imitated her blessed Saviour, who "went about doing good." It was her delight to do acts of kindness and mercy; and, above all, to instruct, in her visits, the poor and ignorant in those things which relate to their eternal welfare. In this sense, she was, indeed, like a "preacher of righteousness" to vast numbers.

This course of beneficence she commenced immediately after her conversion. And she pursued it with a steadiness which knew no abatement deserving of exception, as long as she was able to do it. And it would be found, upon proper examination, that few women have accomplished so much within so brief a period. She acted upon a system, and her zeal was always burning. For she lived really for the glory of God. It was no transient feeling that led her to do this. It was a degree of love to God, and of devotion to his cause, such as few, very few indeed, possess.

For years after her profession of religion, it was her

uniform practice to observe a fast every week, and sometimes two. The forenoons of these days she spent in her chamber, in reading the scriptures, self-examination, meditation, and prayer. The afternoons were spent in visiting alone, generally, though not always, the abodes of poverty and wretchedness. Besides these days, she usually spent one or two other days, or part of days, each week, in visiting the poor. And, during the last year or two of her life, previously to her fatal illness, she spent, not only two or three days every week, but the chief part of every day, except the sabbath, in this work of mercy.

Her plan, on these occasions, sometimes was to go out after nine or ten in the morning, and return about five or six in the afternoon. This was, indeed, often the case. It was no uncommon thing for her to spend six, eight, or even nine hours, in this laborious business, and return, exceedingly fatigued, before tea-time.\* Generally, perhaps, the time which she spent in this work, was shorter than that named above. Very frequently she did not return for dinner, but ate a morsel, if she ate at all, with some of the poor families which she visited, thus gratifying their earnest desire to do her some act of kindness and gratitude, and to show her regard for them by this act of friendship.

In these visits she had various objects in view, and accomplished one or another, as circumstances afforded her the opportunity. Sometimes she carried copies of the word of God, which she gave to families destitute of the heavenly treasure. In other cases, she distributed tracts suitable to the characters and circumstances of the families which she visited. She did nothing at random. She exercised great judgment in her distributions of these useful publications.

\* May it not be feared that she thus injured her health? See page 60.—*Eng. Ed.*

Sometimes she carried some provisions for the poor, or sent them afterwards by a servant. She gave away thus what cost much money. This she was enabled to do in many ways. For, although she was not possessed of great pecuniary resources, yet, with economy, a great deal was saved, and appropriated in this manner. Such, too, was her great plainness and economy in dress, that much was saved for charity, which, in the case of others, is lavished upon their persons.\* And when she needed pecuniary means for the purpose of doing good, she was seldom long without them. But it ought to be remarked, that she often laboured in behalf of charitable associations for the relief of the poor, and, of course, received the means of supplying their wants, in some measure, from that source. And it should also be added, that she distributed her alms so judiciously, that a little went a great way; for she never gave aid in such a way, as to lead the persons receiving it, to depend upon eleemosynary relief, but to rely rather upon their own exertions; thus cutting off the temptation to indolence, which is so baneful to every virtuous feeling.

Oftentimes her visits were for the purpose of gathering poor and neglected children into Sunday-schools, or to persuade their parents to attend some place of public worship. And often her sole object was to endeavour to do good to the immortal souls of those whom she visited. This was, indeed, the great object which she always had in view.

\* On the subject of dress, her views were very decided and strict. She held it to be a duty incumbent upon christians in affluent, as well as those in more moderate circumstances, to dress with becoming simplicity and plainness, not only for the purpose of enabling them to have greater means wherewith to do good, but also to induce poorer christians, and servants, to avoid extravagance, and to live economically, and in a manner suitable to their limited resources.

In her visits no house was shunned, into which it was proper that she should go unattended. The poverty, filthiness, sickness, and wickedness of the inmates, were not obstacles which prevented her from executing her errands of mercy. She entered the most wretched and disgusting abodes of human beings, and sitting down, would discourse on that brighter and better world above, where there is no sorrow, nor sickness, nor tears, nor sin. She listened to their affecting tales of misery, and often of guilt, and gave the needed lessons of instruction. Often she read a tract, or part of one; but more frequently a portion of the word of God, adding some remarks by way of explanation, and many solemn, tender, and faithful warnings. Wherever it was practicable, she kneeled down and prayed with them in the most earnest and affecting manner. Those who accompanied her sometimes in these visits, speak in a most interesting manner of her earnestness, her faithfulness, her tenderness, and her persuasive manner of addressing hardened and wicked men and women.

During a long period, she was always in the habit of visiting the alms-house, and spending hours in conversing with the inmates of this Bethesda. Many interesting facts are remembered respecting these visits, which ought to be mentioned; but they would occupy too much space.

It would be no exaggeration to say, that this one devoted young lady, during twelve years, visited several hundreds of families in this city, many of whom were poor and truly wretched. The amount of good done by these visits is known only to God, and cannot be revealed until eternity develops the events of time. There is every reason to believe that many souls were brought to the knowledge of Christ by her efforts, and many more brought within the pale of instruction in the Sunday-school, or the house of God. Facts are

almost daily occurring which make known some good deed done by her.

Not long since, her sister met a poor woman in the market who recognized her, and inquired after Miss Anna, as she called her; and when told that she was dead, exclaimed, "Oh, how sorry my husband will be to hear this, for it was a conversation which she had with him which led him to care for his soul, and seek salvation until he found it."

One of the most affecting cases which the author of this memoir ever knew of her efforts to do good, relates to a poor coloured girl of about twelve or fourteen years of age, who lingered a long time, and then died. Miss Linnard visited her day by day for weeks, and carefully instructed her in the way of eternal life, prayed with her, and had the pleasure of seeing her die in peace.

Many poor women in the district in which she laboured, cannot speak of her to this day without weeping, calling her that "good young lady," who cared so much for them.

The reader recollects, doubtless, the letter which she wrote from the "Pines," in New Jersey, in which she gives an account of the family in which she boarded. They were very ignorant. As might be supposed, Miss Linnard felt deeply concerned for them. She read the scriptures to them, exhorted them to seek after God and to attend the church in the neighbourhood. She did more: she wrote to them, and sent them tracts; and God heard her prayers, and blessed her efforts. The wife, (Mrs. P.) there is good reason to believe, became truly pious. A letter from her to Miss Linnard, dated in January, 1827, and written, at her dictation, by another person, proves her deep-felt gratitude for such faithfulness to her soul, and to her family.

In her visits to the poor and wretched, Miss Linnard was not more remarkable for any thing than for her

great faithfulness in reproving sin. Indeed, it was owing to this, that she never could rest as long as any person in the neighbourhood where she lived, would, by keeping open a shop, violate the sabbath. She would go to them, and reason with them in a mild and decided manner upon the sin and danger of their course, and generally succeeded in persuading them to give up the iniquitous traffic. In one case where she failed, it was not a long time before the man expostulated with bitterly regretted his not having followed her advice; for a circumstance occurred in his Sunday business, and which was a natural result of it, which caused him a very heavy loss.

When she travelled, even if it was but a short distance, for pleasure, it was her habit to seek every suitable opportunity of doing good by distributing tracts, as well as by conversing with the servants at the inns at which she stopped. Various opportunities were thus embraced for doing good, which many wholly overlook. But, with her, it was a habit to do good.

And here we would remark, that such was the dignity, kindness, and persuasiveness of her manner, united with the power which truth always gives its fearless advocate, that no instance, we believe, ever occurred, in which Miss Linnard was insulted by any person, when she was engaged in these visits, which were generally performed alone. She set out upon them always after special prayer, often after fasting, and the God of mercy and of power went with her.

We shall relate but one more instance of her efforts to do good in this way, not because there are not more which might be mentioned, but because we do not wish to take up more space, when those which have been stated are deemed sufficient.

There was a family living in V—— street, in the spring of 1830. They were very poor and wretched. The husband was a drunkard, and did literally nothing worthy of being mentioned to sustain his wife and

children. His wife, who had supported the family by hard working, was sick, dying gradually of consumption, and they had four little helpless children, who were very ragged and almost without food. They occupied a garret of a small house, in the lower rooms of which lived, we believe, some very decent coloured people. In this state of things, Miss Linnard, in one of her visits of mercy, found them. She at once began her labours of love among them. She provided medicine, food, and a comfortable bed for the sick mother, clothed and provided for the children, expostulated with the husband, and engaged the people below to take care of the children as much as possible, and to keep them from distracting their mother with their noise; and also to prepare victuals for all. She then commenced her spiritual instructions, and persevered in these efforts for months. The woman was extremely ignorant, had seldom been in a place of worship, and could not read a word. With great patience and perseverance, Miss Linnard explained to her the relation which she sustained to God, her sinful estate, the way of salvation through Christ, &c. and had the pleasure of soon perceiving the attention and conscience of the poor sufferer aroused. It was the happiness of the writer of this memoir to accompany her on one of these visits, and to sit down and converse with this woman about her soul: and he will never forget the admirable manner of giving instruction to this ignorant, yet deeply serious woman, which Miss Linnard pursued. She explained to her what faith is, in the most simple way. Said she, "Do you know what faith is?" "No, ma'am." "Well, I will tell you. If I were to say that I will come and see you to-morrow, and bring you something, you would believe me." "Yes, ma'am." "Well, this is faith, or belief in what I say. Now, God says many things in the Bible, and I want you to believe Him. You believe what I say, who am nothing but a poor sinful creature; I want you to

believe what the great and blessed God says. He is good, and never says what is not true." And then she proceeded to tell what God says concerning his willingness to save those who come to Him, feeling that they are sinners, and asking for pardon for the sake of Jesus Christ.

She persevered in these instructions from time to time, until she had the happiness of seeing this woman rejoicing in the hope and peace of the gospel, in which she lived some weeks, and then died. And yet, when she began these visits, this poor woman was so ignorant of religion as scarcely to know what to say. And when asked if she knew any thing about God, she said that she knew very little about him, but had always believed that he was the greatest man in the world. But under the faithful and simple instructions of her devoted friend, rendered effectual, as it is believed, by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, she made rapid advances in divine knowledge, and ended her days in a very comfortable manner.

After the death of the mother, Miss Linnard took the little children, and found suitable places for them in families, where they are now doing well. The husband, deeply affected by the death of his wife, and probably by the exhortations which he heard from her spiritual instructor and benefactor, abandoned the dram-shop, became a steady, industrious man, and died some time since.

The preceding is a very brief and imperfect account of the course of beneficence which Miss Linnard pursued, from her entrance upon the christian life, until disease prevented any further efforts. What an example has she set! Her career was short, but how eminently useful! And although "she hath given up the ghost, and her sun has gone down while it was yet day," her memory will long live, and the blessing of many "who were ready to perish," will rest upon it.



*Her last sickness, and triumphant death.*

Miss Linnard could not be said, at any period of life, to have had very firm and robust health. Her constitution was naturally delicate, and not calculated, apparently, to endure great hardships; so much so, that it is truly wonderful that she could undergo such painful self-denial and fatigue, as she often did, in her efforts to do good. Yet her health was what might be called good, in general, until the summer of 1831.

During the month of August in that year, she was attacked, while on a visit to Woodbury, in New Jersey, with the bilious remittent fever. This attack, though not considered dangerous at that time, and though it apparently, at first, left her constitution unimpaired, was probably the foundation, in a great measure, of her subsequent gradual decline, through a pulmonary affection. Her health, however, was such, during the succeeding autumn and winter, that she continued, without any considerable abatement, her visits to the poor and suffering, as well as her other benevolent exertions.

During that winter she was very much engaged, as a member of the Union Benevolent Association, in visiting and relieving the wants of the suffering poor. A very large portion of her time was bestowed upon these efforts. And in making them, often amidst very inclement weather, and when she was ill able to encounter the fatigues and exposures which were unavoidable in the service which she performed, she did her health irreparable injury.

In particular, a visit which she made on the 13th of March, in that winter, was doubtless the proximate cause of her last sickness. The circumstances of this case were exceedingly affecting, and display the deep concern which she felt for poor, hardened, and careless sinners. They were as follows:—She had visited,

at a former time, a very wicked, ignorant, and degraded family of white people, which was living in her district. She had endeavoured, in vain, to call their attention to the subject of religion. Nothing which she could say seemed then to produce any effect. But God visited them with sickness and death. Miss Linnard heard of it, and hoping, that at least in the hour of deep affliction, they would listen to her warning and entreaties, she hastened to see them, and spent nearly or quite two hours in their miserable residence, in a damp cellar, in reading the scriptures, exhortation, and prayer. When about to leave them, she felt a heavy chill coming upon her; and she returned home, deeply impressed that her work was near its close.

From the effects of this attack of intermittent fever, Miss Linnard never fully recovered. After two months she was able, indeed, to go out again; but, during all the succeeding summer and winter, she continued gradually to sink under the pressure of disease. In the spring following she became exceedingly feeble. In the month of May and early part of June she visited, in company with her sister and brother-in-law, the springs near Orange, in New Jersey, and several other places in that state and the neighbouring portions of Pennsylvania. She lived but about a fortnight after her return; and closed her course on earth on the morning of the sabbath, June 16, 1833.

During this protracted illness, it will readily be supposed, that, to Miss Linnard's mind, the subject of death was no stranger. She had made it the business of life, after her conversion, to become prepared for it, by being prepared to glorify God, both on earth and in heaven. She judged that complete preparation for the latter is nothing different from that for the former, the service of God being the same, in its nature, every where; and that the best preparation for death, is to possess, habitually, sincere and ardent love to Him, and delight in his service. The beautiful remark of

Howe, in regard to the proper object of life, was truly exemplified in her case. "This we ought to be constantly intent upon, as the business of our lives, our daily work, to get our spirit so attempered and fitted to heaven, that if we be asked what design we drive at, what we are doing, we may be able to make a true answer, 'We are dressing ourselves for eternity.'"

During the whole of her christian life, Miss Linnard was in the habit of speaking of death in the most calm, cheerful, and even joyful manner. This was emphatically so during the latter portion of it. She often said to her intimate friends, that the prospect of death was to her mind truly delightful. She often exulted at the thought, that it would not be long until her immortal spirit should be released from the clogs of sin which oppressed it, and that her redeemed and emancipated soul would soon ascend to the sight and enjoyment of her blessed Saviour. This desire of death was not the result of any morbid sensibility on the subject of the trials, disappointments, and sorrows of this life. In this respect, few persons enjoyed greater freedom from low spirits. She was habitually cheerful. She had much to attach her to this world. She was surrounded by numerous and dearly beloved friends, and she felt it to be a privilege to have the opportunity of labouring to bring others to the knowledge of salvation through the Lamb. But she still felt that, "to depart and be with Christ was far better." To serve him even in this world of sin, and trial, and sorrow, was a glorious privilege, as well as a duty, in her estimation; but to dwell where He displays his blessed face, in the community of saints and angels, and where holiness reigns, was far more desirable and glorious.

Her long continued sickness was greatly sanctified to her, and was, throughout, a blessed season. She remarked to her sister and brother-in-law, during the journey which they took with her just before her decease, "that the more feeble she became, the more

graciously did her Saviour manifest himself to her." Upon her return home, when informed, on the next day, or within a very short period afterwards, by her physician, that she must not expect to live more than a few days, she received the intelligence with perfect composure, and even satisfaction. A little while after the physician had left her, her eldest sister entered her room and found her sitting alone on the sofa, and in tears. With much concern she inquired, "Anna, what is the matter? What troubles you?" She replied, "O, sister, these are tears of joy. Am I indeed so near my heavenly home? And shall I see my blessed Saviour so soon?"

Her sickness, bringing with it debility rather than severe pain, (though at times her sufferings were great,) and her mind retaining its energy until the last, her situation was as favourable, on the whole, for religious enjoyment, as could be expected. She had the privilege of holding sweet communion with many dear christian friends, who visited her almost every day. And within the bosom of her own family she found several who could sympathize with her, and mingle their prayers and praises with hers before the throne of grace. Had an account been kept of her remarks during this period of more than a year, it would have been a most profitable chapter in this little work. No such record, however, was made. But it is the testimony of this circle of christian friends, that she enjoyed the most perfect tranquillity of mind, an eminent degree of peace and joy in believing, sweet resignation to the Divine will, which called her to protracted suffering, and a never failing confidence in the promises of the gospel.

The characteristics of her religious state were, emphatically, peace, love to God and to his cause, and abiding, uniform repose in the merits of the Saviour. It could hardly be said that a doubt concerning her own salvation, for any length of time, occupied and

distressed her mind. And yet there was but little ecstasy, or great excitement of feeling. Indeed, this was never the character of her religious experience. Her peace was like a river deep and ever flowing. She had a hope full of immortality, a full assurance of hope, but it was the fruit of a full assurance of faith in the truth of the promises of God, through Jesus Christ. Her religion was truly the religion of principle. It regulated every thing; the principle of faith in God. It was the secret of her eminently happy christian life. She had a strong, abiding, overcoming faith in the veracity of the ever blessed God. She believed that he is sincere in inviting sinners to return to him, and in promising forgiveness to all who penitently confess and forsake their sins, and heartily receive the merits of Christ, and rest upon them for acceptance with him. And she acted upon this belief, and went "boldly unto the throne of grace, and obtained mercy, and found grace to help in time of need." And the life which she lived, she lived by faith in the Son of God, who gave himself for her, that she might live unto himself. This, it may be added, is the kind of religion which alone can banish our fears, overcome our sins, support us under labours, trials, and temptations, and sustain us in the dark and gloomy hour, when flesh and heart are ready to fail, and all earthly sources of consolation are terminating for ever.

And living by faith as she did, is it wonderful that her mind enjoyed tranquillity and a constant expectation of eternal life? She desired no better foundation on which to rest her hopes, than the oath and promise of her God. What better could she have had? He invited her to come to him with all her sins, and promised her pardon for them all, and she came as a penitent to him, relying on the blood-bought expiation which his Son has made for sinners of mankind. And she did, through his grace, go to him daily, and cast herself at his feet, and she did it with confidence; confi-

dence not in herself, but in Him. And her confidence did not disappoint her. What more did she need? The joy and peace, which she so habitually felt, were the fruits of this faith; but they were not the ground upon which she trusted, or by which she was sustained in view of death and eternity. No: the ground on which she relied was the word of the ever-living Jehovah.

She never seemed to seek after "comfort" or joy, with half the earnestness with which she sought for conformity to the will of God. To obey God, to do his will perfectly, to grow in holiness, was the aim of her life. And true peace in believing, she rightly supposed would bear some good degree of proportion to her obedience to the commands of God. On this point her religious opinions and experience were widely different from those of many professors of religion, who are always seeking comfort, but not by the way of holiness, sincere repentance, and renunciation of every known sin, and by doing the will of God, in every respect, so far as they can ascertain it.

During the whole of Miss Linnard's sickness, religious exercises occupied much of her time every day. It was her delight to read, or hear read, the sacred scriptures, for which she had the most profound veneration, as the following fact will show. Only a few days before her decease, whilst she was reclining on a sofa, exceedingly feeble, one of her friends proposed to read to her from the Bible. Under the influence of the low and uniform sound of the voice she was almost lulled to sleep; but she roused herself up, and said with much earnestness, and surprise, "What, shall I fall asleep whilst God's blessed Bible is read!"

She enjoyed, in the richest manner, the singing of hymns, or the reading of them by her sisters, and other persons. She had a great taste for sacred poetry, and was familiar with the best hymns in the English language. She had many favourite ones, in which

she delighted to the last; perhaps in none more than the two which begin as follows:

" Begone, unbelief! my Saviour is near,  
And for my relief will surely appear;  
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform,  
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm!"

And,

" Rock of ages cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."

Often did she repeat these lines, and with great delight. She could not, however, endure the change which has been made in some books, so as to make it read "Rock of ages, shelter me." She said she did not want simply to be sheltered, but to be hidden in that Rock. And no language could convey more fully her views of the way of acceptance with God, than the stanza beginning,

" Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling."

Thus she passed through her sickness, down to the Jordan of death; spending her time in religious exercises and duties, exciting her christian friends to greater diligence and activity in the cause of their Saviour, and with the tenderest affection and fidelity beseeching impenitent persons to make no delay in seeking reconciliation with God.

A sense of her own sinfulness, however, was never absent from her mind. On the sabbath preceding that on which she died, her intimate and dear friend, Miss J—— C——, called to see her. The first expression which she uttered when seeing her was, "O my dear J——, so near heaven, and yet so much sin!" Expressing both her full assurance of eternal life, and her sense of her own unworthiness and imperfection. And there was, throughout her sickness, and in death itself, the most affecting manifestation of her sense of her unworthiness on the one hand, and of her exalted views of the fulness of salvation in Jesus Christ.

And in proportion to her meetness for heaven, and the shortness of the intervening space, (if one may so speak,) was her abhorrence of sin increased.

But we must hasten to the closing scenes of her life. As the author of this memoir was absent from Philadelphia, on official duties, during this interesting period, and consequently had neither the privilege of ministering to her sufferings, nor of witnessing her triumphant death, he will give the affecting account of them written by a beloved friend, who was with her constantly, during the last four days and nights of her life.

"She returned from travelling about the first of June. I did not see her till the following Monday. I had heard she was much worse than when leaving home, but was not prepared to see so great an alteration. She received me with more than her wonted affection, extending her arms to embrace me. Seeing I was much affected, (though she remained perfectly composed,) she remarked, 'You cannot bear to see my poor emaciated body; I was afraid to see you.' And when I was about to rise, she begged that I would leave the room, so fearful was she of distressing me.

"But on the Wednesday following, I heard that her two sisters were both taken ill, and unable to attend her. I went directly there; I found her lying on a sofa asleep, an esteemed friend sitting by her; her countenance serene and placid, and a bright bloom on her cheek; and if it had not been for her short and laboured breathing, I could almost have thought that death was not so near at hand as we had feared. In a little while she awoke. She welcomed me with evident pleasure, while she remarked to J——, 'How could you let me sleep when B—— was here?' I spent part of the day alone with her. She conversed a great deal. She asked me if I thought her end near, observing, that she did not think that it was; that she had not yet passed through the last stages of the



disease; that her throat had never been very sore, &c. &c. I told her that I had known persons in dying circumstances, who never had those symptoms. She then pressed me to tell her what my opinion was. I told her, hesitatingly, that I did not think she would continue much longer. At which her countenance brightened with joy, and she exclaimed, 'And is it possible I am near my heavenly home, which I have been looking forward to, as something a great way off? And shall I soon see that Saviour whom I so ardently long after?' She then conversed freely on the subject of death; remarking, that, for a long time, it had had no terrors to her; that when in perfect health, she had a longing desire to depart; that from the commencement of her illness, she had never entertained any hope of recovering; that she had marked the slow and sure progress of her disease; and though, at times, she thought she might be spared for some years, yet she had always believed that it would eventually end in death; nor had she, at any time, felt any wish to recover, nor ever, even in thought, offered up a desire for it, excepting once, when she prayed the prayer of the Psalmist, 'O spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.' She then spoke with pleasure of meeting her friends in heaven that had died in the Lord, and her joy that so many others would soon follow her, and expressed her great anxiety for those that had not, as yet, turned their faces Zionward; said that she trusted that her death would be blessed to them, that she might be enabled to give her dying testimony to the truth of religion, and that her last breath might be spent in pleading with them.

"She rested little through the night, and appeared worse the next day. Her mind was calm and happy. She frequently requested that portions of scriptures and hymns might be read to her. On Thursday night, she rested better than on the preceding one; and on

Friday morning, was so much revived, that we began to think she might yet be spared a little longer.

"She continued throughout the day easy, was calm and happy, conversed much, her heart being filled with love to all. She frequently spoke of her sisters and friends, with the greatest affection. She would say, 'I always loved them, but now they are inexpressibly dear.' On her sister C—— entering the room, this morning, after being prevented by sickness from so doing, for a day or two, she received her with joy, and said she was one of her 'sweet comforters.' There was not the most trifling office of kindness performed for her, that did not call forth her gratitude and love. I never smoothed her pillow, or wiped the cold damp from her face, that she did not, in some way, express her feelings, frequently by kissing me, or some other expression of affection. Every thing done for her, pleased her. 'Job's friends,' she remarked, 'were poor comforters, but mine are all ministering spirits.' She received her nourishment with expressions of the warmest gratitude. On one of her sisters' giving her some fruit, she said, 'You prevent all my wants. I sometimes fear you make me pamper my poor body too much.' A draught of cold water would fill her with praise. 'How good the Lord is, in providing such a refreshment!' And then she would speak of the freeness and fulness of the salvation of the gospel; 'a fountain, opened for sin and uncleanness. I will pour water on them that are thirsty,' &c. She often spoke of that 'river, whose streams make glad the city of our God.' A rose was given her; she admired its beauty, spoke of the goodness of God in so richly decking the earth with such a variety of beautiful flowers; then adored and praised him as the Creator of all things. In her was verified that saying, 'God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.'

"On Friday night, she rested easy till about mid-

night, when she said to me, 'I know you love to wait on me, will you rub my feet?' They were much swollen, and cold. As I sat by her bed rubbing them, and endeavouring to cause a circulation of the blood, and ease the distress they gave her by their numbness, she said, pleasantly, 'Well! my poor feet I have done with.' I remarked, that it was pleasant to think, that for some years past, she had made so good a use of them; that they had carried her on many an errand of mercy, and had run with great delight in the ways of God's commandments. She said that it was; then, after remaining still a few moments, added,

' Nothing in my hands I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling.'

"As the day dawned, she requested that she might be helped up. She was placed in an easy chair, at an open window. Throughout the morning, though she uttered no complaint, there was a restlessness which had not been observed before. She was moved from the chair to the sofa, and from the sofa to the bed, and so back again. During the morning, a friend called to see her; she requested that she might be left alone with her, which was done, and she conversed with her some time. About one o'clock, her friends were alarmed by the cold sweat trickling down her face, which increased so rapidly, that, in a short time, her hair and clothing were completely drenched. This continued throughout the afternoon. She was cold and faint.

"At the close of the day, a friend called to see her. She asked him to pray with her. While praying, he offered the petition, that the Lord would be with her in going through the dark valley, when her feelings of ecstasy became so great that she praised God aloud, and begged that the prayer should cease. After some time she said, 'The Lord was so near and present with me, and I had such a view of his glory, that I could bear no more.' She then desired her friend to pray

that strength might be granted to her to speak to some unconverted persons.

“On this day, her affection for her sorrowing friends was so great, that she could scarcely restrain her feelings on beholding them. On one occasion in particular, as her aged father was bending over her with tearful eyes, she appeared to be much overcome, and exclaimed with a voice of deep emotion, as she gazed tenderly at him, ‘Oh, there is my dear father!’

“During the night she appeared to be dying, but towards morning fell into a refreshing sleep. Her first question on awaking was, ‘Is not this the sabbath?’ Being informed it was, she said, ‘I have always loved God’s sabbaths on earth, and I shall love them in heaven.’ She then inquired why the family were up and with her at so early an hour. On being told by her brother-in-law, that her time upon earth appeared to be very short, she asked what grounds there were for thinking so; he replied, ‘My dear, your cough has entirely gone, and your pulse indicates death.’ With her wonted firmness, she desired to be raised in bed, remarking, ‘Am I dying? I thought I was, during the night; let me look upon death.’ After taking a little drink to strengthen her, she requested that those in the room would leave it for a while, in order that she might converse with a dear relative alone. Her voice, which was before low and almost inarticulate, now became loud and distinct. She then desired that her nephews might stand around her bed; and addressing them individually by name, said, ‘Boys, I cannot see you, my eyes are dim with death; I am happy. What do you think could make me so?’ and impressively added, ‘Seek, seek, seek——’ as if she would have said, Seek the Lord, that you also may be happy. Her voice was then raised in praise and thanksgiving, until the moment of death.

“Throughout the whole conflict with death, her countenance remained calm and happy, and never

was it ruffled, except when taking her last leave of her beloved and aged parent, after which a gloom was observed to rest on it for a few moments, which gradually passed away, and it again assumed its wonted brightness.

"A few moments before the spirit fled, her physician called. When she was told that he was in the room, (for she could no longer see,) she requested him to come to her. He took her cold hand: she said, with reference to the time of her departure, 'How long?' He answered, 'I cannot tell, Anna.' 'Probably?' (meaning how long is it probable.) He said, 'I cannot tell.' She asked, 'Hours or minutes?' He again answered, 'I cannot tell.' It was evident to all, that though her outward senses were all failing, her mind retained all its vigour."

Thus died, in the peace and hope of the gospel, this eminently devoted christian, in the beginning of the thirty-fourth year of her life. So peaceful was her death, that it seemed, as one of her intimate christian friends well remarked, "to take away the gloom which, in her apprehension, had always gathered around the subject of death and the tomb." Her death is finely portrayed in the following beautiful lines, which she used often to repeat, with great interest, as expressive of the way in which she wished to die.

"Fade away, decaying earth!  
Things of time now disappear;  
Home of friends, place of my birth,  
Ask me not to linger here.

"Let me, let me sink away  
Sweetly in thy arms, O death!  
Thy hand upon my bosom lay,  
Gently stop this fleeting breath."

An appropriate sermon was preached at her funeral by her former and greatly esteemed pastor, the Rev. Dr. Neill.

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# CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.

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LIFE OF THE

REV. MATTHEW HENRY.

1662—1714.

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AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS.



# LIFE OF THE

## REV. MATTHEW HENRY.\*

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### *I.—His early life and entrance on the ministry.*

MATTHEW HENRY was the second son of the Rev. Philip Henry,† and of Katherine his wife. He was born on the 18th of October, 1662, at Broad Oak, in the township of Iscoid, Flintshire, about three miles from Whitchurch, in Shropshire. He was but a weakly child, often subject to agues, and other indispositions, which yet were so ordered and limited by his heavenly Father, as neither to hurt his great capacity for learning, nor hinder his improvement, even in the early days of his life. He was able to read a chapter in the Bible very distinctly at about three years old, and with some observation of what he read; and, indeed, as one of his near relations, and the companion of his younger days, declares, childish years were sooner over in him than in other persons; he very early put away childish things.

He dated his conviction of sin from the tenth year of his age, under a sermon preached by his father on Psalm li. 7. Though his childhood had less in it of vanity than that of most persons, yet his tender heart was greatly melted and broken for sin, and he was enabled, through grace, to offer very early unto God the sacrifice of a broken and contrite spirit, which God did not despise. He that hath said, "I love them that

\* Chiefly taken from the Life of Rev. Matthew Henry, by Rev. W. Tong, published A.D. 1716.

† See his Life in Christian Biography.



love me, and those that seek me early shall find me," was doubtless pleased with that early oblation which Matthew Henry made of the first-fruits of his heart and life to God; and this was a happy earnest of a plentiful harvest of grace and usefulness here, and of glory and blessedness hereafter.

It appears by his papers, that when he was but eleven years old, he was led into the vital principal part of religious wisdom, the knowledge of himself, and of the state of his own soul towards God; and upon strict examination, by the rule of God's word, was enabled to draw the comfortable conclusion, that he was converted and pardoned. His ear and heart were opened betimes to the preaching of the word; he heard his good father and other ministers press the duty of self-examination, and lay down marks for trial: this was the constant way of the good old puritan preachers, and God made it a means of sound conversion to many souls. Young Henry was taught of God to approve of that kind of heart-searching preaching, and to apply it to himself; he went over the several signs of true grace, and found something of them wrought in his own soul. That his faith and comfort might not stand in the wisdom of men, but the word of God, he searched the Scriptures, as the ground and touchstone of all. Yet suspecting the deceitfulness of his own heart, he opened it freely and faithfully to his excellent father, desiring his help in this great concern of his soul; and what greater joy could such a father have, than to hear his son, his only son, at the age of ten or eleven years, thus inquiring after God, asking the way to heaven, with his face thitherward!

When he was ten years old, the time from which he dates his effectual calling, he was visited with a lingering fever, which brought him very low, his life was almost despaired of, and death expected every day. This was a great trial of the faith and patience of his

good parents; his father, who used to say, "Weeping must not hinder sowing," was obliged to go out to a place at some distance to preach the gospel, and left his son very ill, but he must be about his Father's business. At that time they had an indulgence granted by the king; at his return, he found matters much as he left them, his son, his only son, whom he loved, in extreme danger. There was then at his house a good old gentlewoman, the widow of the Rev. Zachary Thomas, helping and comforting them under this affliction. Philip Henry told them, "At such a place and time upon the road, I did most solemnly, freely, and deliberately resign up my dear child unto God, to do what he pleased with him and me." Mrs. Thomas replied, "And I believe, sir, in that place and time God gave him back to you again." It is certain, after this, he speedily and sensibly recovered. His good sister, who gave this account, observes upon it, "Though I was then but a child of eight years old, and could think but as a child, I was very much affected with that discourse between my father and Mrs. Thomas; it tended to endear my brother the more to me, since I really believed he was given to us back again in an extraordinary manner."

When they were children, Matthew and his sisters were directed by their father to spend an hour every Saturday afternoon in religious exercises, in which he was always their leader. He took great pleasure in joining with them in such work, which was to prepare them for the sanctification of the Lord's day; and if at any time he thought his sisters too short in prayer, he would gravely and gently tell them, it was impossible, in so short a time, to include all the cases and persons which they had to recommend to God in prayer. They always took his admonitions kindly, and owned, to the glory of God, that their brother's example did greatly engage and encourage them in the duties of religion.

It was observed by all that knew him, how great a quickness he had in learning any thing, and how strong a memory to retain it, talents that do not often meet in the same person. He could do a great deal in a little time, and yet did not allow himself to lose any of his time. Under such advantages, he made very great progress in every kind of knowledge he was pursuing. His tender mother was often afraid lest he should over-do it, and was sometimes forced to call him down out of his closet, when he was very young, and advise him to take a walk in the fields, lest his health should suffer by too much confinement and application to his books.

From his very childhood he had an inclination to the ministry; the delight he had in reading the holy Scriptures, and learning the sense of them; his love to all the faithful ministers of Christ, as he became acquainted with them, and the pleasure he took in writing down and repeating sermons, were plain indications which way the bent of his soul lay. When he was very young, he loved to imitate preaching, not in a childish manner, but with a propriety, gravity, and judgment, far beyond his years.

When very young, he would meet frequently with some good people that used to pray together, and confer about spiritual concerns; and not only pray with them, and repeat sermons, but would sometimes explain the chapters read, and enlarge upon them, very much to the benefit and comfort, and even to the wonder of those that were present. When one of them expressed some fear to his father, lest his son should be too forward, and fall into the snare of spiritual pride, his father replied, "Come, let him go on; he fears God and designs well, and I hope God will keep him and bless him."

It was usual with his father, Philip Henry, to have some young students in his house, that were about to enter upon the ministry, and they were helpful to him

in instructing his children. One of the first he had with him was Mr. William Turner, who came thither in the year 1668; he was born in the neighbourhood, and was of Edmund-Hall, in Oxford, and was many years vicar of Walburton, in Sussex, a very serious, laborious, and useful preacher.

This Mr. Turner, while he was at Broad-Oak, was partly a tutor to the son, and partly a pupil to the father; he introduced Matthew Henry into the grammar learning, but his father carried him on in it. It was from his father that Matthew had the greatest advantages of his education, both in divine and human literature; under his eye and care he continued, till he was about eighteen years old, growing up in wisdom and goodness, and in favour with God and man.

The advantages of education which Matthew Henry had in his father's house were great, and peculiarly fitted to prepare him for the ministry. He became very expert in the learned languages, and especially in the Hebrew, which had been made familiar to him from his childhood; he never cared to make any ostentation of it, but he did not fail to make use of it in his study of the Scriptures, which, from the first to the last, was his most delightful employment. His wise and kind father was willing to deny himself for his son's advantage; and being obliged often to be abroad preaching the word, in season and out of season, to the poor country people round about, he sent his son to London, in the year 1680; and placed him in the family, and under the care of that holy, faithful minister, Mr. Thomas Doolittle, who then lived at Islington.

How long he continued with Mr. Doolittle is unknown. He returned again to his father's house, pursuing his studies with great application, and eminently growing in wisdom and grace.

About the time of his return home to Broad-Oak, in the year 1682, he drew up a memorial of the mercies he had received from God, and signed it with his own hand. The following is an extract of the principal part of this paper. It is entitled,

**"MERCIES RECEIVED."**

"That I am endued with a rational immortal soul, capable of serving God here, and enjoying him hereafter, and was not made as the beasts that perish.

"That having the powers and faculties, the exercise of them has been no ways obstructed by frenzies, lunacy, &c., but happily continued in their primitive order, nay, happily advanced to greater vigour and activity.

"That I have all my senses; that I was neither born, nor by accident made blind, or deaf, or dumb, either in whole or in part.

"That I have a complete body with all its parts; that I am not lame or crooked, either through the original or providential want, defect, or dislocation of any part or member.

"That I have been ever since [my birth] comfortably provided for with bread to eat, and raiment to put on, not for necessity only, but for ornament and delight, and that without my pains and care.

"That I have had a very great measure of health, the sweetness of all temporal mercies; and that, when infectious diseases have been abroad, I have hitherto been preserved from them.

"That when I have been visited with sickness, it hath been in measure, and health hath been restored to me, when a brother dear, and companion as dear, have been taken away at the same time, and by the same sickness.

"That I have been kept and protected from

many dangers that I have been exposed to, by night and by day, at home and abroad, especially in journeys.

“That I was born to a competency of estate in the world; so that, as long as God pleases to continue it, I am likely to be on the giving, and not on the receiving hand.

“That I have had, and still have, comfort more than ordinary in relations; that I am blest with such parents as few have, and sisters, also, that I have reason to rejoice in.

“That I have had a liberal education, having a capacity for, and been bred up to the knowledge of the languages, arts, and sciences; and that, through God’s blessing on my studies, I have made some progress therein.

“That I have been born in a place and time of gospel light; that I have had the Scriptures, and means for understanding them, by daily expositions and many good books; and that I have had a heart to give myself to and delight in the study of them.

“That I have been hitherto enabled so to demean myself, as to gain a share in the love and prayers of God’s people.

“That I was in my infancy brought within the pale of the visible church in my baptism.

“That I had religious education, the principles of religion instilled into me with my very milk, and from a child have been taught the good knowledge of God.

“That I have been endued with a good measure of praying gifts, being enabled to express my mind to God in prayer, in words of my own, not only alone, but as the mouth of others.

“That God hath inclined my heart to devote and dedicate myself to him, and to his service, and the service of his church in the work of the ministry, if ever he shall please to use me.

"That I have had so many sweet and precious opportunities and means of grace,—sabbaths, sermons, sacraments, and have enjoyed not only the ordinances themselves, the shell, but communion with God, the kernel.

"That I have good hopes, through grace, that being chosen of God from eternity, I was in the fulness of time called, and that good work begun in me, which I trust God will perform.

"That I have had some sight of the majesty of God, the sweetness of Christ, the evil of sin, the worth of my soul, the vanity of the world, and the reality and weight of invisible things.

"That when I have been in doubt, I have been guided; in danger, I have been guarded; in temptation, I have been succoured; under guilt, I have been pardoned; when I have prayed, I have been heard and answered; when I have been under afflictions, they have been sanctified, and all by Divine grace.

"That I am not without hopes, that all these mercies are but the earnest of more, and pledges of better, in the kingdom of glory; and that I shall rest in Abraham's bosom, world without end.

"Lastly, thanks be to God for Jesus Christ, the Fountain and Foundation of all my mercies. Amen, Hallelujah.

"Oct. 18, 1682, my birth-day. MATTHEW HENRY."

By this memorial it appears, that at the age of twenty he had made a very considerable progress in the knowledge of the languages, arts, and sciences, and that he had consecrated himself and all his studies to the service of God and the church, in the work of the ministry, if it should please God to accept him, and make use of him in it; and though after this he employed himself for some time in studies of another nature, yet we have no reason to think he ever departed from this his purpose, of making the ministry the business of his life.

By the advice of numerous and valuable friends, Philip Henry was induced to send his son Matthew to London, to study the law, not with a view to make it a profession, but to promote his general improvement and usefulness. He entered Gray's Inn, as a student, in April, 1685, when in his twenty-third year.

Here he went on in his usual diligence, improving his time by close study, and diligent researches into the nature of the Divine and human laws. He loved to look into the body of the civil law, and did not neglect to acquaint himself with the municipal laws of his own country; his proficiency was soon observed, and it was the opinion of those that conversed there with him, that his great industry, quick apprehension, good judgment, tenacious memory, and ready utterance, would have rendered him very eminent in the practice of the law, if he had betaken himself to it as his business; but he was true to his first and early resolution; and therefore, while he was at Gray's Inn, he not only promoted social prayer and religious conference with his particular friends, but would sometimes expound the Scripture to them; and when he left them, he bade them farewell, in an excellent lively discourse from 2 Thess. ii. 1, "By the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto him:" the hope of that blessed gathering together he recommended to himself and them as their greatest comfort when they were parting one from another.

During his continuance at Gray's-Inn, he seldom failed to write twice a week to his father, and heard once a week from him. He used to give his father an account of all remarkable occurrences, which he did with great judgment and exactness, and yet with all the caution the difficulties of those times required; but that which ever had a considerable room in his letters, was an account of the sermons he heard both on the Lord's day and week-days, from the most celebrated



preachers about the town; among whom he seemed to be best pleased with Dr. Stillingfleet, then at St. Andrew's, Holborn, for his serious practical preaching, and with Dr. Tillotson's lectures at St. Lawrence Jewry, for the admirable sermons preached against popery; he always mentioned the texts they preached upon, and gave a short scheme of their sermons.

But though he blessed God for such helps, he complains very sensibly of the want of those opportunities he used to have in his father's house, the heavenly manna, as he often calls it, his Broad-Oak sabbaths, and expresses his earnest desires to be restored to the enjoyment of those privileges, which had been more beneficial to his soul than any thing he met with in London, though he attended upon the best men and means that were then to be found.

In the month of June, 1686, he visited Broad-Oak, and stayed some months in the country, and there he soon made it appear, that his study of the law, and his London conversation, had not drawn his heart away from the study of the Scriptures, or his designs for the ministry. He now began to preach pretty often as a candidate for that work, and every where met with great acceptance, encouragement, and success.

This success which God gave to young Henry's preaching, fully determined him to make it his business; and henceforward he omitted no opportunity that offered itself of doing good to souls. About this time some occasion led him to Chester, where the good people having heard of him, invited him to preach to them in the evening. More liberty being not yet granted, he readily consented to it, and for two or three evenings together he preached in the houses of friends, and then it was that he contracted an acquaintance with some of the most eminent dissenters in Chester, which laid the ground-work of his great usefulness among them for so many years. This specimen they had

received of Mr. Matthew Henry's ministerial gifts, made them earnestly desirous to have him for their minister.

He was then in the twenty-fifth year of his age, determined for the ministry, and thought there was the voice of Providence in it; and having advised with his father about it, he gave them some encouragement to expect a compliance with their desire, always provided Mr. Harvey\* would give his consent to it; but, at the same time, told them, he was very speedily to return to London, and must reside there for some months; and they were willing to receive him upon his own terms, and in his own time: he went up to London accordingly.

Mr. Henry's friends at Chester often put him in mind of their expectations, and he was not less mindful of his engagements to them, though sometimes he had some questionings in his own mind, whether he had done wisely in engaging himself to them. And when his resolutions for the ministry were generally known in London, the reverend and learned Mr. Woodcock came to him, and told him, He was desirous to engage him in a lecture which was setting up chiefly for young persons; but he, with modesty and thankfulness, declined that offer, and said, He thought his service might be most wanted in the country, and might be more suitable there than in or about the city.

He now began seriously to weigh the business of ordination, and desired the counsel and assistance of some ministers about it, to whom he was best known; Mr. Tallents, of Shrewsbury, and Mr. James Owen, of Oswestry, were both in London, and it was a great comfort to him, that he had such cordial friends as they were, and persons that had known him from his childhood, to consult with on an occasion of so solemn

\* An aged minister in the city.

a nature, and he had all possible encouragement from them to go on with his design.

After due consideration of the subject, in relation both to the work of the ministry in general, and to the particular department of the christian church in which he ought to labour, he resolved, at length, to cast in his lot among the presbyterians; and was ordained in London by some of the most eminent ministers of that persuasion, on May 9, 1687.

An extract from his papers will show the serious self-scrutiny he instituted before entering on the solemn engagement:—

“It is a common saying, that the end specifies the action; and, therefore, it is of great consequence to fix that right, that the eye may be single, for otherwise it is an evil eye. A bye and base end will certainly spoil the acceptableness of the best actions that can be performed. Now, what is the mark I aim at in this great turn of my life? Let conscience be faithful herein, and let the Searcher of hearts make me known to myself.

“1. I think I can say, with confidence, that I do not design to take up the ministry as a trade to live by, or to enrich myself by, out of the greediness of filthy lucre. No! I hope I aim at nothing but souls; and if I gain those, though I should lose all my worldly comforts by it, I shall reckon myself to have made a good bargain.

“2. I think I can say, with as much assurance, that my design is not to get myself a name amongst men, or to be talked of in the world, as one that makes somewhat of a figure. No; that is a poor business. If I have but a good name with God, I think I have enough, though among men I be reviled, and have my name trampled upon as mire in the streets. I prefer the good word of my Master far before the good word of my fellow-servants.

“3. I can appeal to God, that I have no design in

the least to maintain a party, or to keep up any schismatical faction; my heart rises against the thoughts of it. I hate dividing principles and practices, and whatever others are, I am for peace and healing; and if my blood would be sufficient balsam, I would gladly part with the last drop of it, for the closing up of the bleeding wounds of differences that are amongst true christians. Peace is such a precious jewel, that I would give any thing for it but truth. Those who are hot and bitter in their contendings for or against little things, and zealous in keeping up names of division and maintaining parties, are of a spirit which I understand not. Let not my soul come into their secret.

“My ends then are according to my principles, and I humbly appeal to God concerning the integrity of my heart in them.

“1. That I deliberately place the glory of God as my highest and ultimate end, and if I can be but any ways instrumental to promote that, I shall gain my end and have my desire. I do not design to preach myself, but as a faithful friend of the Bridegroom, to preach Christ Jesus my Lord, as the standard-bearer among ten thousands. And if I can but bring people better to know, and love, and honour Christ, I have what I design.

“2. That in order to the glory of God, I do sincerely aim at the good of precious souls. God is glorified when souls are benefited, and gladly would I be instrumental in that blessed work. I would not be a barren tree in a vineyard, cumbering the ground; but, by God's help, I would do some good in the world, and I know no greater good I can be capable of than doing good to souls. I desire to be an instrument in God's hand of softening hard hearts, quickening dead hearts, humbling proud hearts, comforting sorrowful hearts; and, if I may be enabled to do this, I have what I would have. If God denies me this, and

suffers me to labour in vain, though I should get hundreds a year by my labour, it would be the constant grief and trouble of my soul; and if I do not gain souls, I shall enjoy all my other gains with very little satisfaction: though, even in that case, it would be some comfort, that the reward is not according to the success, but according to the faithfulness. But I seriously profess it, if I could foresee that my ministry would be wholly unprofitable, and that I should be no instrument of good to souls, though in other respects I might get enough by it, I would rather beg my bread from door to door, than undertake this great work."

Shortly after his ordination he returned to his father's house. He remained with his beloved parents only a few days, a deputation having been sent from Chester to accompany him to that ancient city, where he was destined to spend so many years of his holy, useful, and happy life. On Thursday, June 2, 1687, the usual lecture day, he began his ministry at Chester, by preaching on the resolution of the apostle, "I determined to know nothing among you, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

## II.—*His settlement and labours at Chester.*

Matthew Henry entered on his labours under the most favorable auspices. He was called to move in a large circle of friends, who were warmly attached both to himself and to the cause of which he proved to be so efficient a minister. That which added to the comfort of Mr. Henry's settlement at Chester, was, that in a little time three of his sisters had their lot cast in that city, much to his satisfaction and to their own; since the providence of God had removed them from their father's house, nothing could be more pleasing to them, than to be placed under their brother's ministry.

The eldest sister alone was separated from them, being married to Mr. Savage, of Wrenbury, in Cheshire,

and yet not so far distant but that they had the opportunity of frequently meeting, both at their own and their father's house, and always with sincere affection and to mutual comfort. All Mr. Henry's sisters were a comfort and credit to him, behaving themselves with that meekness of religious wisdom which gained them universal respect.

But it pleased God whom he served with his spirit in the gospel of his Son, to provide for him farther comfort and encouragement: he was now in stated employment, in a very agreeable situation, surrounded with very good friends, the congregation growing, liberty continued, and there was scarcely any thing farther that any one could wish for him, but a suitable yoke-fellow to be the partner of his cares and comforts.

He was, by the arrangement of friends, introduced to the family of the Hardwares, with whom he had some slight acquaintance, and whose only daughter had been recommended to Mr. Henry as a lady whose age and person, fortune and piety, rendered her a suitable object of his affections. The interview was mutually gratifying, and ended in overtures being made, which were accepted; and in due time they were married, to the satisfaction of all their friends, and with the prospect of lasting happiness. Their union was but of short continuance. At the end of eighteen months Mr. Henry was left to deplore the loss of his beloved companion, who was removed from him by the small-pox, soon after giving birth to a daughter. His heart was filled with grief; and, in allusion to this severe trial, he said to a friend, with streaming eyes, "I know nothing could support me under such a loss as this, but the good hope I have that she is gone to heaven, and that in a little time I shall follow her thither."

It was no small alleviation of Mr. Henry's grief, that God had spared the child; that while the root was

dried up beneath, the branch was not broken off from above. Philip Henry came to visit his son on this sad occasion, and baptized in public his daughter Katherine. Nothing could be more solemn or affecting than that administration; Matthew Henry presented his child to baptism, made a confession of his faith, renewed his covenant; and, in the most melting and tender manner added, "Although my house be not now so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure, and this is all my salvation and all my desire, although he make me not grow; and according to the tenor of this covenant, I offer up this my child to the great God, a plant out of a dry ground, desiring it may be implanted into Christ," &c. Every one's heart was full on this occasion, and few dry eyes in that great congregation; they felt his affliction as their own.

Mr. Henry having remained a widower about a year and a half, he entered the married state a second time, by uniting himself to the daughter of Robert Warburton, esq., of Grange, in the county of Chester. She was a lady of distinguished excellence and piety; and proved, through a long series of years, a blessing to her husband and her family, to the church and the world.

Being now the head of a family, he began to keep a diary of all the remarkable passages of providence that occurred to him; he had not been a negligent observer of Divine conduct before this time; but his observations were general, and committed to loose papers; but from this time they were more strictly made and faithfully recorded, and he continued this practice to the last.

His diary takes date November 9, 1690, on a sabbath-day, which he begins thus: "This day I concluded my subject of redeeming time, from Ephesians v. 16; and, among other things, directed as very useful to keep a short account every night how the day

had been spent; this will discover what are the thieves of our time, and will show us what progress we make in holiness; and now, why should not I make the experiment?"

For the space of two-and-twenty years, God was building up Mr. Henry's family, for so long it was betwixt the birth of his eldest and that of his youngest daughter; while, in the mean time, God remarkably owned and blessed his ministry, and made him a spiritual father to a much more numerous offspring.

During these successive years, his parental feelings were variously exercised and duly recorded. At the birth of his children he rejoiced. He early dedicated them to God, by prayer and baptism, that they might be his for ever. At their death, for many of them died, he was deeply affected. His feelings as a parent were, however, regulated by the principles of a christian. Nature wept, but did not repine: grace did not restrain the bursting sigh, but repressed the language of complaint. On the death of one of his babes, he writes: "I had set mine affection much upon it, I am afraid too much. God is wise, and righteous, and faithful, and even this also is not only consistent with, but flowing from covenant love. It is this day five years since I was first married. God has been teaching me to sing of mercy and of judgment. Lord, make me more perfect at my lesson, and show me wherefore thou contendest with me. Lord, wean me from this world by it. Blessed be God for the covenant of grace with me and mine; it is well ordered in all things, and sure. O that I could learn now to comfort others, with the same comforts with which I trust I am comforted of my God! This goes near, but, O Lord, I submit."

On another similar occasion, he records in his diary: "My desire is to be sensible of the affliction, and yet patient under it; it is a rod, a smarting rod, God calls my sin to remembrance, the coldness of my love to God, abuse of spiritual comforts; it is a rod in the hand of



my Father, I desire in it to see a father's authority, who may do what he will; and a father's love, who will do what is best. We resigned the soul of the child to him that gave it; and if the little ones have their angels, doubted not of their ministration in death. We have hopes, through grace, that it is well with the child. Little children in heaven, we look upon as the *via lactea*, (milky-way,) the individuals scarce discernible, but all together beautifying the heavens. We spent the day in sorrow for our affliction, our friends sympathizing with us; one day committing the immortal soul to God, this day the body to the dust of the earth, as it was. I am in deaths often; Lord, teach me how to die daily. I endeavoured, when the child was put into the grave, to act faith upon the doctrine of the resurrection, believing in Him who quickeneth the dead."

The king of terrors also entered his extensive family annexions, and bore off many of his beloved relatives. His diary frequently records his feelings on these melancholy occasions.

On the death of his beloved father he writes—"What is this that God hath done unto us? The thing itself, and the suddenness of it, are very affecting; but the wormwood and gall in it is, that it looks like a token of God's displeasure to us that survive. The Lord calls my sins to remembrance this day, that I have not profited by him while he was with us as I should have done. Our family worship this morning was very melancholy, the place was Allon Baccuth, the Oak of Weeping; the little children were greatly affected, and among the neighbours was heard nothing but lamentation and mourning; my dear mother cast down, but not in despair; I, for my part, am full of confusion, and like a man astonished.

"June 27. The day of my father's funeral; melancholy work. Oh that by this providence I might contract an habitual gravity, seriousness, and thoughtfulness

of death and eternity. Our friends most affectionately sympathize with us, and do him honour at his death.. How has this providence made Broad-Oak like a wilderness, desolate and solitary; and the poor people as sheep without a shepherd.

"July 1. I returned late to Chester, and found the children well; the next day I studied, and preached the lecture from 2 Pet. i. 13, 14, 'Yea, I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up, by putting you in remembrance; knowing, that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath showed me.' Oh that it might be preached to my own heart, and written there, that in consideration of my being to depart hence shortly, I may double my diligence."

On the death of his honoured mother,\* whose funeral sermon he preached from Prov. xxxi. 28, "Her children arise up, and call her blessed," he writes, "The death of my dear and honoured mother this year hath been a sore breach upon my comforts, for she was my skilful, faithful counsellor; and it is an intimation to me, that now, in order of nature, I must go next. My estate is something increased; the Lord enlarge my heart to do good with it; but as goods are increased, they are increased that eat them. My children are growing up, and that reminds me that I am going down."

His family circle at Chester was broken too by death. He lost his two youngest sisters, Mrs. Radford and Mrs. Hulton, on the year after the departure of his father. Two brothers-in-law were also resigned to the grave not long afterwards. Mr. Henry improved their deaths in funeral discourses for each. He took the charge of the orphan children of his sister Radford. Some he took into his own family, and others were so disposed of, as to be brought up in comfort and respectability.

Family religion was strictly attended to by Matthew

\* She died May 25, 1707.

**Henry.** He set a high value on this part of religious worship, believing it to be intimately connected with the continuance and progress of piety on the earth. He had truly "a church in his house." On the domestic altar was presented, both morning and evening, the sacrifice of prayer and praise.

He was well acquainted with the Scripture rules of christian economy, and he had an excellent pattern in his eye; his father's house was regulated with as much wisdom and piety as any that age produced. Many, upon their first acquaintance with it, were surprised to see so much of the "beauty of holiness," and were ready to say, "Surely God is in this place; this is no other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

In the worship of God with his family, he strictly observed his father's example, both in all the parts and circumstances of it. He called them together early in the morning, as early as the state of the family would permit; and did not use to defer it till late in the evening, being ashamed to put God off with drowsy devotions. He was constant in family worship; whatever happened, or whoever was present, this duty was never neglected, morning or evening. He was never tedious in it, but always full and comprehensive, performing much in a little time, and yet far from hurrying it over as a task. He was always careful to discharge this duty, so as that he might therein sanctify the name of God.

He began with a short invocation of the name of God, begging assistance and acceptance; then he read a portion of Scripture, in course, out of the Old Testament, in the morning, and the New, in the evening. He did not tie himself to go through a chapter at once, but, unless it was very short, divided it into several sections, according to the subject matter, which ordinarily consisted of about eight or ten verses, more or less. Then he gave a short, but judicious and affectionate exposition; sometimes drawing up the verses

read into a plain and proper scheme, in which he was peculiarly happy; sometimes he would omit the connexion, and only go over the several passages in their order, as the matter directed. He gave the sense, even where it was the most intricate, in a plain and familiar expression, which not only made it intelligible, but pleasant and satisfactory to the mind that received it. He omitted not to give practical improvements, proper to quicken the heart to duty, and to direct it in duty.

These his family expositions, some that were with him wrote down after him; all attended to them; and that he might engage them to this attention, as soon as the exposition was over, he required an account of them, what they had observed and remembered; and it was pleasant to behold the young children, how diligently they would listen, and how prettily and properly they would give an account of what they had heard.

After exposition, some part of a psalm was constantly sung, in the morning as well as the evening. Prayer succeeded singing, and was performed by him with an almost inimitable liveliness of affection, and tenderness of spirit, with great propriety of petitions to the case of the family, and of every one in it, and of his friends that were so happy as to be present with him at that duty. The state of the nation, and of the church of God, was never omitted, nor slightly touched upon; all was done without tedious repetition; the whole was often comprehended within the space of half an hour, or little more. This made the work easy and pleasant; it was no unseasonable hinderance to the necessary business of the family; they returned to the duty with desire, and came from it with delight.

When prayer was ended, his children came to him for his blessing, which he gave them with seriousness and affection, in the name of the great God, who commands the blessing out of Zion, even life for evermore.

Besides the daily oblations that were made to God in his family, as constantly as the morning and evening

succeeded each other, he often kept family fasts, in which sometimes he would call in the assistance of his friends, sometimes he had only his own family with him, and sometimes he would keep them alone. On these occasions he would wrestle with God for spiritual blessings for himself, and his family, and his friends; and whatever care, or fear, or trial, any of them was under, that was then most solemnly committed to the great God.

His public work on the Lord's-day, great as it was, did not entrench upon family worship. On that day he rose early, and having been some time alone with God and his own soul, about eight o'clock he called his family together. He omitted not his expositions, he sung a hymn proper to the day, and went through the other parts of worship, as usual, and then took his family with him to the solemn assembly. When he returned home at noon, and had dined, he sung a psalm, and put up a short prayer with his family, and so retired into his closet till the time of public worship returned. In the evening he generally repeated in his family both the sermons of the day, when many of his neighbours came in; after which he sung and prayed, then sung two verses more of a suitable hymn, and so pronounced the blessing, and catechised the younger children. This he used to do before he went to supper; after that was ended, he sung the 136th Psalm, then catechised his elder children and servants, and heard them repeat what they could remember of the sermons of the day, and so concluded the day with prayer.

Incredible and impracticable as this may appear, he went through it all constantly and comfortably. He had a happy constitution, both of body and mind, and used to say, "If God had given more to him, he expected more from him, but would accept of less from those to whom less was given."

His family piety was not confined to the duties of Divine worship, though in those he abounded, but took

the whole compass of relative religion ; he was one of the most affectionate relations and one of the most faithful friends in the world. This he made to appear by his constant prayers for them, his frequent visiting of them as he had opportunity, by writing kind and good letters to them on all occasions, and by the pleasure he took in their company. No man entertained his relations and friends with more cordial cheerfulness. This he showed by his concern for them under their afflictions, his unaffected sorrow for the loss of them, and his readiness to help and serve those they left behind them. If these be allowed to be proofs of relative piety, he has left many instances of it in every relation in which he stood, whether as a son, brother, husband, father, or friend.

His attention to private and personal religion was constant and unintermitted. He allowed no public or family exercises to interfere with his secret communion with God. It was in the closet that the sacred fire was kindled, which burnt with so pure and brilliant and lasting a flame on the altar of his house and of his sanctuary.

He was an early riser, and always discovered a mighty sense of the worth of time. From his childhood he had a great aversion to any thing that looked like time wasting ; the common, and, as they are accounted, the innocent diversions of youth he despised and disliked, and as he grew in years he still showed a greater esteem for precious time. Next to his proper work and business, nothing pleased him so much as the company and conversation of his friends, and he always treated them with great affection and cheerfulness ; and yet sometimes, and often in his diary, you find him complaining that a great deal of precious time is lost in the company of those we love, and that our friends are the thieves of our time. He often observes how well pleased he had been in the conversation of such and such of his friends and brethren, and yet says, "I would not for any thing live such a life

for a few days together; I am always best when alone, no place like my own study, no company like good books, and especially the Book of God." Prayer was both his duty and delight. He had both the gift and the grace of prayer, in a very uncommon measure, and this duty was the delight of his soul. The duty of prayer was easy, and, as it were, natural to him. He not only abounded in supplications for his family and friends, but had recourse to God with great freedom about all his concerns. No journey was undertaken without a particular address to God about it; no subject or course of sermons entered upon, but God was sought to for counsel, assistance, and success; no book sent to the press, how small soever, but it was first recommended to God in prayer. Thus he daily conversed with God, as a child with his father, and God gave him very remarkable answers of prayer, which he has left upon record with great humility and thankfulness. Prayer made all his work pleasant; he went out in the strength of the Lord, and therefore he was not discouraged at the variety and multitude of labours in which he was engaged; and the answers of prayer made his work easy, for God often eminently answered him in the day when he called upon him, and strengthened him in his soul. By thus waiting on God he renewed his strength; he mounted up with wings as eagles; he often prayed that he might get "upward, upward towards God;" and "forward, forward towards heaven;" and would be so earnest in those requests, that his soul seemed just upon the wing, taking its flight to heaven.

It was his manner, for several years, to observe the anniversary-day of any remarkable providence relating to himself and family: if it was afflictive, it was observed as a time of humiliation; if any signal mercy, it was remembered with praise; and in both it was spent in serious prayer, that the sanctifying fruits might still remain and increase.

He seldom or never omits to take notice in his diary of his birth-day, the 18th of October, always keeping an account of the number of years that were gone, with proper and humble reflections upon them. The first of these, after he began his diary, was in the year 1691; and having observed that he had been preaching that day on Cant. v. 16, "This is my friend," with some enlargement, through great mercy, he adds, "What a pity it is so sweet a savour should be to any a savour of death unto death;" and then subjoins, "This day I am twenty-nine years old, so long reprieved from the grave, so long living altogether *upon* God, but little to him; so many years' mercy and so many years' sin put upon the score; blessed be God for Jesus Christ, whose blood is that, and that only, which balanceth the account."

The next year, the same day, he says, "I am this day thirty years old, and am now reflecting upon a life of great mercy and of great provocations." And again, "This morning I read in course the 90th Psalm; the twelfth verse I thought very suitable for me on my birth-day, 'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts to true wisdom,' there is no stay, no halting; I no sooner finish one year, but immediately enter upon another. Time tarries not; God fit me for my great change."

On another of these days, October 18, 1696, "This day completes the thirty-fourth year of my age. I have endeavoured this morning to get my heart affected with the sin in which I was born, and with the sins of my life hitherto, and with the mercy of my birth, and the mercies of my life hitherto; the Lord enable me to live a life of repentance and a life of thankfulness."

On the next year, on the same day, he has this remark, "This day I have finished my thirty-fifth year, through the good hand of my God upon me, one-half of the age of man, as if now in the zenith, it is high



noon with me, but my sun may go down at noon. I was affected this morning, when alone, in thinking what I was born—A rational creature, a helpless creature, and a sinful creature: Where I was born—In the church of God, in a land of light, in a house of prayer: What I was born for—To glorify God, my Maker, and prepare to get to heaven.”

The year after he expresses himself thus: “I have now weathered about thirty-six years, so long have I cumbered the ground, and yet I am spared; others, much more useful, have never attained this age. I admire the patience of my God, and I wonder at my own folly, that, being upon the brink of an awful eternal state, I am so little affected with it; the Lord teach me with a strong hand.”

The next year thus: “I have now completed the thirty-seventh year of my age; I desire to be affected with the thoughts of God’s goodness to me in my birth. I bless God that I have no cause to curse the day wherein I was born; but having obtained help of God, I continue to this day. I desire to be thankful to God that he has not left me to live an idle life; but I have reason to lament my sins, and my sinful thoughts, by which I have lost much time. I have reason to acknowledge God’s goodness to me, in giving me so great a degree of bodily health and strength above many of my brethren. I find not any sensible decay or prejudice by my work; but I know that my soul is continually in my hand, and I am not sure to live another year.” And at another time, “So many years of constant mercy, I desire that every year that passeth over me may leave me so much nearer my everlasting rest, and so much fitter for it.”

In the year 1701, October 18, “This day, through the good hand of my God upon me, I have finished the thirty-ninth year of my pilgrimage, and having received help of God, I continue hitherto, knowing whom I have

trusted, and trusting Him whom I have known. The greatest comfort of my life has been, that God has been pleased to use me for his service; and my greatest grief, that I have been so little serviceable to him. I have thought much this day, what a great variety of cross events I am liable to while in the body; and how uncertain what may befall me in the next year of my life,—pain or sickness, broken bones, loss in my estate, death of dear relations, reproach, divisions in the congregation, public restraints and troubles; and my fortieth year may be as Israel's was, the last of sojourning in this wilderness. The worst of evils would be sin and scandal; the Lord keep me from that evil, and fit me for any other."

In another year, he writes, "I breathe by the favour of God, I hope in his mercy, I pant for his glory." At another time, "Thus long have I lived, and lived under the Divine protection; a wasting candle still kept burning, but to how little purpose! Oh that I may yet be fruitful, through the whole course of my life! I have found God very gracious, ready to hear prayer; I have found the world exceeding vain, and altogether unfit to be my happiness; my heart I have found to be deceitful and prone to sin; let me, therefore, always have my God in the highest esteem, the world in the greatest contempt, and my heart under watch and guard."

In the year 1711, "I have now finished my seventh climacteric year, in which I have first felt the pain of the gravel and the stone, by which it is easy for me to discern that death is working in my body, and, perhaps, in a little time may do its work; as for that, the will of the Lord be done, only let patience have its perfect work. I enter now upon the jubilee of my life, my fiftieth year; the end of life approaches, let me grow fitter for life eternal."

In the year 1713, on the last of his birth-days that he lived to see, he observes, that many of his friends

and acquaintance had died in that year of their life, the fifty-second year; "but, says he, yet I live, though I am in the midst of death; may my soul be prepared for the heavenly life, and the will of the Lord be done."

He was in the habit of frequently renewing his covenant with God, not only at the Lord's table every month, which he did with great seriousness, but explicitly and under his own hand, which, for several years together, he did at least once a year. As he concluded the year with reflections on Divine conduct, confession of sin, prayer, and thanksgiving for mercy, so he began the year with a deliberate and solemn resignation of himself and his all to God, in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The form in which he did this was not always one and the same, though to the same purpose, but with a beautiful and instructive variety of expressions.

On January 1, 1698, he writes thus: "My family is now in peace and health, through the goodness of God, but I know not what a day, much less a year, may bring forth. I have begged to be ready for the trials and afflictions of the year, and for death, if it comes. Thinking this day what a mercy it is to be born in a land where God is known, and not where he is an unknown God, I begin the year with a solemn renewed dedication of myself, my whole self, to God in Christ, as my God, and Father, and Portion. Let this be the axis and centre of every year's revolution. Amen, O Lord, so be it."

At another time thus: "This new-year's day I have solemnly renewed the resignation and surrender of my whole self to God, as my God, deliberately and upon good considerations. I have renounced the world and the flesh, as knowing they cannot make me happy, and have devoted my whole self to the blessed Spirit, to be enlightened and sanctified. I likewise devote myself, through the Spirit, to the Lord Jesus Christ, as

my Advocate with the Father, and my way to him, by him to be recommended to the grace and favour of God the Father, relying upon Christ's righteousness alone; for without him I am less than nothing, worse than nothing. I likewise devote myself, through the Lord Jesus Christ, to God the Father, as my chief good and highest end, as the Author of my being, to whom I am obliged in duty; and the felicity of my being, to whom I am obliged in interest. O Lord, truly I am thy servant, I am thy servant. May I ever be free in thy service, and never desire to be free from it. Nail my ear to thy door-post, and let me serve thee for ever."

In 1702 he writes—"I once more bind my soul with a bond to be the Lord's, wholly, and only, and for ever his. Into thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit, to be ruled, cleansed, and sanctified throughout, qualified for thy service in this world, and for the fruition of thee in the other. My body I present unto thee a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable, for it is my reasonable service. My ministry I devote to thine honour, and the continuance and success of it I submit to thy will. All my worldly comforts I lay at thy feet, to be disposed of as thou pleasest. My life itself is thine; O God of my life, "my times are in thy hand," Whatever may be the events of this year, let Divine grace be sufficient for me, to enable me to accommodate myself to the will of God in them, and then nothing can come amiss. If God will be with me, and keep me in the way that I go, throughout the remaining part of my pilgrimage in the world, where I am but a stranger, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, and a heart to love him, and serve him, and live to him, so that I may come at last to my heavenly Father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God, my Lord and my God for ever. Amen, Hallelujah. MAT. HENRY."

Mr. Henry having been brought, by Divine favour, to an early knowledge of the truth, "feared the Lord,"

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“6. We should be concerned to do that at the present time, which must be done sometime, or we are undone to all eternity.”

His public labours at Chester may be now narrated. His diligent attention to the state of his own heart eminently qualified him for the duties of his public office. The ministry was his chosen and delightful work. He was in “labours more abundant,” both in the city and country adjacent. Surely if ever man fulfilled his ministry since the apostolical age, he was the man. Nobody should look upon his prodigious industry as a common measure, to which all others are obliged to come up. Those that have not the strength of body, freedom and readiness of thought, natural fervour and easiness of expression, can no more come up to his standard, as to the multitude, variety, and excellency of ministerial services, than a child can bear a strong man’s burden.

His constant work on the Lord’s-day, at Chester, was, to pray six times in public, to sing six times, to expound twice, and preach twice; and this he did for many years together. His method was—He went to the congregation exactly at nine o’clock, began the public worship with singing the 100th Psalm, then prayed a short, but fervent and suitable, prayer; then he read some part of the Old Testament, and expounded it, going through it in course from the beginning to the end; then he sang another psalm; then he prayed for about half an hour; then he preached about an hour; then prayed, and sang usually the 117th Psalm; and then gave the blessing. He did the same exactly in the afternoon, only then he expounded out of the New Testament, and sang, at the end, the 134th Psalm, or some verses of the 136th: this was his constant Lord’s-day work.

In this work of praise he took great delight. One might easily discern how his soul was upon the wing.

It was a part of worship for which his soul was particularly formed, being himself of an affectionate, cheerful, thankful temper.

In prayer, his gifts and graces eminently appeared : he had a wonderful faculty of engaging the attention, and raising the affections of his assembly. In his second prayer he was always copious, though never tedious ; he was very full in confession of sin, and very tender and humble, enlarging on the evil and guilt of it in a very clear and convincing manner. His prayer was always suited to the state of the congregation, to the season, to the state of the nation, and of the church of God. In supplication for mercy he was very earnest and particular, pleading the name, and sufferings, and mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ, for pardon and peace : he was large and full in praying for grace, and used to mention the particular graces of the Holy Spirit, as faith, love, hope, patience, zeal, delight in God, earnestly begging that these graces might be truly wrought in all, and might be preserved, exercised, increased, and evidenced, to the glory of the God of all grace.

In supplications for the afflicted he was very particular, seldom forgetting any case that was either known to himself, or put up in writing ; his requests were very pertinent to the case, and the sympathy of his heart with the afflicted was very apparent, by the tender and affectionate manner in which he used to plead with God for them.

In his requests for the nation he was constant and earnest. Many a time has he wrestled with God in the pulpit for the land of his nativity ; and herein he expressed himself with humility, meekness and wisdom, carefully avoiding whatever might appear disrespectful to our governors : and though he knew not how to give flattering titles, lest his God should cut him off ; yet his prayers for those in authority discovered the reverence

he had for the government, as the ordinance of God, and for those that God had invested with it. All seditious, saucy reflections upon the ruler of the people, how artfully soever couched, he utterly disliked in common conversation, and, therefore, could never be guilty of profaning the worship of God with them.

As a watchman whom God had set upon the walls of Jerusalem, he thought it his duty to give him no rest till he had established his church, and made her a praise in the midst of the earth. The state of the reformed churches was much upon his heart, according to the trials and dangers they were exposed to from time to time; and many a fervent prayer of his is still upon the file, for the poor remains, or rather ruins, of the French churches, that God would build those waste places, and come to the seeming perpetual desolations, and restore to his people their lost privileges. And though he did not live to see what he so much desired, yet as he prayed for them, so he believed for them, that God would appoint them a set time, and remember them; that the year of the redeemed would come, even the year of recompences for the controversies of Zion, often referring to that text, Hab. ii. 3, "The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry."

The exposition of the Scriptures was a very pleasant part of his work, both in his own house and in the house of God. What his expositions were from the pulpit, may be gathered by what they appear to be from the press. His father's example led him to take delight in this part of his work, and made it easy to him; and while some commentators seem to take a great deal of pains to make plain things dark, his endeavour always was, to make dark things plain; and not only plain, but moving and practical. He kept very close and constant to his business of expounding, and never



omitted it, even on the sacrament-day. In the time he was at Chester, he went through the whole Bible more than once, and by this means his people were observed to excel in their acquaintance with the holy Scriptures.

How great a talent he had in preaching, the world is not ignorant of, so many of his sermons being published, and spread far and wide. He was very happy in the choice of his subjects; there could no occasion happen, either public or private, but as he was ever ready to preach upon it, so he had always an apposite text to preach upon. Being a scribe well instructed in the kingdom of God, he had a treasure out of which he could easily bring things new and old.

The method into which he used to cast his sermons was plain and proper; his heads of discourse were neither few nor many, but always well adjusted. His expression had this excellency, that it was at once both comprehensive and perspicuous; his style was sententious, but not cramped. His elocution was natural, without any odd or affected tone, and yet very lively, and such as engaged attention. His matter was always genuine and just to his subject; he knew how to speak great and weighty things upon every head, and to back every thing with proper texts of Scripture. He had a mighty warmth of spirit, both in praying and preaching, which would often, especially in his younger years, transport him into tears, and raise the auditory to the same pitch of affection.

In this diary, Sept. 10, 1699, I find this note: "This day I preached of God the chief good, from Psalm lxxiii. 25: 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.' I had some enlargement of affections, and I find some prejudice to my bodily strength, by my over-earnestness; but I cannot help it, for I believe the things I speak to be true and great, and I would be in my work as one that is in earnest."

His preaching was truly evangelical, spiritual, and practical; he shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God; he loved to preach of Christ; and, in his diary, often declares, he was best pleased when he was upon that sweet subject. Having preached concerning Christ as our passover, and his blood sprinkled upon the saints as their safety, Nov. 20, 1690, he has this remark: "It is most pleasant to me to be preaching Christ;" and, afterwards, "I am most in my element when I am preaching Christ, and him crucified;" and he loved that others should preach Christ. In the year 1709, May 1, he has this recorded: "This day Mr. Basnet preached, Gal. iv. 4, 'God sent forth his Son;' he preached much of Christ, whom I love to hear of." And Feb. 12, 1710, having expounded five chapters of Solomon's Song, he adds: "The more I think and speak of Christ, the more reason I see to love him."

But he thought it also necessary to preach up holiness, and did constantly affirm it as a faithful saying, "That they that believe on God should be careful to maintain good works;" this saying he knew was as faithful in its place, as that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." Both of them are faithful sayings; not only true in themselves, but such as ministers are bound in faithfulness to insist upon in their preaching; such preaching is faithful preaching, a faithful saying.

In his more constant way of preaching, he fixed upon a certain set of subjects, fitly ranged and methodized under general heads; but together with these there were intermixed many occasional discourses, suited to the state of the people, or to any remarkable dispensations of Providence, which he was always very careful to observe, and to record, and to improve by preaching, to the advantage of himself and others.

The first sermon he preached publicly in Chester, June 2, 1687, on Thursday, the lecture day, was from 1 Cor. ii. 2: "For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified;" he

then expounded the 1st Psalm; and so went on expounding the Psalms on lecture days, and went over them five times during his continuance there, always with variety of matter.

In July he began a set of sermons, to open the misery of a sinful state, from Rev. iii. 17, "Thou sayest I am rich;" and from Eph. ii. 1, "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins;" and from John viii. 34, "Whosoever committeth sin, is the servant of sin."

In October he began a set of sermons about conversion, from Matt. xi. 28—30, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden;" and from Ezek. xviii. 30, 31, "Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin;" and from Jer. iii. 22, "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings;" and from Job xxii. 21, "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace;" and from Luke xi. 21, 22, "When a strong man armed keepeth the house;" and then opened the conversion of Paul, Acts ix. 1, with evidences of grace: this subject he continued upon till July, 1689, almost two years. When he had finished a set of sermons, he used, in a sermon or two, to make a recapitulation of the substance of what had been delivered.

In August following he entered upon the subject of a well ordered conversation, from Psalm l. This course of sermons occupied him almost a year and a half, and then, to use his own words, "having thus laboured for conversion, and a good conversation," he next endeavoured for the consolation of God's people, from Isa. xl. 1, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God;" and in order to this he proposed to open the covenant of grace, as the great spring of comfort, from 2 Sam. xxiii. 5, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant." This set of sermons, upon the covenant of grace, took up nearly a year and a half, from February, 1691, to July, 1692. He

closed them with a repetition sermon, from Isa. lv. 3, "I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."

After this he entered upon the subject of sanctification. The manner in which he handled it was particular, but very proper: he first treated of the sin that was to be mortified, and then of the contrary grace that was to be exercised; he began with the general nature of sanctification, and then descended to the several parts of it. This course of sermons took him up nearly the space of two years. It was finished in April, 1694, with a recapitulation, from Col. iii. 9, 10, "Ye have put off the old man with his deeds, and put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge, after the image of him that created him."

He then proceeded to treat on the subject of Divine worship. He began with a general discourse, from Matt. iv. 10, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God."

These discourses were not finished till 1696, and were followed with another set, concerning our duty to our neighbours; the introductory sermon from Gal. v. 14, "For all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

These sermons, of our duty to Christ and to our brethren, were finished, April 26, 1696, with a recapitulation, from 1 Cor. xii. 27, "Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."

They were followed with some select discourses about the reasonableness of being truly religious; the introduction from Isa. i. 18, "Come now, and let us reason together."

This set of sermons brought him to the year 1698; and that year, in June, he began a body of divinity, which was his constant sabbath work, excepting on sacrament days. This body of divinity he had some thoughts of revising and publishing, if God had spared him till he had finished his Exposition on the New Testament.

The introductory sermon was from Luke i. 4, "That thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed."

At the week-day lectures he preached, for a time, on occasional texts; and then preached a set of sermons about the shortness of time, and the transitory nature of all earthly things, from 1 Cor. vii. 29—31, "But this I say, brethren, the time is short: it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not," &c.

Then he proceeded to preach on the great grace and duty of charity, going over 1 Cor. xiii.; and having done with that, he began with the 11th of the Hebrews, and preached it over in about one hundred and forty sermons, in the compass of a little more than a year and a half; and then preached the 14th of Hosea in less than a year's time.

And then it was that he began an unusual course of lectures, all upon Scripture questions. The first sermon of this kind was preached, Oct. 1, 1692, from Gen. iii. 9, "The Lord called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?" setting forth in a very pathetic manner, the woful change that sin had made upon the first man and all his posterity.

In his diary, on that day, he notes it down: "I have now begun upon Scripture questions, in the strength of the Lord my God. It seems a method somewhat singular; but I can truly say, I affect not singularity; my desire is to please and profit." This method of lectures was not finished till May 9, 1712; only he mingled some other subjects with it, as that remarkable passage of Scripture concerning Martha and Mary, and that about God's opening the heart of Lydia; but then he soon returned again to the questions; and when he had gone through a hundred out of the Old Testament, which ended with Ruth, he went on to the New Testament; and when he had dispatched sixty questions there, returned to the Old Testament; and, at

length, just before he left Chester, finished all with the last question in the Bible, Rev. xviii. 18, "What city is like unto this great city?" This plan engaged him nearly twenty years, on lecture-days.

Another part of his constant work among his people was that of catechising. In this, also, he took great pleasure, being full of affection and compassion for the souls of young people. Christ's charge to Peter, to feed the lambs as well as the sheep, he had much at heart, and it was often in his mouth. He knew, by experience, the benefit of this christian institution. His good father both abounded and excelled in it, as well in his family as in the congregation.

Saturday, in the afternoon, was the time set apart for this work, beginning and ending with prayer, in which his expressions were very plain and very tender, suited to the nature of the ordinance and to the capacity of young persons. In this exercise he usually spent about an hour. It was attended by others besides the catechumens, and esteemed by them a good means of preparation for the Lord's-day.

In this work of catechising he was remarkably owned and blessed of God. He longed for the conversion of young people, and had the desire of his soul, in seeing the good work begun in many of his catechumens; of these he always speaks with a particular interest: and when any, of whom he had entertained good hopes, grew loose and vain, (and, notwithstanding all his care and pains, there were some such,) he sadly lamented their sin, and his disappointment in them, and ceased not to pray earnestly to God for them, "that he would recover them out of the snare of the devil, before their hearts were hardened with the deceitfulness of sin."

In the ordinance of the Lord's supper he even excelled himself; all the parts of the administration were performed with great life and fervour, and yet with good judgment and propriety. He had generally something new on that occasion, out of the great treasure of

divine knowledge that God had enabled him to lay up in his heart. A great variety of Scriptures were opened, both in the introduction to the ordinance, and in the subsequent exhortation, and all with weight and seriousness. His heart, on those occasions, was enlarged to a wonder, and all the powers of his soul engaged; and though, in his retirements, he would complain, sometimes, of dulness and barrenness in this work, it seldom or never appeared to others.

Among his constant labours we may reckon the congregational fasts, which he observed quarterly, with great strictness and solemnity. On these occasions the state of the nation, and the church of God throughout the world, were never forgotten; but the principal design was, to recommend to God the state of that congregation, lamenting their unprofitableness, and whatever sinful failings and matters of offence any had been guilty of among them, earnestly imploring pardon and favour from God, and the continuance of his presence with them, and the more plentiful effusion of his Holy Spirit upon them. On these occasions they did not fail to seek the peace and prosperity of the city in which they dwelt, and the inhabitants of it, though too many derided their devotions.

Having thus observed this faithful servant of Christ in his constant labours among his own people, we now follow him into those that were more occasional; for he omitted no occasion that the providence of God put into his hands of doing good, and often sought occasions which few besides would have thought themselves obliged to observe.

His occasional labours were either public or private. Those of a public nature he always managed with great care and diligence; such were the national fasts and days of thanksgiving appointed by authority.

In the year 1691, a monthly fast was appointed to be observed every third Wednesday in the month, and it was observed by Mr. Henry and his congregation with

great strictness. He would sometimes stand alone for five hours in the work of the day, and continue to the last with life and affection. Those were days in which they wrestled with God: he had the holy art of spiritual pleadings, he filled his mouth with Scripture arguments, and the deep sense he had of the state of the public, and concern for the ark of God, furnished him with suitable affections. He offered up strong cries and supplications, with many tears, in imitation of Christ, to Him that was able to deliver, and was heard in that he feared.

Mr. Henry was not less constant and hearty in joining with the nation in days of public thanksgiving. To a person of his honest, cheerful, public spirit, such work must needs be very pleasant, and in him it was very comely.

He was often called upon by his friends to advise them, and pray with them, upon family occasions, and was ever ready to serve them. He was a prudent counsellor, and his advice was much desired and valued; he was always free and open, and ready to give it, but would still put his friends in mind, "that the way of man is not in himself," that in all our ways we ought to acknowledge God, who has promised, if we do so, that he will direct our steps. He was desirous that his friends should trust more to prayer than to his advice. He was best pleased with those visits in which his friends put him upon praying with them; this was the sweetness of christian conversation, and though his entertainment had been ever so good, and the company agreeable, yet if they parted without prayer, he owned he could not go away with so much satisfaction. He complains, in his diary, that on such a day he had been with several of his friends, and had not the opportunity of putting up one prayer for them.

It was but seldom that he had any occasion for a complaint of that nature. His Chester friends loved prayer; they had been trained up to it on all occasions.



If any drew near the perilous hour, if they had any journey to take, any affair of consequence to manage, any child to put to a trade, or otherwise to dispose of, it was their way to commit all to God in prayer; not only in their closets and families, but with their ministers. In this good old way he found them, and he encouraged them in it, and never declined to join with the meanest and poorest of the people on such occasions. His diary abounds with instances of this kind. It took up a great deal of his time, but he did not grudge it them, for he knew he was in the way of his duty. In one place it contains this remark: "How sweet a thing it is to pray, minding a particular errand!"

His custom on such times was, after familiar discourse with his friends about the affairs that lay before him, and giving them the best counsel he could think of, he would turn to some portion of Scripture that was suitable to the case, and open and apply it very properly to them; and then in prayer he would fitly and fully recommend any particular concern to God, and generally in Scripture expressions.

Christian conference was a part of religion which he was desirous to revive and promote, and he managed it with great prudence, and to universal satisfaction and advantage.

These conferences were of very good use, both to promote knowledge, and to cultivate christian love and friendship; and much to be preferred before those formal visits, and those vain and affected compliments that are become so fashionable among persons of distinction, even in those places where one would expect conversation should be best understood, and in its highest state of improvement.

In a congregation so well instructed as this at Chester was, where their minister was not only a watchman set over them, but an example to the flock, one would think there could be little occasion for that most ungrateful part of a minister's work, admonition and

reproof; and yet Mr. Henry had his share of this kind of labour and sorrow, especially among the younger sort, though not with them only. The people that attended on his ministry were, generally speaking, a sober, knowing, serious people; but, if in the apostles' days there were some spots in their feasts of charity, some clouds without water, some that fed themselves without fear, some carried about of winds, whose fruit withered, we cannot wonder if the best churches in this degenerate age are not altogether free from such blemishes to the christian profession.

He was a great example of ministerial wisdom, courage, and faithfulness, in this hardest part of his office. He could truly say, "Who is weak, and I am not weak? who is offended, and I burn not?" Nothing came nearer his heart. He records, Sept. 8, 1691: "Mr. Newcome, of Manchester, preached two excellent sermons at Chester, from 2 Tim. ii. 19, 'Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from all iniquity;'" on which he says, "The Lord do me good by those sermons; professors have need of such cautions;" and afterwards adds, on another day, "I expounded Paul's farewell, Acts xx. O that I could follow his example, warning every one, night and day, with tears."

Whenever he heard an evil report of any that attended on his ministry, his way was, to go to them, or send for them, inquiring strictly and impartially into the truth of the case; and when he found it was too true, he failed not to deal plainly and faithfully with them, setting before them the evil of their sin, and calling them, in the name of God, to speedy and thorough repentance.

Sometimes he saw the good effect of private admonition, and greatly rejoiced in it. To convert a sinner from the error of his way, was to save a soul from death, and to cover a multitude of sins; but he often

found the heart of the sinner hardened, and lamented the unsuccessfulness of his best endeavours. "I have laboured," says he, in his diary, "with ———, to set before him the evil of his sin; O that I could see him duly affected; but nothing less than the grace of God will do it."

The sorrow Mr. Henry felt in his soul for these things, was abundantly compensated by the great satisfaction and joy that he had in the good effects of his ministry, upon the far greater part of his people. He saw many come into the household of faith, and grow up there in wisdom and holiness, and spiritual peace and strength, adorning the doctrine of their Saviour, and strengthening the hands of their minister. He had great reason to thank God, and take courage, for the visible success and the numerous seals of his ministry in Chester, and about it.

Another sort of ministerial service in which Mr. Henry was engaged at Chester, was preaching reformation sermons. It pleased God, several years ago, to stir up the hearts of many good people, of several denominations, to endeavour to give a check to that immorality and profaneness that had proceeded so far, and prevailed so long, in England. Against this encroaching enemy, London made the first stand; and the example encouraged many others, both in England and Ireland.

Though his own flock were not neglected, yet he could not confine his services to them; he had a just care for all the churches, and especially those that were within his reach, such as he could visit and return home at the week's end. He took a circuit of nearly thirty miles, and frequently lent his assistance to the dissenting ministers and churches that were in that compass, and he was always thankfully received by them.

Mr. Henry's settlement at Chester was a very great

mercy to the parts adjacent. There was no great appearance of serious godliness in the villages about that city till his coming among them. Some few aged christians he found here and there, that retained the sense and savour of religion, and read the Scriptures, and prayed in their families; but the younger sort were too remiss, and contented themselves to do as their neighbours did, and, in all likelihood, the things that remained of the good old puritan way would, in a little time, have died, if God had not sent some such lively and active minister as he was among them. He soon sought out and found opportunities of reviving the good work in those parts, and the aged remnant rejoiced to see, not only that God had sent one to them to help them to finish well, but to their children and families too, to engage them more fully for God and godliness.

He was frequently employed in preaching both ordination and funeral sermons for his brethren in the ministry. In these services he engaged with peculiar fervor and solemnity. He extended his labours also to the prisoners confined in the castle of the city. He occasionally preached to them, and frequently visited and conversed with them privately. He received many expressions of gratitude from the captives; but, to what extent his services were really blessed, was never known, nor will they be, till the Lord shall bring all things to light in the last great day.

Thus laboriously, "in season and out of season," did this servant of God work in his Master's vineyard. He was willing "to spend and be spent" in seeking the salvation of souls. He was permitted to see while on earth that "he had not spent his strength for nought;" but what must have been his gratification when, on entering the realms of glory, he found many there waiting his arrival, to whose conversion he had been made instrumental; and when, after his admission there, he saw one and another in succession ascend

from earth, who acknowledged him to have been their spiritual father !

The public duties of Matthew Henry were more than sufficient for an ordinary pastor ; but, in addition to these, he was much occupied in writing for the press. His plans of study must have been well arranged, and systematically and perseveringly pursued, or he could not have accomplished what he did. While at Chester, he published a variety of treatises, sermons, catechisms, hymns, &c. &c. His works on Meekness,\* on Communion with God,\* on The Pleasantness of a Religious Life, on Prayer, &c., are well known, and have been greatly blessed to the edification and conversion of many. But his chief work, and that on which his celebrity as an author rests, is his "Exposition of the Bible." In this commentary he was employed for several years. It was originally published in volumes successively. He did not live to complete the work. He proceeded as far as the Acts. He had prepared a mass of notes for the Epistles and the Revelation, of which his continuators availed themselves. The work was completed by several of the most eminent nonconformist divines of their day.

Dr. Watts, in his copy of the Exposition, upon a blank leaf at the beginning of the last volume, wrote the following statement :—

"The Rev. Matthew Henry, before his death, had made some small preparations for this last volume. The Epistle to the Romans, indeed, was explained so largely by his own hand, that it needed only the labour of epitomizing. Some parts of the other epistles were done but very imperfectly by himself; and a few other hints had been taken in short-hand from his public and private expositions on some of the epistles. "By these assistances, the ministers, whose names are here written, have endeavoured to

\* Published by the Religious Tract Society.

complete this work in the style and method of the author, namely,

Romans .....	Mr. [afterwards Dr.] John Evans.
1 Corinthians ..	Mr. Simon Browne.
2 Corinthians ..	Mr. Daniel Mayo.
Galatians .....	Mr. Joshua Bayes.
Ephesians ....	Mr. Samuel Rosewell.
Philippians ...	Mr. [afterwards Dr.] William Harris.
Colossians ....	
1 Thessalonians	Mr. Daniel Mayo.
2 Thessalonians	
1 Timothy ....	Mr. Benjamin Andrews Atkinson.
2 Timothy ....	
Titus .....	Mr. Jeremiah Smith.
Philemon .....	
Hebrews .....	Mr. William Tong.
James .....	Dr. S. Wright.
1 Peter .....	Mr. Zech. Merrill.
2 Peter .....	Mr. Joseph Hill.
1, 2, and 3 John	Mr. John Reynolds, of Shrewsbury.
Jude .....	Mr. John Billingsley.
Revelation ....	Mr. William Tong."

It is a circumstance too remarkable to be overlooked, that the exposition was printed as originally written, and without any transcription: and from the rapidity with which it was subsequently read, preparatory to printing, there could have been but few corrections.

A few quotations from his recently-published manuscript diary, will illustrate the humility and the piety of the author:—

"Vol. I. 1704, Nov. 12.—This night, after many thoughts of heart, and many prayers concerning it, I began my notes on the Old Testament. It is not likely I should live to finish it, or if I should, that it should be of public service, for I am not *par negotio*, (equal to the work;) yet, in the strength of God, and I hope with a single eye to his glory, I set about it; that I may endeavour something, and spend my time to

some good purpose; and let the Lord make what use he pleaseth of me. I go about it with fear and trembling, lest I exercise myself in things too high for me, &c. The Lord help me to set about it with great humility.

“September 14, 1705.—Studied in Exodus xxi. I am now come to the less pleasant part of the Mosaic writings; but thanks be to God, all Scripture is profitable.

“December 31.—I have pleasure in my study, for which I praise my God. Having obtained help from him, I go on with much comfort to myself in my notes on the Pentateuch. Whether ever they will be of use to any other, and be accepted, He only knows who knows the hearts of all the children of men.

“August 18, 1706, Lord’s-day.—I almost finished Deuteronomy xxxiv. It is about a year and nine months since I began with Genesis. Blessed be God who has helped me. I have written it with a great deal of pleasure, but my thoughts of publishing it have been with fear and trembling.

“20.—I finished the review of Deuteronomy, and thanked God for his assistance; ashamed of my own defects and follies. The Lord grant they may not be a prejudice to my design, which is, to contribute something as a servant to that great Divine intention—to magnify the law and make it honourable.

“December 31.—I, who am unworthy to be employed for God at all, have been enabled by his free grace, to finish and publish, this year, the Exposition of the Pentateuch, with some hope of its being serviceable to the church of God. The glory of which I desire to give entirely to God. I have nothing in it to boast of.

“Vol. II. August 10, 1707.—Finished the reading over of my Exposition to the end of 2 Samuel. I have cause to be ashamed of my own defects, and thankful for the grace of God; the more we do for God, the more

we are indebted to him; for of thine own, Lord, have we given thee.

"11.—1 Kings iv. 4. I sent up this day my Exposition to the end of 2 Samuel, in sixty-eight sheets, having first offered it to God and to his service, and prayed over it, and every leaf in it is an answer to prayer.

"November 17.—2 Kings xi. to v. 16. I find that just here Peter Martyr was in his learned Expositions when he fell sick and died: Lord, my times are in thy hand!

"Vol. III. 1708, June 1.—After earnest prayers to God for his presence, I this morning began the third volume of Expositions: did the argument of the Book of Job.

"September 23, 1709.—I finished the Book of Psalms, for which I bless the Lord. I computed, when I began, it would be eighty sheets, and so it is, and not half a sheet more. Through God's goodness, I have done just one hundred and four sheets in fifty-two weeks. Not unto me, O Lord!

"October 5.—I finished my review of Job and Psalms. I have reason to be ashamed of my defects, and to admire how such poor performances as mine came to meet with any acceptance. Lord, it is of thee!

"October 27.—Finished the review of Proverbs. The Lord write in my heart all these lessons of wisdom.

"Vol. IV. 1711, January 1.—What work I have to do for thee, O God, this year, I depend upon thy grace thoroughly to furnish me for it, and to work all my works in me; particularly to assist me in the great work of my Expositions, that I may write nothing that is frivolous, or foreign, or foolish, or flat, that may give just offence, or lead any into mistakes; but that all may be clear, and pertinent, and affecting: that I may find out genuine expositions, useful observations, profitable matter, and acceptable words, if it shall please God to spare me to go on with it.



" 1711-12, January 3, Thursday.—I began to read over my manuscript Exposition of Ezekiel on Monday morning, and this morning finished Joel, and sent it away by the carrier.

" May 29.—Malachi iv. Through the good hand of God, I have this day finished the Exposition of the Old Testament. Blessed be God!

" Vol. V. 1714, April 17.—Finished Acts, and with it the fifth volume. Blessed be God that has helped me, and spared me! All the praise be to God!"

There can be little doubt but that Matthew Henry's partiality for expounding the Scriptures, was acquired from the practice of his beloved father, who, in his family, and in his congregation, was accustomed to "read in the book of the law of God, distinctly, and give the sense, and caused them to understand the meaning." The manuscripts of Philip Henry, and of his friends, who took down his observations from his lips, came into the hands of his son, and doubtless were, together with his own pulpit and family expositions, made use of in composing his devout and admirable commentary.

It is recorded by one of his contemporaries, that Mr. Henry intended, if he lived to complete the Exposition, to have added two volumes as companions to the commentary; one, Critical Disquisitions on Difficult Passages of the Scriptures; the other, A complete Body of systematic Divinity. But death frustrated his plan.

If the lustre of Matthew Henry's qualifications, as a minister or an author, appears with more brightness in one particular than another, it is in his superlative attachment to the Bible. Nor can any one who is conversant with his numerous publications, the commentary especially, (and the remark is quite as applicable to his unpublished relics,) have overlooked how constantly that engrossing interest is discovered. It is impossible, even on the most careless perusal of his works, not to be struck with it. There is, in

them all, with reference to the lively oracles, an expression of delight, "a relish, a gust," (to borrow his own words,) very peculiar and observable. The reader, before he is aware, loses sight of the author, and becomes absorbed in the subject; and the display of biblical excellences is so perpetual, as to inspire a new attachment to the book of God: even those beauties which before were visible, become more distinct, more vivid, and more constraining.

Nor was that all: as if determined that the difference between himself and all others, whether papists or protestants, who would take from mankind that "key of knowledge," or impede its circulation, should be as great as possible, every opportunity of recommending the same superlative regard to the holy volume, was most vigilantly seized. Whether he addressed the aged or the young; whether doctrines were taught, or duties urged; whether reproof was administered, or instruction in righteousness attempted; whether fears were to be awakened, or consolation imparted, the topic was ever resumed, clothed with fresh attractions, and enforced by new arguments. "Let us acquaint ourselves," said he, on one occasion, "with the sweetness that is in the word of God, and let it be sweet to us. Get a new nature, spiritual senses exercised. Let the objects of faith be real. O taste that the Lord is gracious. Learn to draw sweetness from a promise. Let us value the written word as the ark of the testament. Many reckon their Bibles only according to the price they cost them, as if the ark was worth no more than the gold with which it was overlaid. Let us lay up our Bibles as our treasure, as the Israelites did the ark in the Holy of Holies. Let us lay them up in our hearts. Wherever we go, let us take the word of God with us. The Israelites, in their march through the wilderness, acted thus with the ark. Let it dwell in us 'richly.' Follow it. 'When ye see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the

priests the Levites, bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place, and go after it.' Call the Bible your glory, and dread its removal. Phinehas' wife, when the ark was taken, named her child Ichabod—the glory is departed. Part with all rather than your Bibles. Suffer not the spiritual Philistines to rob you. Upon all occasions consult those lively oracles; and, as Moses received from over the ark, his orders and instructions, so take your measures by the written word. Be governed by it. Covet, as David did the ark, to have it near you."

In reviewing this second, and most important chapter of Mr. Henry's life, the language of his original biographer may be with propriety adopted:—

"Let any one put the several parts of this account together, and consider the vast compass and variety of labours and services that he was engaged in continually, and they must own, few lives have been so filled up as his was."

### III.—*His removal to Hackney and his death.*

Matthew Henry lived amongst a devoted and affectionate people at Chester. He had served them laboriously and faithfully for twenty-four years; and only on one occasion, during those years, was he absent from his charge on the first sabbath of the month, when he administered the Lord's supper. The attachment between his friends and himself was sincere and ardent. His growing usefulness and popularity had rendered him an object of attraction to other congregations, and many a time had he been tempted to leave his church at Chester; but he resisted every temptation, resolving, if it were the will of the Lord, to live and die amongst "his own people." Some of the larger churches in London had, at different times, wished him to settle over them: and several of the most eminent ministers in the city had earnestly intreated him to come and reside among them. On

the death of the celebrated Dr. Bates, of Hackney, the congregation were very pressing in their invitation that he would become his successor. They employed the Rev. Mr. Shower to write, and to entreat his compliance with their wishes. He returned his answer to Mr. Shower the very next post, in which he wholly declined it, and desired no further solicitation might be made to him about it; and in his diary he avers, that the stress of his refusal was truly laid upon his great affection for the people at Chester. The congregation at Hackney did not immediately desist from what their hearts were much set upon, but themselves sent up a letter of invitation in very pressing terms, which in a few days' time Mr. Henry answered with great respect, but plainly and fully in the negative, which put an end to all further importunity on their part.

There was now no vacancy in any considerable congregation in London, but the people had their eye and desire upon Mr. Henry.

The peremptory refusal that Mr. Henry had given to the congregation at Hackney, discouraged that of Salters'-Hall from making any attempts of that nature, and Mr. Chorley, of Norwich, was chosen, but he declined it; and there being still some disputes among them about the choice of another, it was proposed to them to give Mr. Henry an invitation; accordingly letters were written to him by Mr. Howe, Mr. Williams, and Dr. Hamilton, urging this among other arguments, that there being some contests, both sides would agree in him. These letters gave Mr. Henry many serious thoughts, and some uneasy ones. On the 6th of October he writes, "I have had a letter to day from Mr. Howe, Mr. Williams, and Dr. Hamilton, about my invitation to Salters'-Hall: I desire to know the mind of God; had we an oracle to consult, I could refer to the Divine determination with so great

an indifferency, that if it were referred to me, I would refer it back to God again."

On the 12th of the same month, thus: "This day about a dozen of our congregation have been with me together, to desire me that I would not leave them; I assured them that I had once and again given a denial to this invitation, that I could not tell what might happen hereafter, but that it was my present purpose not to leave them."

In his review of this year, which, according to his manner, he made at the end of it, he has this remark: "The most considerable occurrence of this year, as to myself, has been my invitation to the congregation at Salters'-Hall, which was a surprise to me; I begged of God to keep me from being lifted up with pride by it; I sought of God a right way; had I consulted either my own fancy, which had always a kindness for London ever since I knew it; or the worldly advantage of my family, I had closed with it, and I was sometimes tempted to think it might open me a door of greater usefulness; and though I think ministers married to their ministry, yet I cannot see any Scripture ground to think they are married to their people. I had also reason to think that Mr. John Evans might have been had here, and might have been more acceptable to some, and more useful than I; but I had not courage to break through the opposition of the affections of my friends here to me, and mine own to them, nor to venture upon a new and unknown place and work, which I feared myself unfit for. It has been looked upon as the honour of ministers to continue in the same place, notwithstanding temptations to remove; I bless God I am well satisfied in what I did in that matter, though it was once and again a sudden resolve; if ever it pleases God to call me from this place, I depend upon him to make my way clear; Lord, lead me in a plain path!"

In the year 1704, Mr. Henry visited London, and Mrs. Henry with him; her two sisters were then in town, and the eldest under great and threatening indisposition, which was the occasion of their coming up; many of his friends and brethren longed to see him, and some of them sent him word so. On the 14th of February he writes, "I have this day received a letter from Mr. T., earnestly inviting me to make a journey to London this spring, which confirms my purpose of it, and more because last night in prayer I particularly uttered the matter before the Lord. On the 31st of March, we sought the Lord by solemn prayer for his presence with us in our journey, and I trust we shall have an answer of prayer."

On April 3, they began their journey. Mr. Henry's note in his papers is, "We took leave of many of our friends, and committed ourselves and ours to God; this is but a small journey compared with what many are compelled to make in business, war, or the like; but it seems great to us, who abide so much by the stuff; we have reason with Zebulon, 'to rejoice in our tents, as well as others in their going out.'"

On the 6th, near Northampton, they were in some danger by the extreme badness of the ways; the Warrington coach that was with them was laid fast. "But," says he, "our God is the God of the hills, and of the vallies, at home and abroad, our powerful Protector, and bountiful Benefactor."

"On the 7th we set out early from Northampton; it is easy to leave an inn, why should it not be easy to leave this world, which is but an inn, to go to our home, our Father's house? The troubles of travelling exercise our patience and submission to God's will; by submission in lesser things we learn it in greater; but they also give us to experience the goodness of God in our preservation, and encourage us to hope in that goodness in our journey for heaven."

"On the 8th, from Dunstable, safe and well to London our going out and coming in preserved. The

next day, being the Lord's-day, I heard Mr. Howe, in the morning, from Jude 21, 'Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life;' and must never forget what he said in the close of the sermon, 'I would deal for your souls as for my own, and for myself; I declare before you all, I depend purely upon the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ for eternal life.' "

In the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Henry preached at Salters'-Hall, from Prov. xvi. 16. "How much better is it to get wisdom than gold?" After he had visited many friends, preached many sermons, and assisted at several fasts, he returned home by the month's end, very welcome to his friends at Chester, and most affectionately remembered by his friends at London.

In the year 1708, died the eminently learned and upright, and every way valuable, Mr. John Spademan, fellow-labourer with the Rev. Mr. Howe,\* who knew how to prize him. Upon the first notice Mr. Henry had of his death, which was in the month of September, he expresses a very great sense of the loss the church of God had sustained, and that congregation, in the death of such men as Mr. Howe and Mr. Spademan, and cries, "Help, Lord, for the standard-bearers fail; those few learned men we have, God is removing, what will he do with us?"

On the 18th of February, 1709, Mr. Henry received a letter from London, that the congregation, late Mr. Howe's, had chosen him to succeed Mr. Spademan, and to be co-pastor with Mr. Rosewell; and, on the 21st, he had a letter from the congregation, and an intimation given, that some of them designed to come down to Chester. This was followed with many other letters from ministers and gentlemen, to press his acceptance of this call, from the argument of the greater good of the church of God.

\* John Howe died April 2, 1705.

These importunate applications from so many, gave him a great deal of concern and trouble; he always discouraged the proposal, and declined it; he desired that none of them would by any means give themselves the trouble of a journey to Chester; his friends there showed a very tender concern at the mention of his removal, which he has put a special remark upon, and blesses God for his interest in their love, and yet he owns he was sometimes in suspense; and, on the 26th of March, he says, "This day I wrote to Mr. Rosewell's congregation, to desire them to acquiesce in my purpose to continue here; my kindness for my place and people herein, prevails above my judgment, interest, and inclination."

Letters passed for some months between London and Chester about this affair, but Mr. Henry could not prevail with himself at that time to break through the importunity of his friends at Chester.

These many invitations that Mr. Henry had to London, seemed to intimate, that he was one time or other to be removed thither; and in the next year, 1710, about Midsummer, he was again invited to the congregation at Hackney, on which occasion he writes:—

"About Midsummer, 1710, I had a letter from the congregation at Hackney, signifying to me, that they had unanimously chosen me to be their minister, in the room of Mr. Billio, who was lately dead of the small-pox, and to desire that I would accept their invitation; in prosecution of which they told me, I should find them as the importunate widow, that would have no nay. I several times denied them. At length they wrote to me that some of them would come down hither; to prevent which, being not unwilling to take a London journey in the interval between my third and fourth volume, I wrote them word I would come up to them; and did so in the middle of July, but was down again before the first Lord's-day in August; then I laid myself open to the temptation, by increasing my



acquaintance in the city. They followed me, after I came down, with letters to me and to the congregation. In October I wrote to them, that if they would stay for me till next spring, which I was in hopes they would not have done, I would come up and make a longer stay for mutual trial: they wrote to me they would wait till then.

“In May, 1711, I went to them, and stayed till the end of July; and before I parted with them, signified to them my acceptance of their invitation, and my purpose to come to them, God willing, the spring following. The ministers there had many of them given it under their hands, that they thought it advisable, and for greater good, and a more extensive usefulness, that I should remove to Hackney.

“However, I was determined to deny them at Hackney, and had denied them, but that Mr. Gunston, Mr. Smith, and some others, came to me from London, and begged of me, for the sake of the public, that I would not deny them, which was the thing that turned the scales; I never had been, till this journey, so much as one first Lord’s-day of the month out of Chester since I came to it, twenty-four years ago.

“By this determination I have brought upon myself more grief, and care, and concern, than I could have imagined, and have many a time wished it undone again; but having opened my mouth, I could not go back. I did with the utmost impartiality, if I know any thing of myself, beg of God to incline my heart that way which would be most for his glory, and I trust I have a good conscience, willing to be found in the way of my duty. Wherein I have done amiss the Lord forgive me for Jesus’ sake, and make this change concerning the congregation, to work for good to it.”

His reasons for removing are thus detailed by himself, in a paper dated Hackney, July 13, 1711:—“Having this morning, as often, very often, before, begged

of God to give me wisdom, sincerity, and humility, and to direct my thoughts and counsels now this important affair must at last be determined, I think it meet, having before set down the reasons for my continuing at Chester, now to set down the reasons which may induce me to accept this invitation to Hackney, that it may be a satisfaction to me afterwards to review upon what grounds I went, and may be a testimony for me, that I did not do it rashly.

“1. I am abundantly satisfied that it is lawful for ministers to remove, and in many cases highly expedient and necessary to the edifying of the church; and this, not only for the avoiding of evil, as in the case of persecution, which can be a reason no longer than while the persecution lasts, or of the uncomfortable disposition of the people, but for the attaining of a greater good, and the putting of a minister into a larger sphere of usefulness; this has always been my judgment according to the word of God, and I have practised accordingly, in being often active to remove other ministers which I have afterwards had satisfaction in. And this has been the judgment of the congregation at Chester, between whom and their ministers there have never been those solemn mutual engagements that have been between some other ministers and their congregations, nor any bond but that of love.

“2. My invitation to Hackney is not only unanimous, but very pressing and importunate; and the people here, in waiting so long for my determination, and in the great affection and respect they have showed to my ministry since I came among them, have given the most satisfying proof of the sincerity and zeal of their invitation; and upon many weeks' trial, I do not perceive any thing in the congregation that is discouraging, but every thing that promiseth to make a minister's life both comfortable and useful.

“3. There seems to be something of an intimation of Providence in the many calls I have had this way

before, and particularly to this place, upon the death of Dr. Bates, though I never either directly or indirectly sought them; but, on the contrary, did what I could to prevent them, and this particularly.

"4. There is manifestly a much wider door of opportunity to do good opened to me here at London, than at Chester, in respect to the frequency and variety of week-day occasions of preaching, and the great numbers of the auditors; the prospect I have of improving these opportunities, and doing good to souls thereby, is, I confess, the main inducement to me to think of removing hither; and what I have seen while I have been here now, has very much encouraged my expectations of that kind.

"5. In drawing up and publishing my Expositions, and any other of my endeavours for the public service, I foresee it will be a great convenience to me to be near the press, and to have the inspection of it, and also to have books at hand that I may have occasion for in the prosecution of my studies, and learned men to converse with for my own improvement in knowledge, and to consult with upon any difficulty that may occur.

"6. I have followed Providence in this affair, and to the conduct of that I have, if I know my own heart, in sincerity referred myself, hoping and praying, both myself and my friends for me, that God would guide me with his eye, and lead me in a plain path. When I was purposing to send a final denial, Providence so ordered it, that the very post before I had a letter, subscribed by divers of the London ministers, persuading me to accept this call; whereupon I wrote to them that I would come to them six months upon trial, thinking that they would not have consented to be kept so long in suspense; but it proved they did; and so I have been drawn step by step to this resolution; and though I have industriously sought, I have not found any thing on this side to break the treaty.

"7. I have asked the advice of ministers, upon a

fair representation of the case, which I drew up; and many, upon consideration had of it, have given it under their hands that they think it advisable for me to remove, and none of them have advised me to the contrary, but have told me I am myself the most proper judge of it. Many private christians also in London, and some that seem to me to be the most judicious and public-spirited, have, by letters, when I was in Chester, and by word of mouth here, persuaded me to accept of this call, as judging that, by the blessing of God, I might be useful here to that degree as to balance the inconveniency of my leaving Chester; nay, that even here I might, in many respects, be serviceable to the country.

"8. I have some reason to hope that my poor endeavours in the ministry may, by the blessing of God, be more useful now to those to whom they are new than to those who have been so long used to them and so constantly, with whom also I trust another hand may do more good, as mine did, by the grace of God, in the first seven years of my being there. And I have known many congregations from whom ministers have removed, and those to whom it has created the greatest uneasiness and discontent for the present, which yet have afterwards been so well settled, beyond their own expectations, under other ministers, that they have flourished even more than ever they had done before.

"9. Though the people at Chester are a most loving people, and many of them have had, and have, an exceeding value for me and my ministry, yet I have not been without my discouragements there, and those such as have tempted me to think that my work in that place has been, in a great measure, done; many that have been catechised with us, and many that have been long communicants with us, have left us, and very few have been added to us.

"10. Whereas I have been thought to have been useful in the country by my preaching, as God has

enabled me in many places about; I have now reason to think that, though I should continue at Chester, I should be quite taken off from that part of my work, having found as I came up, and once before, that riding long journeys, and preaching, brought an illness upon me, which I was never till the last winter visited with, so that my service would be confined wholly within the walls of Chester; whereas here, by-Divine assistance, I might do a great deal of work of that kind without that toil and peril.

“11. The congregation at Chester, though it cannot be expected they should consent to part with a minister they have so long had a satisfaction in, yet have been pleased, under their hands, to leave it to my own conscience and affection. Now as to my own conscience, upon a long and serious consideration of the matter, (and if I know my own heart, an impartial one,) and after many prayers to God for direction, I am fully satisfied that I may lawfully remove, and that there is a prospect of my being more useful if I do remove, and therefore it is expedient that I should; and as to my affections, though they are very strong towards Chester, yet I think they ought to be overruled by my judgment.”

Notwithstanding all this caution with which Mr. Henry had proceeded, and all the reasons upon which he had determined this affair, his removal from Chester proved a very hard task to him, and pressed down his spirit beyond measure. The day before he left that place was the Lord's-day, May 11, 1712, on which he writes, “A very sad day; O that by the sadness of their countenances and mine, our hearts may be made better. I expounded the last chapter of Joshua in the morning, and the last of Matthew in the afternoon, and preached from 1 Thess. iv. 17, 18, ‘We shall be for ever with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.’ I see I have been unkind to the congregation, who loved me too well.”

On the 12th, in much heaviness, I set out in the coach for London, not knowing the things that shall befall me there. On the 15th we came to London, lodged at Mrs. Scot's, who kindly entertained my brother Hilton with me; but, Lord, am I in my way? I look back with sorrow for leaving Chester; I look forward with fear, but unto thee, O Lord, do I look up."

On the 18th, which was the Lord's day, he began his stated pastoral work at Hackney. In the morning he expounded the 1st of Genesis; in the afternoon, the 1st of Matthew, beginning the world, as it were, anew, and preached from Acts xvi. 9, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us." On which he writes, "An encouraging auditory; O that good may be done to precious souls! but I am sad in spirit, lamenting my departure from my friends in Chester; and yet if they be well provided for, I shall be easy, whatever discouragements I may meet with here."

On leaving Chester, he made it plainly to appear he sought not his ease and pleasure in coming up to London. Here was a large field of service, and he had a large heart, and on that account the place suited him very well. He more than once preached the Lord's-day morning lecture at Little St. Helen's, and then returned to Hackney, and preached and expounded as usual both parts of the day there. Sometimes, after having preached morning and afternoon at Hackney, he went to Mr. Lloyd's meeting-house in Wapping, to the charity-school at Shakespear's Walk, and sometimes over the water to Rotherhithe, and preached the evening lecture, and returned home, and went through the several parts of family worship as usual.

Some weeks he was employed in preaching lectures every day in the week, and sometimes twice or thrice on the same day. Indeed, if ever any minister in his day erred in excess of labours, he was the person; but he would never be persuaded to remit any thing of his diligence, nor did he care to be much pressed on that

point, as if he had a secret hint given him that the time of his departure was at hand; his motion in holiness and service was the swifter as he came nearer the centre of his rest.

Besides his catechising in Hackney, on Saturdays, which he set up in the beginning of July, the second month after his coming thither, he was, not long after, invited to undertake a catechetical lecture in London. Some serious christians came over to Hackney on purpose to propose this to him; and though it was the exercise that he took a peculiar pleasure in, yet such was his humility and respect for his brethren, the ministers in London, that he would not give a positive answer till he had first consulted them about it: they all heartily approved of it, and several ministers of both denominations sent their sons to it, and often attended upon it themselves.

Mr. Henry had so many calls to preach in London and the suburbs, that he seems sometimes in his diary to make almost an excuse that he was so often thus engaged. On the 25th of January, 1712, on the Lord's day, I find this note:—"I went in the evening to open an evening lecture near Shadwell church, and preached from Psalm lxxiii. 28. I hope, through grace, I can say the reason why I am so much in my work is, because the love of Christ constrains me, and I find by experience it is good for me to draw near to God."

On Tuesday evening, as he was coming from his catechetical exercise, March 3, 1713, he fell into the hands of robbers, within half a mile of Hackney; they took from him about ten or eleven shillings, upon which he makes these remarks:—"1. What reason have I to be thankful to God, that having travelled so much, yet I was never robbed before now. 2. What abundance of evil this love of money is the root of, that four men should venture their lives and souls for about half-a-crown a-piece. 3. See the power of

Satan working in the children of disobedience. 4. The vanity of worldly wealth—how soon we may be stript of it, how loose we ought to sit to it.”

In the month of July, 1713, on the 20th day, he set out on his journey for Chester; for, when he left them, he promised, while he was able, to come down once a year and spend some sabbaths with them; and this his friends at Hackney not only consented to, but it is believed they were the first that proposed it. On this journey he writes:—“I am now set out in the coach for Chester, to visit my friends in the country, as I purposed and promised when I came hither, aiming at God’s glory and the edification of some souls; in prospect of that, the charge and trouble of the journey shall be as nothing to me.”

After an absence of a month from home, he returned, by successive stages, to Hackney, where he safely arrived, and found his “tabernacle in peace.” Scarcely had he resumed his labours, when his health began to decline. He was frequently attacked and tortured with the stone; but in his patience he possessed his soul. “I went to my study,” he writes in his diary, “very early in the morning, but before seven o’clock I was seized with a fit of the stone, which held me all the day pained and sick. I lay much on the bed, but had comfort in lifting up my heart to God, and pleading his promises, and encouraging myself in him. About five in the evening, I had ease, and about ten obtained complete relief: though my God caused grief, yet he had compassion.” On the next day he writes, “Very well to-day, though very ill yesterday. How is this life counterchanged; and yet I am but girding on my harness. The Lord prepare me for the next fit, and the Lord prepare me for the last fit.”

Early in the summer of the following year, he began to prepare for his annual journey to Chester.

The 30th of May, being the Lord’s day, he chose to administer the Lord’s supper, as a good preparation



for his journey, and the best way of parting with his friends at Hackney. That day he expounded in the 38th of Exodus in the morning, and 7th of Luke in the afternoon; and preached from Rev. v. 9, "For thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." This was his last sabbath in Hackney, the providence of God having ordered it so, that he should go down into Cheshire, and die in the midst of his old friends there.

On Monday, the last day of May, he took coach for Chester; some of his friends went out at the same time for Coventry, and at St. Alban's they parted with him, the Chester coach going longer stages than they could perform. He bore the journey well. In a letter to Mrs. Henry, dated June the 7th, he says, he is well; that his friends tell him, he seems to them to be better than he was when with them the last year; and expresses his great joy at Mr. Gardner's settlement among them, and his labours amongst them. As he parted with his friends at Hackney at the Lord's table, so he met his old friends at Chester at the same place; it was their sacrament day, they had a full communion, none of the congregation gone off: and he adds, "If none have left it while it was unsettled, I hope none will leave it now it is so well settled."

On Tuesday, June the 8th, he went to Wrexham, and preached there, and says, he returned that night to Chester, not at all tired, but thought fit to drink some bottles of Bristol waters, to prevent the return of an illness, of which he seemed to have some apprehension.

On the 14th, he went to Grange, to his brother Warburton's, and from thence to Knutsford; Mr. Gardner went with him, where he met several ministers, and went from thence, on Tuesday evening, to Chowbent, in Lancashire, and returned to Chester on the Wednesday, and did not perceive himself to be weary; but some of his friends thought he prejudiced his health

by riding so many miles in so short a time, and by his labours in every place where he came. He complained of the heat of the weather, and said, "It makes me almost as faint and feeble as I was when I came up last. If God bring me home in safety, I believe it will do well to use the means I did last year, unless the return of the cool weather should make it needless, for when I am in the air I am best." He wrote, "Though I am here among my old friends, yet I find my new ones lie very near my heart, among whom God has now cut out my work."

On the 19th, the last letter Mrs. Henry received from him, he wrote; that he had taken the coach for Wednesday next, which was June 23, and designed to go into it at Whitchurch, and was pleased that he was to have the company of Mr. Yates, of Whitchurch; and desired that, since the Wednesday after his coming up would be in course their quarterly fast at Hackney, care might be taken to engage the help of some of the ministers: such was his concern, that his Master's work might go on, and suffer no interruption or disappointment by his absence.

The next day, which was the Lord's day, he spent at Chester, and it was the last sabbath he enjoyed on earth; God was pleased so to order it, that he should spend his last in that place, and among that people, where he had spent so many comfortable and heavenly sabbaths for above four-and-twenty years together. The two last sabbaths he spent on earth, he was wholly taken up with the thoughts of that eternal sabbath and rest which the spirits of just men enjoy in heaven. The last sabbath but one he preached from Heb. iv. 9, "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God;" and the last of all from the first verse of the same chapter, "Let us therefore fear, lest, a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it."

The next day he left his friends at Chester, and set forward for his family and people at Hackney. He thought he had found very sensible relief from his journey to Knutsford and Lancashire, which encouraged him to make an appointment of preaching at Nantwich that day, in his way to London. He was observed by all his friends to be very heavy and sleepy, but being asked how he did, he always replied, Well. Mr. Sudlow, an apothecary, and very good friend of his, said, before he left Chester, they should never see him again. As he went by Dudden, he drank a glass of the mineral waters there; before he came to Torperly his horse stumbled in a dirty hole and threw him; he was a little wet, but said he had no hurt, and felt no inconvenience from his fall. Those that were with him pressed him to stay at Torperly, but he would go on to Nantwich, and there he preached; but the want of his usual liveliness was taken notice of by all. He preached from Jer. xxxi. 18, "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus: Thou hast chastised me," &c. After sermon he dined, and he was advised to lose a little blood, for fear of any inconvenience from the fall, though he made no complaints. After bleeding he fell asleep, and his friends fearing he slept too long awakened him, which was not so pleasing to him.

His old intimate friend, Mr. Illidge, was then with him, and had been desired by the honourable sir Thomas Delves and his lady to invite him to Doddington, and he had fully intended to have waited on them, and their steward was there, with Mr. Illidge, to have conducted him to their house, which has been famed for impartial and disinterested religion, but he was not able to proceed any further. He went to bed at Mr. Mottershed's house, and said to his friends, "Pray for me; for now I cannot pray for myself." When they were putting him to bed, he spoke of the excellency

of spiritual comforts in a time of need, and blessed God that he had those comforts. He had said to Mr. Illidge, you have been used to take notice of the sayings of dying men; this is mine, "That a life spent in the service of God and communion with him, is the most comfortable and pleasant life that any one can live in this world." He had but a restless night. About five o'clock in the morning he was seized with an apoplectic fit; he lay speechless, with his eyes fixed, and about eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, June 22, he breathed out his soul into the hands of Christ. The physicians could not impute his death to his fall, from which he had all along said he felt no ill consequence.

The news of his death speedily reached London, and excited the deepest and most sorrowful emotions, not only in his own family and congregation, but through the whole circle of his religious friends and acquaintance. Sermons upon his death were preached by almost every non-conformist minister in the metropolis, who all felt and confessed that they had lost one of the brightest ornaments of their body.

On Thursday, before the precious remains were removed from Nantwich, to be interred at Trinity church in Chester, the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, of Shrewsbury, preached an excellent sermon on the sad occasion; and the day before, Mr. Acton, minister to the baptist congregation, had taken very particular and respectful notice of the great loss the church of God had sustained. The ministers at Chester could not be silent on such an occasion: Mr. Withington made a suitable discourse upon this providence, both on Thursday and on the Lord's day morning; and Mr. Gardner in the afternoon, from 2 Kings ii. 12, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." The bearers at the funeral were Mr. Doughty, Mr. Woods, Mr. Murrey, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Beynon, and Mr. Mottershed. When they came to Chester, they were met by eight of the clergy, ten coaches, and a great

appearance on horseback; many dissenting ministers followed the mourners; a universal respect was paid to him by persons of note and distinction on all sides. He was buried in Trinity church, in Chester, where the remains of some very dear relations of his had been before laid, in the very place of which he had said, two-and-twenty years ago, "Perhaps this grave may be next opened for me; the Lord make me ready, and grant that I may be found so doing." A year after that, one-and-twenty years before he died, his daughter Mary was laid in that grave; "the fourth," he says, "that have been buried there within this year; two of my brother Hardware's children, and two of mine. The Lord prepare me for that cold and silent grave!"

Though Mr. Henry's death was sudden, it was no surprise to him. Often in his diary he takes notice of the sudden deaths of many of his acquaintance, and always with some suitable ejaculation that he might be always ready, and that he might be found in God's way and work; and he was that "blessed servant whom his Lord, when he came, found so doing."

Thus terminated the mortal career of one of the "excellent of the earth," who, during his life, was a "burning and shining light," and though now dead, is yet, by his works, illuminating and blessing a dying world.

"No man liveth to himself: no man dieth to himself."

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